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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1911 Number 1

University of Illinois

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

March

Blow, March, with mighty winds away
The outworn things of yesterday;
Sweep through the soul, as through the earth;
And bear afar the signs of dearth,
Dead leaves, dead dreams and blighted hours;
Clear hearts and fields for coming flowers!
Blow, March, with great wings, to make room
For life to bud and love to bloom!
Take in your flight old wrongs, regrets,—
Give place to hope's new violets!

—*Edith Hope Kinney.*

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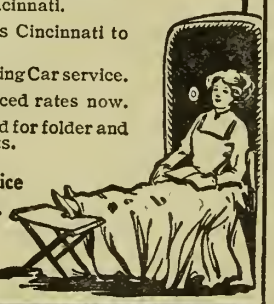

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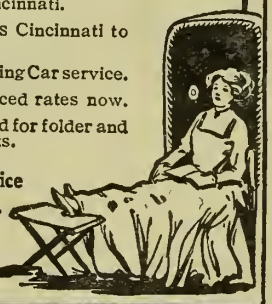

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The pages which are missing were removed because they were advertisements

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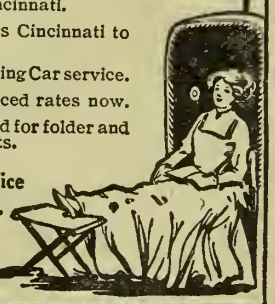

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ability of the black vote in Chicago, and we are sorry to admit that there has been too much ground in the past for this criticism. It is reassuring to know that leading representatives of the colored race have taken an active part in the movement to make Professor Charles E. Merriam, of the University of Chicago, Mayor of the city. Large and enthusiastic meetings in colored churches and other places frequented by colored voters were held in the interest of Professor Merriam's candidacy, at which colored and white speakers have urged his claim, chief of which is that he is the efficient enemy of graft, a gentleman of academic and ethical independence of machine and machine politics. Here, as elsewhere, the plain truth is that the white race holds no monopoly on honest citizenship and is not immune to political rascality. When there are no vote buyers among the white men in power, there will be no vote sellers among the poor black people under the wheels. The disgrace of selling a vote is always less than the disgrace of buying votes. Who are the men who have been buying colored votes in Chicago? Go find them in places of honor and responsibility to which white men have exalted them.

Now that the Panama Exposition is fixed for San Francisco, a special interest gathers around the exhibits of the non-tangible things that will there be offered. The new board should take seriously to heart the lesson of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; the Court of Honor with its splendid architectural display, the great halls crowded with the brilliant achievements in the mechanical and fine arts have already become a vague dream. They abide only in the memory and touch the lives of those only who came in immediate contact with them, but the great congresses, particularly the high Parliament of Religion held on the Lake front, are still potent in thousands of lives who did not see or hear, but who are still reading and, what is better, thinking on lines inspired by those gatherings. San Francisco is the front door of the American Continent to the Oriental world. The non-Christian religions have something to say that is valuable to the Christian world, and America has something valuable to give to Asia. The Parliament of Religions of 1893 can be duplicated and should be, on a scale as extensive and with a program more deliberate and better balanced than that at Chicago. San Francisco should profit by the experience of Chicago, and the work should be taken up on the shores of the Pacific where it was left unfinished on the shores of Lake Michigan in 1893.

No "modern improvement" has been more decried than the "city flat." The apartment house, notwithstanding denunciations and ridicule, has increasingly appealed to the real estate man. It seems to have become a necessity of modern urban life. So it is a relief to the ethical sense to find L. M. Smith, an energetic real estate man in the neighborhood of Lincoln Centre, coming to the rescue of the city flat before the Chicago Real Estate Board. The economic advantages of the flat are obvious. We are glad to have this expert testify to its ethical value. This is Mr. Smith's testimonial as reported in a daily paper:

> "We are face to face with a new order of things domestic. Flat life is here and still coming. It demands a progressive and intelligent way of leasing. Whether it is an agency in the development of higher civilization or a factor in the evolution of human progress I do not know, but I do know through my observation and experience that there is not one personal quarrel where there used to be two; while on the other hand, flats have increased more than ten to one.
>
> "I think it safe to say that flats have brought about in less than two decades, through assimilation of new ideas by personal contact with tenants, more radical liberations from narrow and vicious opinions, intolerant religious and political differences and racial prejudices, with emphasis on the latter, than has ever come to mankind from any source in the same length of time."

While approving of the city flat, Mr. Smith, with equal clearness, denounces the institution of "moving day." Why should leases be made out in the cities only to the first of May or the first of October, making these days a terror to expressmen, a perplexity and a confusion both to tenant and landlord? Why not make out all leases to expire one year from date, or, better yet, when possible, three or five years from date? Such an innovation would soon dissipate the horrors of moving day and restore May Day again to its vernal beauty and inspiration. If the "flat" has come to stay, then let it become a home indeed. Why should not individuals have realty holdings measured on the horizontal as well as on the vertical?

An exhibit of his pictures at the Thurber Galleries in Chicago has just been made by Henry O. Tanner, the accomplished artist whose work has received the highest commendation from the critics in both continents. That he is a great artist all agree; that he is the greatest artist now living some competent judges assert. Mr. Tanner's favorite themes are scriptural. Among those exhibited in Chicago that attracted much attention are the paintings of the "Holy Family," "Mary and Elizabeth," "Christ Walking on the Sea," "Christ Learning to Ride," "Hills Near Jerusalem," "The Hiding of Moses," "A Lady of Jerusalem," and among the smaller ones was a striking portrait of a Jew and several bits of Jerusalem landscape. All these themes were handled with an originality that was refreshing. The shadowy Christ on the water, and the affectionate lad leaning upon the mother who gives him his reading lesson, stand out in the memory. We are glad to know that five or six of these notable paintings are to stay in Chicago, and that Mr. Tanner will return to his work in Paris and to his

elegant suburban home with his accomplished French wife and beautiful children, who are suspected of having served as models in some of these pictures, greatly encouraged. Mr. Tanner is a gentleman of refined manners and shrinking spirit, and this is all that need be told in order to fix his place in the social as well as in the art world. But to the confusion of the clannish and the dismay of the would-be representatives of the superior race, it must be said that Henry O. Tanner is the son of the beloved Bishop Tanner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. In both the father and the son is the race prejudice rebuked and the white man's arrogance abashed. As long as there can be no color line in commerce, science, art and piety, the attempt to establish such lines in the social and political world grows more and more hopeless. In all the profound estimates of humanity the race lines are superficial and the dread of contact with inferior races is justified only in the degrading effect upon the lives of those who are affeced by the theory. It is the "superior" race that is always demoralized by its contact with the alleged inferior race, and it is the theory of inferiority, not the inferiority, even though it should exist, that corrupts the morals of the arrogant race, as the gruesome history of the British soldier in India and the American soldier in the Philippines has sadly proved.

The following letter tells its own story. We print it not only for the appreciation it shows of UNITY, but also that the generous heart may perhaps reach the open mind and the open soul. Any one wishing to avail himself of the kind offer of this subscriber will find the address by writing to UNITY office:

"I cannot say how many years I have subscribed for and read Unity, satisfactory, hope-inspiring little sheet in all that time. Now with eighty-five years, plus months, of life behind me, I am warned to use well my time remnant. Can I do aught with all these papers? I believe they are all saved. You may say they ought to have been given to the needy long ago. Perhaps so, but they were not. They will go to the paper mill or into the flames when my care for them ends, probably. The pity of it! The thought comes to me that you might know of hungry souls in regions unknown to me who would pay the freight on the barrel or box containing these, that they or their neighbor might be enriched spiritually and intellectually thereby. How may it be?"

The militant Roosevelt has made another cyclonic visit to Chicago. His invasion at this time was ostensibly to deliver the Union League address on Washington's Birthday, the traditions of which are high. On these occasions this club aims to secure most notable men to speak the deliberate word concerning the highest patriotism and the most lasting civilization. Commanding speakers from both sides of the Atlantic have been heard on these occasions. The ex-president, as is his wont, espoused a lot of righteous causes, but, as usual, with questionable spirit, and with a manner so vehement that it becomes transient. Lauding peace he breathed war, appealing to reason he incited passion. He was for peace with a doubled fist, and he still hopes to pacify the world with a Big Stick. His advocacy of the fortification of the Panama Canal was emphatic. UNITY has ever rejoiced in the good and brave contributions of Mr. Roosevelt to cleaner politics and higher patriotism, but it has also always deplored the deposit of savagery that it detects in his vehemence. It is a question when he leaves a city after such a hurricane of enthusiasm, whether he has not left behind him a devastation of moral ideals rather than a purification of the municipal atmosphere. The most questionable role in which he appeared during his last visit was that of one of the vice-presidents of the National Boy Scout movement. If the newspapers are to be trusted, thousands of boys in uniforms were made wild with his militant appeals to the heroic in their nature. The newspapers showed catching pictures of long lines of uniformed boys headed by brass bands and banners, and each boy carried a pike, which, though made of pine and painted white, was painfully suggestive of a militarism with which the average boy is unfortunately already surcharged. We know that the Boy Scouts organization makes much of woodcraft and civic and physical development; we know also that many good people who are enlisted in the "war against war" believe that these human and humanizing activities will more than counteract the martial spirit which they deplore, but UNITY persists in its anxiety lest the thing that catches the boy may not be the thing the boy most needs. We like better that other picture in the same daily paper which displayed the boys with pikes, the picture which showed the Junior Civic League boys and girls of the Park Manor public school, whose membership is confined to the eighth grade. This phalanx was marching forth for their Friday afternoon campaign, having armed themselves at the school arsenal with the artillery of rakes, brooms and hoes, the campaign of the day having already been mapped out in carefully prepared charts of the districts. We know that this column looks stupid compared with the other, we know that it is assumed that their business is prosaic, unpoetic, dull, wearisome, but so is life until it is touched with the Tolstoyan spirit of service and sacrifice. We believe that in the long run boys and girls are more vulnerable to the persuasions of Lyof Tolstoy than they are to the military inspirations of Theodore Roosevelt.

THE GRAY NORNS

What do you bring in your sacks, Gray Girls?
"Sea-sand and sorrow."
What is that mist that behind you whirls?
"The souls of to-morrow."

What are those shapes on the windy coasts?
"The dead souls going."
And what are those loads on the backs of the ghosts?
"The seed of their sowing!"

—*Edwin Markham in The Vedenta Magazine*

THE PULPIT

Unitarian Hymn Writers

II

John White Chadwick and William Channing Gannett

BY HENRY WILDER FOOTE

[This article is one of a series on American hymnody which is being published in the *Unitarian Advance*. It is here reprinted by permission.]

The year 1840 was remarkable in the annals of Unitarian hymnody for the birth of three men who have contributed more to it than any others since Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson. The hymns of Rev. Frederic Lucian Hosmer,—the greatest of the three,—were discussed in the October number of *The Unitarian Advance*. But Rev. William Channing Gannett and the late John White Chadwick have also made precious, if less rich and extensive, contributions to our hymn-books. All three were graduates of the Harvard Divinity School, in different years, though they were of the same age; Chadwick graduating in '64, Mr. Gannett in '68, Mr. Hosmer in '69. John White Chadwick went a few months after graduation to the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying in December, 1904, but ten days before the 40th anniversary of his ordination. In the days when he was at the Divinity School there prevailed the laudable custom of asking the students to write hymns for their own Visitation Day, or graduation exercises. Doubtless very many poor hymns were produced, but also from time to time a really good one appeared, and it is interesting to find how great is the debt owed by modern hymn-books to these occasions. Chadwick wrote the hymn for the graduation of the class of '64, and it has found its way into common use,

Eternal ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

All through his life he was a writer of prose and verse, and in his poetry are to be found a round dozen hymns. Probably the best known of all is his lovely song,

It singeth low in every heart.

He intended that it should be sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, counting that worthy of more dignified words than the traditional ones, and one sometimes still finds it set to that tune. But he wrote better than he knew, words too noble and uplifting to be worthily set to the folksong with its associations with convivial occasions. The hymn cannot be sung to that tune in church without serious injury to the worshipful spirit of a congregation,—and it need never be set thus, for there is a fine hymn-tune which suits it admirably, Ward's "Materna," To that setting it is full of uplift and inspiration.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

Another of his hymns written the year after he left the Divinity School, is the beautiful one beginning,

O Love Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best;—

It is a "song of trust," akin in spirit to the trustful hymns of Whittier and of Mr. Hosmer, with a verse about prayer which is the liberal's phrasing of Montgomery's famous verse,.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Chadwick sings,

I do not pray because I would,
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust;
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

Still more akin to Whittier in style and spirit are Chadwick's less familiar verses beginning,

Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not,

But for his signature it might easily pass as a selection from Whittier's "Eternal Goodness," or "Our Master." In Chadwick's song the "seamless robe" is the world of nature about us, "the living garment of God, which reveals him to the wise, but hides him from the foolish." The glory of God irradiates the veil behind which the divine Presence moves.

Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not,
From earnest hearts and true;
The glory of Thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.

And on its flowing hem we read,
As Thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle or sign;
Thy order and Thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.

These are Thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore;
These are our confidence and peace;
We cannot ask for more.

Later Chadwick struck something of the note which is conspicuous in Mr. Gannett's hymns, and, once at least, phrased in a hymn the evolutionary conception of religion. It is interesting to observe the gleam of these earliest sparks, as the poetic steel first strikes the flint of the doctrine of evolution. Except for the

verses of Chadwick and of Mr. Gannett this new vein of thought, so rich in fresh possibilities of religious inspiration, has hardly been touched. Though the hymnology of this century ought to produce many finer expressions of this idea Chadwick's hymn is well worth noting as one of the earliest attempts to adapt the theme to worshipping tongues.

Thou whose spirit dwells in all,
Primal source of life and mind;
In the clod as in the soul,
Ever full and unconfined!

. . . . . .

Thine the atom's faintest thrill;
Thine the humblest creature's breath;
Prophet-soul in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death;

Yearning for the crowning race,
Man, in whom at last is told
Every secret strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old.

Secrets, too, of things to be
In the cycles on before;
Love that stronger is than death,
Life with Thee, forevermore.

Finally there is the noble hymn which he wrote for the twenty-fifth anniversary of his installation. It sums up with exquisite feeling the blessings of the years that are past, the tender love of the Providence who through all change is unchanging.

O Thou, whose perfect goodness crowns
With peace and joy this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in thy way.

For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air;

For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time;
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime:—

For this, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless thy holy name,
Come life or death, enough to know
That thou art evermore the same!

Mr. Gannett, whose longest pastorates have been at St. Paul and at Rochester, has also written about a dozen hymns, of which several are sure of a lasting place. And he also is recognized with gratitude by many congregations, especially in the West, as an editor, with Mr. Hosmer and Rev. James Vila Blake, of Unity Hymns and Chorals, published 30 years ago, and soon to reappear from the press, renovated and brought up to date by Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Gannett. Two of Mr. Gannett's most striking hymns were written in 1873, about the same time, and evidently flowed from the same vein of inspiration. Better than any other hymns which have yet appeared they express the modern sense of the divine immanent in nature. They are the poetical expression of an evolutionist, almost as distinctly as is Professor Carruth's,

A fire-mist and a planet.

The first of them, "Consider the lilies how they grow," is probably the most widely known of all Mr. Gannett's hymns, and, so far as this writer knows, it is the earliest expression in hymnody of the evolutionary conception of the universe, antedating both Chadwick's hymn quoted above, and Mr. Gannett's own still finer treatment of the same theme, considered below:

He hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens,
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!
We hear thy wide worlds echo,—
See how the lily grows!

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

The second of these hymns of 1873 is his fine

The Lord is in his holy Place,—

—beautiful phrasing of the divine life incarnate in nature and in man. But it is less suited to the average congregation, which is liable to puzzle over the line,

Shekinah of the snowflake,—

and to wonder what "Shekinah" means.

No such criticism can be brought against the splendid hymn which Mr. Gannett wrote in 1893, under the inspiration of the Parliament of Religion, to be sung to Dyke's noble tune Nicæa. In the writer's opinion this is Mr. Gannett's finest hymn. Certainly it is more expressive of the religion of the modern man than is Heber's famous hymn inspired by the fourth chapter of Revelation and written for Trinity Sunday,—

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,

for which Dykes composed the tune which has carried it far and wide. Even in the modified version of this hymn, as usually sung by Unitarians, one is tempted to ask how much real meaning the imagery of Christian mythology has for today. The saints "casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea," and the cherubim and seraphim are echoes of ancient belief rather than vital figures in the religion of the 20th century. The power of Mr. Gannett's hymns lies in the fact that in finely wrought forms of real lyrical beauty he has expressed the living beliefs of our own time. It is the God Immanent whom he worships, the God who is working out his will through the great evolutionary processes. Observe with what skill the thought is developed in his finest hymn. In the first verse morning and night, suns and worlds praise the Creator; then the generations of living things; then the "groping nations" of men, seeking after the divine light; and finally comes the splendid

consummation of the soul's conviction that nothing can separate it from the Eternal Love. Mr. Gannett has within a few years revised this hymn, and it is given here as he now authorizes it:

Bring, O Morn, thy music! Night, thy stars and silence!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and worlds are singing, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee, Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree;
Lo! they praise aand vanish, vanish at thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

These are Mr. Gannett's most notable hymns. They are now finding recognition outside our own body, though slowly, because of their modernity of thought and their poetical phrasings. They are too far removed from the sentimental doggerel produced by conventional piety to become speedily popular. But they can hardly fail to win an honored place in American hymnody, as the modern theology wins its way and seeks to express itself in forms of lyrical beauty. Inevitably the coming faith will learn to sing these songs with grateful appreciation.

Another hymn by Mr. Gannett which is finding its way into the books is his "Year of the Lord," a song of praise in winter for all the blessings of the year. It is less unusual than the hymns already quoted, but its freshness is well shown in this verse:

Praise him for his summer rain,
Feeding day and night the grain;
Praise him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need;
Praise him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit;
Praise for hills and valleys broad,
Each the table of the Lord!

Other poems of Mr. Gannett's have appeared in the hymn-books, but for the most part they belong rather to private devotion than to public worship. This, for instance, is true of his quaint, delightful verses:

I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?

Even the stanzas sometimes culled from this poem, beginning,

O God within, so close to me,

are hardly suited to congregational use; they belong too markedly to individual experience. Yet they are full of charm and beauty.

Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"

Truly our liberal churches may well be grateful for these two singers of the modern faith, who with Mr. Hosmer, have so nobly carried on the traditions of our earlier hymnody. So long as we shall continue to produce hymns like these we shall hold a worthy place in the religious life of America.

The Progressive Friends of Longwood

[This paper was written by Elizabeth Lloyd several years ago, before the Longwood Friends celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. The annual meeting is held the first Sixth-day and Seventh-day in Sixth month, with a meeting for worship on the succeeding First-day.)—From the Friends' Intelligencer.]

In the southern part of Chester county, Pennsylvania, stands a neat frame meeting-house, surrounded by a large grove of beautiful trees. It is a mile from the nearest village or post-office, and almost two miles from a railroad. Yet in this house there has been held annually, for nearly fifty years, a conference of three or four days' duration, for the discussion of the most advanced reform measures, beginning with the movement for the abolition of chattel slavery in America. A few miles to the south lay Mason and Dixon's Line; slaves were continually escaping over the border and seeking havens of refuge, and no Friend worthy of the name could refuse to shelter these fugitives and help them on their northward way. Thus it came to pass that several well-defined routes of the Underground Railroad traversed Chester and Lancaster counties, most of whose stations were in the houses (or barns) of Friends.

When the American Anti-slavery Society was organized in 1833, several Friends who were in sympathy with its object departed from their custom of seclusion and attended its meetings. Being thus brought into close contact with Christians of other denominations, they discovered that all ministers who received a compensation for preaching were not "hirelings," and that a field of labor was opened before them in which the children of God, sinking all minor differences, were called to unite their forces for the preservation of human liberty. A branch of this Society was organized in Kennett Square; for a time the Friends' meeting-house was opened for anti-slavery meetings; and here Charles C. Burleigh, one of the keenest logicians that America has ever produced, made his first anti-slavery speech. Not satisfied with belonging to an independent organization, the Friends who opposed slavery were continually introducing the subject into the meetings for business, in the hope that the meeting, as a body, would make an appeal for immediate and universal emancipation. This was a constant cause of discord and the discussions that arose were not altogether Friendly in character. Such was the state of affairs when Stephen S. Foster appeared on the scene in the spring of 1845.

This zealous abolition worker had discovered that pro-slavery people would not attend anti-slavery meetings, and that in order to convert them he must go where they were, so he went into the churches of various denominations and demanded a hearing. Sometimes the people listened to him, but often he was unceremoniously ejected, and in some instances he had been stoned and even imprisoned. His salient characteristics are happily set forth in these humorous lines by Lowell:

"Hard by, as calm as summer even,
Smiles the reviled and pelted Stephen,
Who studied mineralogy,

Not with soft book upon the knee,
But learned the properties of stones
By contact sharp of flesh and bones,
And made the *experimentum crucis*
With his own body's vital juices;
A man with caoutchouc endurance,
A perfect gem for life insurance;
A kind of maddened John the Baptist,
To whom the hardest word comes aptest;
Who, struck by stone or brick ill-starred,
Hurls back an epithet as hard,
Which, deadlier than stone or brick,
Has a propensity to stick."

It was known in the neighborhood that this disturber of the peace for the sake of righteousness was the guest of Isaac and Dinah Mendenhall, and that they expected to take him with them to Western Quarterly Meeting, at London Grove, of which Kennett Monthly Meeting is a branch. This is held in the largest country meeting-house in Pennsylvania, and in those days there were sometimes a thousand people in attendance at the spring meeting. What happened on this occasion was related by a venerable Friend when past his eightieth year, substantially as follows:

"We knew Stephen was going to be there, and we felt pretty sure the spirit would move him to speak; if it did we realized that there would be trouble. We had heard of his being carried out of one meeting-house and we didn't propose that this should happen at London Grove. I don't say that what we did was exactly right or Friendly, but young folks are sometimes lacking in discretion. I was one of a dozen young men who went to meeting in good time and seated ourselves, as though it just happened so, near the main aisle well up toward the front, so that if there was any trouble Stephen would have a body-guard.

"When the first meeting was about half over he got up and said, 'I came to speak for the two and a half millions of our brethren who are in bondage, who have no one to speak for them'; before he could get any further a Friend in the gallery told him to sit down. He made two more attempts to speak, but there was so much confusion that he couldn't be heard, and in the midst of it somebody closed the partition between the men and women.

"As soon as it got a little quieter Stephen said, 'I see that I cannot get a hearing in this house; I would have been through by this time if you had not interrupted me. I will go outside and all who wish to hear what I have to say may follow.'

"He went out and took more than half of the men's meeting with him. The women got wind of what was going on and half of them came out too. Then Stephen stood upon the horseblock and said what was on his mind."

Doubtless many of those who went out at this time acted upon the impulse of the moment, while others were prompted by idle curiosity, but there were some who were deeply impressed by the solemn responsibility of the occasion. A woman Friend who was one of the last to leave the house and who afterward became one of the most earnest workers in the new organization, thus expresses her feelings:

"My sympathies were wholly with the radicals, but our family had grown up feeling that the Friends were 'a chosen people.' My ancestors on every side, for five, seven, and more generations had been devoted Friends, some of them even to a degree of persecution long ago; and when I faced the conditions there I realized that to go out of the house *then* meant a separation from this *elect people,* and it was akin to leaving one's very own family for conscience' sake. But directly came the thought, 'If I stay of what use will I be in the Society? If I go out *I will count as one more on the right side.*' This decided me, and I rose from my seat by the partition up stairs and quietly went down and out to where Foster was speaking."

After the meeting was over a number of the leaders held counsel together and appointed a conference in Marlboro meeting-house a week or two later, Marlboro being one of the four preparative meetings of which Kennett Monthly Meeting is composed. Several similar meetings were held during the summer, which are now spoken of as the "Marlboro Conferences," and in them were discussed slavery, free speech, a broader religion, temperance, and reform in general. The Friends and their sympathizers who attended these conferences, for several years held their meetings for worship in Marlboro meeting-house after the regular meeting for the day was over. Finally the conservative element bolted the doors against them, and after some assertion of their rights by forcing the doors and picking locks, they retired to a small house built for another purpose whose owner offered them its use. The little body of earnest thinkers thus organized felt the need of a freer interchange of ideas with liberal minds elsewhere, and in 1853 they issued a call for a general religious conference, with a view to the establishment of a yearly meeting in Pennsylvania, from which we quote the concluding paragraphs.

"The Society of Friends has been a theater of agitation for years, growing out of ecclesiastical domination on the one hand and the demand for practical righteousness on the other; a domination entirely at variance with the spirit of primitive Quakerism, seeking to suppress free thought, and to exclude from membership those whose lives are without blemish, whose example in word and deed is a burning and a shining light, and who are seeking to know and to do the will of God at whatever sacrifice; a domination which has been deemed so intolerable that in the states of New York, Ohio, and Michigan, Yearly Meetings have been formed. Two of these have taken the name of Congregational Friends, and two others that of Progressive Friends. They invite to membership 'all those who look to God as a universal Father and who regard as one brotherhood the whole family of man.'

"In view of facts like these, and believing there is an extensive preparation of mind for such a movement, we cordially invite, not only the members of the Society of Friends, but all those who feel the want of social and religious co-operation, and believe that a society may be formed recognizing the Progressive Element, which will divorce Religion from Technical Theology, to meet with us in General Conference at Friends' Meeting House,—'Old Kennett,'—in Chester County, Pennsylvania, on First-day, the 22nd of Fifth month, 1853, to deliberate upon such a plan of organization as may commend itself to the judgment of those assembled, and to take action upon such other subjects pertaining to human duty and welfare as may appear to demand the attention of the assembly."

This call was signed by thirty-eight men and twenty women,* most of whom were residents of Chester and the adjoining counties. It is worthy of

note that at least three women signed this document whose husbands' names do not appear, though they were in sympathy with the movement. The most eminent of the signers were Oliver Johnson and Robert Purvis. The former had drifted from the Orthodox Congregational Church in New England for the same reason that these Pennsylvania Quakers had cut loose from their moorings. He was the youngest of the twelve men who signed the constitution of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, in a "nigger school-house" in Boston in 1832; later on he was for many years editor of *The Anti-slavery Standard*. Robert Purvis was one of the original members of the American Anti-slavery Society. He was a Moor who had married an African woman and cast in his lot with the African race. Those who were privileged to know him will never forget the refinement of his manners, the dignity of his bearing, his eloquence as a speaker, and his genial wit in private conversation.

In response to the call several hundred people gathered in Old Kennett Friends' meeting-house, which is about four miles from Kennett Square, and the Society of Progressive Friends was organized. The name was chosen to indicate that the members retained their belief in the principles of Friends, "with the added conviction that religious opinions should keep pace with human intelligence." At this opening meeting letters of greeting and encouragement were read from Theodore Parker, Gerritt Smith, Cassius M. Clay, William Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others. A resolution declaring for "equal brotherhood without regard to sex, color, or condition" was adopted, after an animated discussion participated in by Lucretia Mott and that remarkable colored woman, Sojourner Truth.

*This is the full list of the names appended to the call: Amos Preston, Jonathan Lamborn, Moses Pennock, Mary J. Pennock, Benjamin Pyle, Esther Hayes, Castner Hanway, Sumner Stebbins, Hannah Cox, Jesse Pennock, Hannah M. Darlington, Oliver Johnson, James Meredith, Sarah B. Dugdale, William Barnard, Joseph A. Dugdale, Ruth Dugdale, Eusebius Barnard, Isaac Meredith, Thamazine P. Meredith, Isaac Mendenhall, Dinah Mendenhall, Vincent Barnard, Benjamin Kent, Thomas Borton, Beulah Borton, Bartholomew Russell, Rebecca Russell, Ann Coates, James Fulton, Ann Fulton, Enoch S. Hannum, Enoch L. Taylor, Alice Eliza Hambleton, James Truman, Mary A. Truman, Simon Barnard, Sarah D. Barnard, James Painter, Rebecca L. Fussell, Ephraim Wilson, George Chapman, Richard Janney, Cyrus M. Burleigh, Robert Purvis, Harriet Purvis, Elijah F. Pennypacker, Jacob L. Paxson, Barclay Ivins, Fannie Schofield, Mahlon B. Linton, Thomas Garrett, Edward Webb, William Webb, Rowland Johnson, Henrietta Wolcott Johnson.

In 1854 the annual gathering assembled at the same place, but after the second day's deliberation the Friends that were not "progressive" locked the doors, and the session was concluded in a hall in the village of Hamorton, half a mile distant. During this session committees were appointed to investigate the causes of crime and the treatment of criminals, to study the relations of capital and labor, and to prepare a testimony concerning amusements.

It was now decided that the Progressive Friends must have a permanent abiding place to which they would have an undisputed title, and what more fitting spot could be chosen than a few acres of Longwood Farm, the home of John and Hannah Cox? These Friends were faithful conductors of the Underground Railroad and hospitable entertainers of visitors who came from a distance to attend the meetings. It was the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage that furnished the theme of Whittier's poem, "The Golden Wedding at Longwood." By the next spring a simple and comfortable house was built here, which was relieved from plainness by a picturesque and roomy porch. It would seat between three and four hundred people, and into it five hundred have more than once been packed. The railroad had not yet made a near approach and the only public conveyance was the stage coach; but most of those who attended the yearly gatherings came in their own carriages, some of them driving thirty and forty miles.

On Fifth month 19, 1855, Longwood Meeting-house was formally opened "for the use of Progressive Friends and for moral, scientific and literary purposes."

The dedicatory sermon was preached by Theodore Parker, at the mention of whose name the hearts of those who heard him still kindle, and the Hutchinson brothers, Judson, John and Asa, sang Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and other selections. The work of securing freedom for the slave not being sufficient to engage all the energies of these people, a committee was appointed to investigate the wrongs of the Indians. Several other topics were discussed and testimony was adopted at this time which declared that "the use of tobacco is a filthy, dangerous and execrable custom."

In 1858 addresses were delivered by Samuel J. May and Moncure D. Conway. A committee was appointed to consider the limitation of the acquisition of property. The high ethical standard of the Progressive Friends is shown by the report of the Committee on Amusements, from which we quote two passages:

"Any form of amusement, the obvious tendency of which, even in the smallest degree, is to diminish the power of conscience, to corrupt the moral feelings, to inflame and bewilder the imagination, to becloud the reason, to free the passions from wholesome restraint, to diminish the reverence for justice and truth, to excite a spirit of emulation and revenge, to promote or foster the taste for intoxicating drinks or for tobacco in any of its forms, or to make us indifferent to the obligations and claims of our common humanity, ought not only to be scrupulously avoided but earnestly opposed.

"On one point we are fully agreed,—that theatres generally, as now conducted, ought not to receive the support of the friends of morality."

In 1857 William Lloyd Garrison, the great abolition leader whom all were anxious to see, was one of the orators of the occasion, and the house would not begin to hold the crowds that flocked to hear him. Overflow meetings were held out of doors and the speakers went from one audience to another. The subject of spiritualism, which was beginning to attract general attention, was discussed by Garrison, Lucretia Mott, and others, and the following testimony adopted: "We recommend it (spiritualism) to the individual investigation of each and every mind. That theory is alone admissible which will explain all the attendant phenomena and observed facts."

In 1858 Joseph A. Dugdale opened the meeting by reading selections from the Vedas, Confucius, Zend Avesta, Koran, and the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. Large crowds were again in attendance, and Theodore Parker and Charles C. Burleigh were among the speakers. Testimonies were adopted against caste and land monopoly.

In 1859 Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had denounced slavery from his pulpit in ringing terms, was the most distinguished guest. It was probably under his leadership that this declaration was adopted: "We know of no question too sacred for examination, nor in regard to which human reason should yield to human authority, however ancient or venerable." Spiritualism was again discussed and the following additional testimony adopted concerning it.: "To remove the terrors which superstition has thrown around death and immortality is a task worthy of the joint efforts of men and angels." Concerning capital and labor it was declared, "Every one who has not rendered himself criminally unworthy should be entitled to a fair share of sunlight, air, water, soil and all spontaneous growths." In regard to marriages this opinion was recorded: "We renounce the idea hitherto asserted by church and state, that man is born to command and woman to obey. Especially do we claim for her the supreme control of her own person, and utterly deny the right of any husband to force upon his wife the sacred duties of maternity against her will."

In 1860 the excitement of the coming presidential campaign was in the air and the discussions were animated. The following testimony was offered and deliberately considered: "We call upon the friends of freedom everywhere to be careful that they do not, by their votes or otherwise, countenance those who, whether as magistrates or citizens, would aid in enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law." It was felt by some that this was intended as a restriction upon those who contemplated supporting the Republican ticket, and the vote for its adoption stood 53 yeas, 23 nays.

The next year the war had begun, and for the only time in its history the annual gathering was omitted. In 1862 Garrison was again in attendance, and also Theodore Tilton, who was then in the height of his popularity. A memorial was sent to Abraham Lincoln urging the immediate abolition of slavery; and the following significant testimony was adopted concerning peace: "While we utterly condemn the rebellious course of the South, and recognize the constitutional obligations of the government to suppress it, we nevertheless feel that, so far from the present warlike state of the country disproving the validity or saving power of peace principles, we are the more confirmed in the conviction that it is solely their rejection which has involved our nation in the present conflict of blood, and that their adoption would forever render slavery and war impossible." It was probably at this time that Garrison first heard Anna E. Dickinson, the Philadelphia Quaker girl, whose eloquence so impressed him that he arranged a meeting for her in Music Hall, Boston, when she was scarcely out of her teens.

In 1864 there seems to have been a moral and spiritual feast, for among those participating in the discussions we note Garrison, Robert Purvis, Anna E. Dickinson, and the great English anti-slavery orator, George W. Thompson. The Hutchinson Family were also present, and sang, among other things, Whittier's hymn, beginning,

> "We wait beneath the furnace blast
> The pangs of transformation;
> Not painlessly doth God recast
> And mould anew the nation."

The next year was the occasion of a general thanksgiving, for the war was over and slavery had perished with it. Garrison, who was the presiding clerk, gave a graphic description of the raising of the flag over Fort Sumter, on which occasion he and George W. Thompson (who was also at this meeting) had been present by invitation of the Secretary of War. As he alluded to the honors that had been heaped upon him in the very cradle of secession, doubtless many of those who listened recalled the prophetic lines written on his prison cell in Baltimore in 1829:

> "Though beat, imprisoned, put to open shame,
> Time shall embalm and magnify thy name."

On examining the records of later years testimonies are found opposing sectarianism and caste, advocating dress reform, woman's suffrage, and sexual holiness, urging considerate treatment of hired men and women, suggesting more just methods of taxation, and recognizing the influence of heredity. Declarations concerning peace, equal suffrage and the prohibition of the liquor traffic have been made almost annually.

In 1867 the rights of children were set forth as follows: "They should be allowed to exercise their own judgment and to cherish and express their own opinions. They have a right to receive apologies from parents for wrongs done them, and to be governed by love, and not enslaved by force or dogmatism." In 1870 this opinion was recorded concerning the connection between church and state: "The declaration so often made that this is a Protestant country, and that its institutions rest upon the Bible as an authorized revelation of the Divine will and a perfect rule of human duty, is both historically and constitutionally false." In 1874 a resolution was adopted favoring the kindergarten, just one year after the endorsement of that form of child training by the National Educational Association at Elmira, New York.

Among those who have addressed the meetings, not already mentioned, we note Theodore Weld, Susan B. Anthony, Robert Collyer, Henry C. Wright, Lucy Stone, Bayard Taylor, William H. Channing, Mary A. Livermore, James Freeman Clarke, Joseph May, Samuel Longfellow, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Edna D. Cheney, May Wright Sewall, Abby Morton Diaz, Mangasar Mangasarian, Hugh O. Pentecost, Terence V. Powderly, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Henry George, Carrie Chapman Catt, Anna H. Shaw, Charles F. Dole, and Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

For many years Frederick A. Hinckley, a Unitarian minister of Philadelphia, has been the presiding clerk and one of the most active members, always ready to fill the breach when there is any break in the program. William Lloyd Garrison the second was as highly esteemed at Longwood as his father was in its early days. He first attended the annual gathering in 1888, and was again the leading speaker in 1900, when he delivered an address entitled "Democracy's Insidious Foes." Later in the day he offered the following declaration of sentiments, which was fully discussed the next morning, and adopted with but two dissenting votes, the dissentients favoring an educational qualification for suffrage:

"*Resolved,* That we accept without reservation Abraham Lincoln's definition of democracy, 'a government of the people, by the people, and for the people,' consequently to draw the line of suffrage at race, sex, color, education, or property violates the saving principle of self-government.

"We protest against the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment and the nullifying legislation of the Southern States.

"We desire also to register our conviction that for a republic to hold in subjection alien lands and races is wicked and suicidal."

At the meeting held in the first year of the twentieth century the Labor Question occupied a prominent place in the deliberations, and the following testimony concerning it was recorded: "We recognize that to understand the Labor question involves a study of sociology, and especially the economic processes of society: that when properly understood we shall see labor to be a natural social function,—the orderly expression of the Divine Spirit in the creative activities of humanity, in production and distribution, and the best way to improve labor conditions is to apply the full advantages of society to all its members, that each may fully and freely give his best service to the world."

Few practical efforts have been made in recent years by the Longwood Friends for the elevation of the colored people of Chester county. The negroes in a state of freedom are not nearly so interesting to these and other philanthropists as when they were held in slavery. Many who endeavor to be their helpers forget that their ancestors were African savages, and that for two hundred years family ties were discouraged among them, the rights of property ignored, and education forbidden. To convert these people into honorable and intelligent American citizens will require greater wisdom and more patience than were expended in overthrowing slavery.

The meetings at Longwood have been from the beginning entirely free to all who chose to attend. Every one present has a right to speak, to vote, or to introduce a testimony on any subject which he feels to be important. The only limits to discussion are a ten-minute rule, and the law of courtesy that no one shall speak twice on any subject while there are others that desire to be heard. Of course there have sometimes been cranks in attendance, but the restraint of self-controlled public opinion has been sufficient to keep these within reasonable bounds, and the meetings have been as remarkable for their harmony as for their earnestness.

The Friends who organized this movement belonged to the liberal branch of the Society in America, popularly called "Hicksite." There was no separation within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting except in Chester county, though Friends from other neighborhoods came to the Yearly Meeting at Longwood, while still retaining their membership in their own meetings. To maintain the annual gatherings a financial association was formed of about fifty members, who pledged themselves to make good any deficiency that might occur. Voluntary contributions are received to defray the expenses, and, contrary to the custom of Friends, a collection is taken up daily except in the religious meeting on First-day. Singing in the meetings was also a new departure. For several years after the Society of Progressive Friends was organized, a meeting for worship was held by them at Longwood on First-day mornings. Kennett Monthly Meeting disowned between twenty and thirty of its members for attending these meetings and absenting themselves from their own. About twenty years afterward, when all the Friends had become abolitionists, a member who had been most active in the disownment arose in one of the business meetings and said that he was about to leave the neighborhood, and that before he went he wished to see the meeting retract its action in regard to these Friends, for he now felt that it had disowned some of its best members. After a deliberate consideration of the subject, "under the anointing influence of Divine love," the meeting approved of this proposition, and a committee was appointed, as recorded in the minutes of Kennett Monthly Meeting, Third month 3rd, 1874, "to confer with any of the individuals that by minute of the monthly meeting were released or disowned on the charge of joining with others in forming another religious society distinct from us; so that all such persons and their children who may wish to be reunited to the Society will be gladly received by us on their simple expression of such a desire." When one of those who was thus restored to membership was informed of the action of the meeting he was so overcome by emotion that the tears rolled down his cheeks.

So far as is known, this is the only instance in the history of the Society, of a member disowned by Friends being restored to membership without a formal request. The weekly meetings for worship at Longwood having been discontinued, nearly all of those who were still living accepted the olive branch offered by Kennett Monthly Meeting, and again became active members of a body that was no longer afraid of losing its spirituality by engaging in practical forms of philanthropic work.

Across the road from Longwood Meeting House is the beautiful cemetery in which many of those who signed the call for the meeting in 1853 are buried. In the center of these grounds is an enclosure which is of interest not only to Friends, but to all who delight to honor Pennsylvania's traveler, lecturer, novelist, and poet, Bayard Taylor. Beside him in this peaceful spot lie his father and mother, and the brother who lost his life in the great struggle for freedom. The stone that marks the last resting place of the young soldier bears an inscription by his poet brother, which brings tears to the eyes of those who lived through the Civil War and shared its sacrifices:

> "Youth, with surest promise crowned;
> Love, that held him fondly bound;
> Pride of soul, untaught to bow;
> Noble heart and fearless brow;
> Hand to help and will to bless;
> Old heroic tenderness;
> Richest life in brain and limb;
> All he gave; and we give him."

Over the grave of the poet is a Greek altar inscribed with his name and the words, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." It also bears these lines from his "Prince Deucalion," which are applicable not only to him whose body lies beneath, but also to the men and women of Longwood who have passed with him through the gates, and who, because they were ever reaching upward while on earth, are still growing in the life beyond.

> "For life, whose source not here began,
> Must fill the utmost sphere of man,
> And, so expanding, lifted be
> Along the line of God's decree,
> To find in endless growth all good—
> In endless toil, beatitude."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

HOME ECONOMICS

Any scheme of agricultural extension commensurate with the needs of the times must give consideration to the problems of the home and the homemaker. The homes are the most important asset of the nation and the training afforded therein is calculated to determine our efficiency as a people. It is currently stated that there are between 600,000 and 1,000,000 preventable deaths in the United States each year. The loss in this direction even on a purely mercenary basis is something enormous, leaving out of consideration the useless heartburnings and bereavements. It is quite as fundamental that efforts be made to disseminate knowledge which will benefit the home as the farm. To this end every active extension department should have a well-organized division to give attention to home economics and sanitation in all its phases.

In view of the fact that the mosquito is commonly accredited with being a carrier of malaria, and that typhoid fever is largely the result of the free entrance of the fly into our houses; that there is indescribable suffering due to improperly prepared food and a disregard of ethics with regard to the dietary, no other arguments in favor of this line of work seem necessary. It has been shown over and over again that the preparation of food is really after all a science, and not something to be acquired in an accidental way. It is clear that it will be much more difficult to provide a satisfactory dietary in the home in the future than it has been in the past because of increasing prices. Yet there are many things which may be made to give variety to the food supply which are not now utilized because of the limited knowledge of those who preside over some of our homes. Extension teaching may be made the means of correcting many of these defects and giving a new impulse and direction to domestic science and art, raising it above the mere drudgery of existence by which it is now characterized.

It will be possible through extension teaching to illustrate how the country home may be supplied with city facilities and those conveniences the lack of which is offered as one of the principal reasons why the country is abandoned for the city. It is a notorious fact that hygiene and sanitation are matters but little understood in both the town and the open country. The neglect of sanitation is a constant menace to public health and reduces the potentiality of our workers very considerably. Since the use of disinfectants and the proper disposal of household waste are comparatively simple matters, why not call this knowledge in a sufficiently graphic form to the attention of those who preside over our homes, and secure their active cooperation in destroying many insidious forms of bacteria which if left unmolested may presently menace the health of the family? Those who have investigated the subject claim that we have cause to be alarmed over the high percentage of infant mortality, due to the use of bad milk and improper nursing. The future of the nation is based on the virility of the rising generation. Surely it is worth while to give some attention to the care of those who will presently constitute our bulwark of defense and our greatest national asset. This may be done by a discussion of the principles of nursing at the hundreds of meetings for women which may be easily arranged for in any state and which will be liberally patronized when once it becomes apparent that matters of fundamental concern to mothers are being discussed and elaborated.

Through the medium of the extension department a greater interest in the common schools may be aroused on the part of both men and women, and the courses of these institutions so modified as to give them a new power in serving the community. No more important work can be undertaken so long as the school continues to provide all the education received by 90 to 95 per cent of our children. I have unlimited faith in the mothers, and once they are aroused to the deficiencies of our present schools a new order of things will be established. The Federation of Women's Clubs in Georgia is proving an aggressive factor in relation to the development of extension work for women and the reorganization of our common schools.

In addition to the above, the social life of the home should be considered, the possibilities of community living and entertainment explained, and the purposes which the school and church may be made to serve as centers of life and inspiration emphasized. The people in the country are perfectly willing to accept advice and suggestions along any line which will prove of an instructive and helpful character, if they believe it is honestly offered by those capable of leadership. Sympathy is the keynote to success in working with both men and women, and the workers in extension departments must possess a large vision and an abundant supply of the milk of human kindness. They must not confuse sympathy with an effort to dictate, dominate over or patronize the public, or failure will attend their efforts. Good workers in this field are like "the pearl of great price," exceedingly hard to find. —*From Bulletin 231, Department of Agriculture, Wash.*

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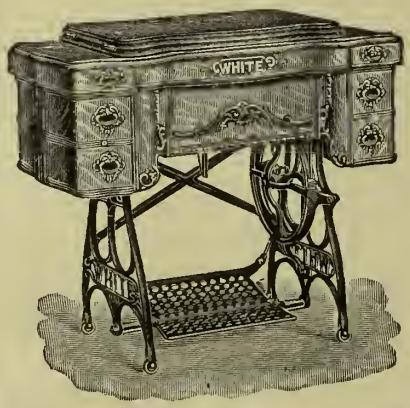

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UNITY

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Arbutus

Could I once more see the arbutus growing,
Stir the dead leaves at the foot of the tree, ==
Catch the first whiff of the incense that's blowing
Straight from the tiny pink blossoms to me!

To kneel in the mold and the leaves on the morning
When I feel the last touch of the frost in the air, ==
Scent and not sight being first to give warning
That arbutus blossoms are biding just there.

Then with my hands full of fragrance and beauty,
Back to the busy town, back to the mart,
Ready again for life's struggle and duty, ==
Ready to take the whole world to my heart!

Althea A. Ogden.

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Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1911. NUMBER 2.

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom.
Of all who live, I am the only one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Out in Oregon they are to vote on the question of having a State paper, a kind of official gazette to be published at public expense and distributed gratis among the people. It is to be edited by three "inspectors of government," representing labor, the farmers, and the industrial interests of the State, who will be empowered to employ expert journalistic aid. The sheet will publish, besides official records,—which few read,—the news of the State, and reports "of the progress of governmental experiments" the world over. Nothing is said about editorials, and there are to be no advertisements of any kind. There is to be, though, a department for "kicks," which will no doubt add the needed "human touch" to what would else be as metallic, as rayless as an almanac. Will the people read such a paper? It is doubtful, but the plan, if approved, will be watched with interest.

The Oregon plan, referred to elsewhere, is but another evidence of the loss of faith by the people in the leadership of the press. This is due to the decline of the editorial page,—once so influential in the hands of Greeley, Dana, Medill and others,—now with few exceptions anonymous, and to the fact that the news narrative is subtly colored, if not actually misreported, in regard to certain great issues before the nation. How keenly the question is felt may be seen in the discussion of it in this country and abroad, and while the discussion so far leads us out just where we went in, with no solution of the problem, it at least reveals the situation as it is. Never was the press more alert, more enterprising in its quest for news, more thoroughly equipped for human service, or, on the whole more accurate,—remembering that the supply of truth is not often equal to the demand,—and yet never was it more bereft of the confidence of the people.

With deep regret UNITY records the passing of Dr. Amory H. Bradford, whose sudden death closed a noble and fruitful ministry. He was a man of lucid intellect, wide sympathy, wholesome, broadminded, an impressive preacher and a prolific writer, his last book, "My Brother," having appeared during the present year. Descended from Gov. Bradford, of the Plymouth Colony, he embodied the new Puritanism in most persuasive and captivating form, fulfilling the best traditions of the Christian pulpit. He was not a great orator, but he rendered a real service to religious thought and the liberty of faith. To many he will be remembered as a seer-like interpreter of the unasked questions of the human heart, a leader of the souls of men, at once a witness and a symbol of the life of the spirit. Now that he is no more with us, men everywhere feel a sense of loss, as "of a white star extinguished, of a sign vanished, of a grace withdrawn."

Happily there is no tariff as against the importing of great preachers, else some of the leading pulpits of this land would be in dire plight. The British press complains somewhat bitterly that we take their great preachers and send them our revivalists in return, and that they get the worst of the bargain. Cadman, Black, Aked, and now Jowett, have been lured across the seas, which does mean a severe loss to religious forces on the other side. Why should we go elsewhere in quest of authentic leaders of faith? Are conditions in our land unfavorable to the growth of prophet-souls? Apparently. For one thing, as Dr. Dawson pointed out recently, the American preacher is so hurried, if not harried, by the demands made upon his time, energy and strength, that he has little opportunity for meditation, reading and study. If the church would once more hear sweet-toned, melting voices in her temple, she must give her prophets time and quiet to enter the Place of Hearing.

Great journalists are aware of the state of things, as witness the notable address by William M. Reedy on "The Myth of a Free Press," which, alas, leaves us with no hope of anything better. The story entitled "A Hind Let Loose," by C. E. Montague, of the *Manchester Guardian,* is a case in point, with a like

result. The drama, always a mirror of the day, has the question in hand, and the stock excuse of the newspaper world is made the target of satire by Arnold Bennett, under the title, "What the Public Wants." That play goes to the roots of the evil, whereas our American play, "The Fourth Estate," dealing with the same theme, is only melodrama, full of sound and fury, meaning, in the end, nothing. No question gives our socialist leaders more trouble than what is to be the place of the press in their ideal State. Those, like H. G. Wells, who face it at all, decide in favor of a censorship so severe as to make a free press more of a myth than it is now. No; we have not found the clue to the problem yet, and we may be a long time in finding it.

The Vindication of Lorimer

Few more disheartening events have ever occurred in the political history of America than the "vindication," by formal vote of his colleagues, of Senator Lorimer of Illinois. The disgrace of a state legislature is now the disgrace of the national Senate, and the shame of Illinois is the shame of the United States. It is wellnigh inconceivable, in the light of the convincing evidence which has been gathered of the corruption rampant in Springfield at the time of the election of the Chicago boss, that no less than forty-six presumably respectable men should vote to receive this indecent politician into their company, to say nothing of confirming him in his office as an official of the government. We know, as a matter of positive proof, that no less than seven of the votes in the Illinois legislature which elected Mr. Lorimer were bought with money. We know that these votes were accompanied by many others which were presumably secured at the same time and by the same methods. We know that Mr. Lorimer was in Springfield during the four months of the legislative deadlock, in constant communication with the men under indictment and suspicion. We know that for years he has been a past master in all the traditional arts of political debauchery. And yet it is decreed, in the face and eyes of an outraged and protesting nation, that this man is worthy to wear the toga of a United States senator. And it was only a month ago that this country was celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Sumner, "The senator with a conscience!"

After all, however, this scandalous decision is not so much a "vindication" of the Illinois corruptionist as it is a revelation of the real character of the United States Senate. For years it has been dinned into our ears, by the so-called "muck-rakers," that the Senate, which was once the glory of the nation, is now nothing more nor less than a purchased instrument of the "special interests." Senator after senator has been publicly named as the paid servant of this railroad and that corporation and the other trust. The popular magazines and the socialistic orators have shouted from the housetops day after day that the Senate is the one great obstacle in the path of progressive democracy, and the one branch of the government which could be trusted at all times to serve the interests of special privilege and betray the interests of the people. It has become of late almost a commonplace to speak of the "treason of the Senate." These assaults upon this historic institution, so noble in much of its history, have been indignantly repelled by many of our newspapers and most of our citizens. Now, however, by the Lorimer vote, the indictment is justified. The senators have themselves established the case of their opponents. They have stood up before all the nation and pleaded guilty to the indictment which has been returned against them. What more could be asked by their severest critics!

The Senate fell under heaviest suspicion last summer when it wrote upon our statute books the iniquitous Aldrich Tariff Bill. It is interesting to notice that the men who betrayed the people's interests at that time, and thus revealed the real fact of their hired subserviency to the special interests, were the same men who voted in favor of Mr. Lorimer; and, on the other hand, that the gallant band of "insurgents," who dared to tell the truth about the Tariff Bill and the character of the support behind it, was the same band which stood to a man in opposition to Mr. Lorimer. The men most directly responsible for last year's tariff abomination were Aldrich, Burroughs, Crane, Depew, Frye, Gallinger, Hale, Guggenheim, Penrose, Scott, Smoot, Stevenson and Wetmore; and all of these scarred and battered members of the "Old Guard" with the exception of the Rhode Island veteran, lined up valiantly for Mr. Lorimer; and of Mr. Aldrich, it is said, by the special correspondent of a great newspaper, that, had he been able to be present, he would have voted for the Chicago boss. The men, however, who fought the tariff iniquity most heroically and exposed its true character most ruthlessly were Beveridge, Borah, Bourne, Bristow, Clapp, Crawford, Cummins, La Follette, and Nelson; and it is not surprising to find that all of these valiant servants of the people and uncompromising enemies of special privilege labored night and day, early and late, to free the Senate from the unspeakable reproach of Mr. Lorimer's tainted presence.

If any argument were lacking for the movement for the popular election of senators, here is one to which there is no answer. The forty-six men who voted for Mr. Lorimer, with a few exceptions, voted because they received their orders from the interests which they represented. The issue to them was not the vindication of a vilified man but the defense of

an imperiled system. Nothing could be more informing than to compare the vote on the Lorimer question with the vote which was taken the day previous on the question of placing the election of senators in the hands of the people. Of the thirty-three men (thirty-two, excluding Mr. Lorimer), who were opposed to direct senatorial election, no less than twenty-five, namely, Bankhead, Brandegee, Bulkeley, Burnham, Burrows, Crane, Depew, Dick, Dillingham, Fletcher, Flint, Foster, Gallinger, Hale, Heyburn, Johnston, Kean, Oliver, Penrose, Richardson, Scott, Smoot, Tillman, Warren and Wetmore, were in favor of the seating of the Illinois boss; and one other of the thirty-two, Mr. Taliaferro, refused to vote on the Lorimer issue at all. That there should be this identity of decision upon those two questions is not at all surprising, for the men who are in favor of electing senators by the means employed to elect Mr. Lorimer in the Illinois legislature are of course opposed to placing such elections in the hands of the people. They know that, if the people had anything to say about it, such a man as Mr. Lorimer would never be allowed to set his foot within the borders of the City of Washington as their representative; and deep down in their hearts they realize also that, if the people had anything to say about it, they themselves would be kindly invited by popular mandate to remain at home. It is no accident, also, that the same men who have been fighting so valiantly to give the people a chance to choose their senatorial representatives should be the same men who fought Mr. Lorimer and all his infamy to the last ditch.

It is an old truism that "all things work together for good." After all, the scandal of Lorimer and his backers in the United States is not wholly a tragedy. It was perhaps the one thing needed to make the popular election of senators inevitable in the near future.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

Roman Catholic and Jewish Ideals

In 1860, a census in Spain reported 15,658,531 inhabitants, of whom only 2,414,015 men and 715,906 women declared themselves able to read and write. The German review, "The Wartburg," gives the results of a recent census by which it appears that out of a present population of 18,618,086 there are still in Spain 5,078,956 men and 6,806,834 women unable to read and write. Out of 100 newly-wed and out of 100 new recruits about 63 persons are illiterate. In adjoining Portugal the number of such is 70 out of every 100. A similar report is made from Croatia. Official data, just published, show that in Russia, with a population of 160,095,200, only twenty-one per cent (excluding Finland) can read and write. Poland has 69 per cent of illiterates. Yet these are countries in which the education of the people has for centuries been under the control of the priesthood. The failure of the latter in the matter of education is eclipsed, however, by their equal failure in keeping their charges religious. There is an element of pathos in the present situation. For centuries the Roman Catholic priesthood has kept the masses of the people in ignorance, hoping thus to keep them unsophisticated, simple, and devout, firm in the faith and easily led and controlled by their spiritual guides. What has been the result of this mistaken policy? The people have indeed been kept in ignorance, but they have not remained either believers or obedient vassals of the church. Nowhere in the world today is there so much unbelief, such abstention from public worship, such open profession of atheism, such a revolt from the ancient creeds of Christendom, such defiance of the church authorities, so deep-seated a hatred against the clergy, as in professedly Roman Catholic countries like Italy, France, Spain, Portugal and the South and Central American Republics. Contrast with this discouraging picture the comparative religiousness and churchliness of Protestant countries like Germany and the United States, their high standards of education and morality, and their corresponding advance in political freedom and social justice, and we can appreciate the blessings which the emancipation of their schools from priestly control has brought these nations. When, therefore, Americans are asked to commit the education of American youth to religious corporations who first aim is their own aggrandizement, and whose educational ideals and methods have led in other lands to such lamentable results both in the domain of knowledge and that of religion, the experience of other countries should prompt us to an absolute refusal. The clergy may go on in their misguided course so long as they can persuade their followers to support them in it. Their schools, modelled after, and in competition with our secular schools, may, for a time, be an improvement on those they maintain in Europe. But, sooner or later, clerical narrowness and fanaticism will pervert them, here as elsewhere, and they will reap in this country, as they are now reaping in Europe, the bitter fruits of their ill-advised zeal. They may establish their parochial schools, but they have no right to ask the American State to help them do it, either by direct grants of money or freedom from taxes, which is the same thing, or by a division of the public school funds. The American people are not likely to follow in a path that has led European nations into such quagmires and pitfalls of educational and religious experience. Our public schools exist to make men and women, not devotees; good citizens, not good Catholics or Protestants. No institution in which education is con-

sidered a secondary matter, a mere by-product, is fit to instruct in secular knowledge or rear in social and political morality the youth of America. As General Grant counselled: Let us "keep Church and State forever separate." The result will be alike favorable to educational progress, good citizenship, and true religion among us.

The total number of Jews in France is about 70,000 in a population of 30,000,000. In all Germany there are fewer Jews than are contained in New York City. When one considers these figures, how irrational and unjust seem the bitter, frenzied attacks, so often made in these two countries on this small fraction of their population, as if their presence and activity undermined the welfare and safety of these nations. England, with about 200,000 Jews, less than a two-hundredth of its people, manages this matter in a far wiser and humaner spirit by giving them equal rights and privileges, to the mutual benefit of the nation and those of Jewish race within its borders. Out of twelve new Baronets recently created no fewer than three are Jews. Two of the new Knights are also Jews. In the United States, "the Melting Pot of the Nations," the great process is going on by which millions of the Israelites whom Russia so unwisely and cruelly spurns as undesirable citizens, are being transformed by our free institutions into loyal, industrious, aspiring and valuable members of the political and social body. Judaism itself, which has withstood the injustice and persecution of the ages, feeling in her inmost soul the appeal of our national ideals and brotherly sentiments, is being converted from a race to a religion. In the days now rapidly approaching, the Jews among us will no longer be a separate and distinct people, but, American to the core, will seek, not to perpetuate a race, but to illustrate and glorify a religion, a form of faith which through its teaching of the Unity and Fatherhood of God, and the common brotherhood of man, justly aspires to become identical with universal ethics and universal religion.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

Editorial Correspondence

"Ye Editor" left Chicago while the newsboys were proclaiming the triumph of Professor Merriam and Carter Harrison at the Primary election for city office. It was the first time Chicago had had a chance to express its desire independent of partisan caucuses, conventions and boss manipulation. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the "central committees" of both the Republican and Democratic parties, the candidates denied their solicitation, and the five Republican and the three Democratic aspirants submitted their case to the voters without the consent of the committees or the co-operation of the machine, unless it can be said that Mr. Harrison had kept his eight-year-old machine in repair. The result was a significant triumph for the independent voter. The obvious choice of the parties was in both cases conspicuously defeated.

In the nomination of Professor Merriam, Chicago has for the first time a chance to show its preference for the mayoralty of a man unused to wire-pulling, uninstructed by the bosses, and without obligations to those who are in politics for selfish reasons. As Professor of Economics in the University of Chicago, he has demonstrated his ability to grapple with municipal and civic issues, and the welfare of the city. His nomination is a triumph for the independent, and his election would be a national event of great significance and encouragement.

The next morning I woke up to find Kentucky clothed in white, encountering a snowstorm where I expected to find sunshine, but the physical chill was not so depressing as the spiritual chill received on reading in the Memphis morning paper the account of Lorimer's triumph (?) What a triumph! with but a meager majority, and that majority representing, to a large extent, the reactionists, the "standpatters," the parties of the old regime, those who are still in love with, or at least indebted to, the old method that leads to corruption, while the opposition represented the progressive, independent, brainy elements of the Senate. Hereafter it will be a test question concerning the eligibility to re-election on the part of these senators,—"How did he vote on the Lorimer question?" If, in spite of the damaging testimony and the more damaging public sentiment at home and abroad, he found Lorimer a "reputable senator," it will be *prima facie* evidence that this man lacked the moral integrity or the intellectual ability necessary to a man who would occupy a seat in the Upper House of Congress.

It was a rainy day all the way through Mississippi and Alabama, a day for introspection at an inopportune time, for the nerves were tired and the brain was weary.

"What place is this?" "This, Sir, is Corinth, the place where the big battle was fought," was the porter's answer, and introspection was changed to retrospection. The chasm of forty-nine years was bridged, and the flying shells threading the night, the rattle of musketry filling the dawn with terror, the baptism of death and destruction, that in half an hour laid low a third of the battery of which I was a member; the awful sights and sounds of the field hospital after the battle were all vividly remembered, and the comparison between that day and this gave hope new wings, the future a new glow, and the nation as it is today a new sanctity. The baptism of blood had in it a regenerative power if the awful lesson can only be remembered.

At 9:00 o'clock at night there was a transfer from one sleeping car to another. It was a sleeper of the

Central Georgia Railway, the bed was made up. and the upper berth was not pulled down. It looked like an uncalculated luxury, an unintentional hospitality. I asked for an explanation. "This railroad, sir, owns its own sleepers, they do not belong to the Pullman Company. We never pull down the upper berth unless it is needed," was the reply. I slept that night as if in palace halls, asleep and awake, I realized an unexpected comfort never realized before in a sleeping car. That ungenerous inhospitality of the tyrannical Pullman Company has caused through all these years unnumbered thousands of men, women and children to wriggle and writhe, and tumble in a jumble of bedclothes and cast-off garments, bumping their heads against an unnecessary obstruction. What a patient people the American traveling public is! I have been trying to conjur up a decent argument on the part of the Pullman Company for this habitual torture contrivance that persists in pulling down a berth that is unused. Perhaps the Inter-State Commission may, after a while, have time to take this grievance of the public under consideration.

I arrived in Savannah bright and early on Thursday morning the 2nd inst., and found mine host and volunteer agent awaiting me, Rabbi George Solomon, under whose auspices I am to spend a week lecturing at this point . Emerson, Robert Browning, Ibsen and Tolstoy are to be interpreted. Tonight I am to preach in the Synagogue . My ininerary will probably carry me to Charleston, S. C., Columbus, Ga., Meridian, Natchez, and Oxford, Miss., Columbus, Mo. and elsewhere.

The local papers here announce the arrival of "an eminent Hebrew worker," but before I return I will be heard in a Presbyterian pulpit, at a State University and other colleges, but under whatever name, and with whatever race or creed back of me, I shall deliver the same gospel of brotherhood, progress and universal religion that UNITY has stood for during its thirty-two years of life.

"What is it brought you here?" was the newspaper man's leading question. "To escape the cut-throat March weather in Chicago, and to continue the work of UNITY and the Abraham Lincoln Centre," was the reply. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Savannah, Ga., March 3, 1911.

Learn the truth so deep with meaning,
  Clearer vision let it bring,
That all Life is slow evolving
  And an ever changing thing;
Grasp the thought of Life's upbuilding:
  From all storm and pain and night
Cometh peace and joy and light
  Working out the law of being;
    From discord, rhythmic harmony,
    From terror, sweet security
    In Now and for Futurity;
  God's power on final good intent,
  And Man, divinest instrument.

MABEL HATTON COYLE.

THE PULPIT

What Chicago Could Do With Her War Tax?

A SYMPOSIUM FROM THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

Charles E. Beals, Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society.

Given $41,000,000 for improvements in Chicago, how would you spend this money?

But first how could the $41,000,000 be made available?

During the ten years preceding the war with Spain the United States expended, on the average, a little less than $52,000,000 annually for the army and navy. In 1910 the appropriations for army and navy aggregated $226,791,421.93. Thus last year's appropriations exceeded the average annual appropriations in the decade preceding the Spanish war by about $175,000,000.

If we assume that during the coming ten years the military and naval budgets will run about the same as last year, then in the coming decade our nation will expend for the army and navy about $1,750,000,000 more than in the decade ending with the Spanish war.

How much of this increase will Chicago pay? The 1910 census credits our city with a population of 2,185,283, while the population of the entire country is 93,346,543. That is, Chicago's population is about .0234 of the entire population of the nation. Chicago's part in the increase of military and naval levy for the next ten years, therefore, will be .0234 of the $1,750,000,000, or approximately $41,000,000.

This is the sum which the people of our city will pay to the national government for the maintenance of the army and navy more than they paid in the decade of 1888-1898. To be sure, this will not be paid by direct taxation. But it will be paid, nevertheless—through the grocer, butcher, coal man, dry goods dealer and all other sellers of articles on which duties are paid.

Please note that we are not now considering the entire cost of the war system. Our nation is expending over 70 per cent of its revenues for the amy and navy, for fortifications, military academy, naval academy, interest on war debts and for pensions. As a nation, since we first had separate national existence, we have expended $21,500,000,000 for all purposes. Of this over $16,500,000,000 has been spent for war. (See report of commission of Massachusetts legislature on high cost of living.) But during the last decade, according to the chairman of the house committee on appropriations, the United States has expended over $2,000,000,000 for preparations for war, or enough to build five Panama canals and leave a good balance over. Nor does this vast sum include pensions or any of the other items of cost of past wars. But what we are talking of in this symposium is not the total cost of armed peace, but the increase in appropriations over the decade ending in the late '90s. We are dealing simply with what it is going to cost us more for the army and navy from 1910 to 1920 than it cost us from 1888 to 1898. And, as we have said, Chicago people will pay some $41,000,000 for this item alone.

Now let us suppose that instead of paying $41.000,-

000 for war implements, chiefly for ships, which at best must go to the scrap pile in 10 or 15 years, we kept that money here in our city. Suppose that instead of paying it to the national government for war or for armed peace we donated the same sum or paid it in local taxes for municipal improvements. Think of the changes which could be wrought in Chicago in the next decade if we could keep at home Chicago's part of the additional burden of the national tribute.

For example, our beautiful Art Institute cost about $1,250,000, and is only a part of a building now. The annual running expenses amount to about $200,000. Yet the poverty of Chicago's art exhibit as compared with that of some of the older cities is almost pathetic. With an adequate building and increased equipment the institute would be able to render much greater service. Almost any amount of money could be used thus.

Then we might pave some of Chicago's unpaved streets, of which there are 2,675 miles, as against 1,252 miles in New York and 472 miles in Philadelphia.

Much discussion has been devoted to the subject of bridges. If Chicago is to retain and develop its river commerce a more satisfactory system of bridges will have to be installed. An engineer tells me that at a cost of $5,000,000 Chicago by the building of modern bridges can be placed in the very front rank of industrial, manufacturing and commercial cities.

Even when the beautiful new railroad station is completed Chicago will still be sorely in need of modern terminals. The Washington, D. C., station and the Pennsylvania station in New York and the South station in Boston cause Chicago to feel that, at best, our facilities leave much to be desired.

I am informed that $1,000,000 would provide sufficient docks to care for all Chicago's present lake trade, while $6,000,000 probably would meet the needs of a rapidly increasing lake commerce for many years to come.

Chicago has taken an earnest interest in the lakes-to-gulf deep water way project. Twenty million dollars, it is thought, would make the necessary excavation from Lockport to Utica. This was the sum approved by the people by a vote in November, 1908.

And so we might continue. There are any number of enterprises which might be suggested, which would prove wise and statesmanlike investments. For a specific proposition let us take the particular sum of $41,000,000 with which we are dealing and arbitrarily divide it up among four or five projects and ask some well-known Chicagoans to tell what might be accomplished along certain lines. Let us give $10,000,000 to Miss Jane Addams and Prof. Graham Taylor for various civic improvements and social engineering projects during the next ten years; another $10,000,000 to Frank E. Wing, superintendent of the tuberculosis institute, to wage a war against disease, especially against tuberculosis; $10,000,000 to some one with which to improve the educational system, and the remaining $11,000,000 to that prince of architectural dreamers, Daniel H. Burnham, to apply toward a "Chicago beautiful."

Would it not be better to put our money into fighting dirt and poverty, disease, ignorance, vice and ugliness of every kind, than into short-lived battleships which breed international suspicion and jealousy and ill will? Five nations, France, Germany, Great Britain, Russia and the United States, last year spent $1,329,862,000 for their armies and navies. The feeling of insecurity was never so strong in these nations as today.

Let Chicago, as she figures out her part of the increase in the war budget, and as she considers to what useful and worthy purposes this might be applied, resolve to take her rightful place in the very front rank of the pioneers of the new day, who are demanding a rational, economic, human method of world housekeeping instead of wasting the people's substance in gratifying selfish personal or national ambitions.

To this end Chicago should strengthen her peace society.The more completely the organized peace movement succeeds, the more Chicago money will be kept in the city. First of all, then, the local peace organization should be built up.

The world is just on the eve of finishing what Mr. Asquith calls "the greatest of all reforms." In a very few years we shall see the consummation of the greatest reform which ever has been effected in all history. The peace cause, from being a little known and much misunderstood movement, is coming to be so commanding that even the faint-hearted and pessimistic are able to see that the substitution of law for war, of courts for camps, is to go down into history as one of the great achievements of the twentieth century.

It is high time that Chicago awoke to her opportunity and duty, high time that she did the adequate and glorious thing, by placing her peace society at the head of the column as the peace battalions of the various cities and countries march forward in their last great campaign in the war against war.

Frank E. Wing, General Superintendent Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

If I had at my disposal $10,000,000 with which to carry on a campaign against tuberculosis in the next ten years, I would at the outset place as a goal toward the realization of which my energies would be directed, the following motto:

No tuberculosis patient uncared for,
No tuberculous infection uncontrolled.

I have in mind the picture of a once happy family. The father—just over 40—occupying the center of the picture, surrounded by his wife and five children, is in the last stages of a preventable disease, contracted perhaps in an insanitary workshop. It portrays the remnants of a once comfortable home! For months the family income has been cut off—the brave mother has struggled as best she could to provide food for the hungry mouths and clothing to warm the five childish bodies.

Gradually, in order to replenish the depleted family purse, the household belongings have walked the weary path to the pawnshop, and often the strings have been pulled tight over the last remaining pennies to provide food for the coming day. Unwilling to go to the "county," the father has been an added burden to his wife, and the deadly germs ignorantly disseminated throughout the all too crowded quarters have become a dreadful menace to the family.

The pale cheeks and hollow chest of the self-sacrificing mother show that she herself has already paid the penalty of her devotion, and that sanitarium care is the only means of saving her from following in the father's footsteps.

The older children have just come home from school, where, in addition to the danger that lurks at home, they have all day been exposed to the indignity of a dry-aired, overheated, unventilated schoolroom. One of them is even now a child consumptive. The babies of the family, one in the mother's arms and the other clinging to her skirts, bear the imprint of mal-nutrition—susceptible subjects to the disease. Widowhood, orphanage and want stare through the darkened windows and "white specters" hold their hands at every doorknob.

Why have I told this story? Because it epitomizes the tuberculosis situation in Chicago. With slight modifications in this and that, it is the story of thousands of other families, among whom preventable disease is lurking.

A sanitary place in which to work would have safeguarded the father; a sanitarium at the right time would have restored his health and working capacity; a comfortable and attractive isolation home—not simply a place of detention, a pesthouse, or a pauper asylum—would have removed all danger of spreading the infection to other members of the family when his disease became advanced; food and clothing to take the place of the income cut off by sickness and to guarantee the family support while the bread winner was in a sanitarium, would have supplied sufficient resistance to the mother to prevent her from contracting the disease, and would also have kept the children at par physically; open air schoolrooms would help to render the latter's school hours safe; children's camps or sanatoria would check the disease once contracted; more medical inspectors in the school would have discovered the first signs of oncoming disease; thorough renovation and disinfection of the premises would guard the next family occupying this house from possible infection; nurses carefully instructing the patient would bring the infection under control; an unlimited and well-directed educational propaganda would have taught the members of the family the means of prevention.

With these matters attended to, no tuberculosis member of this family would be uncared for, no tubercular infection uncontrolled, and the family problem would be a long way toward solution.

What would I do with $10,000,000 to fight consumption in the next ten years? The story and its application suggest an answer. It is simply a question of dollars and cents, brains and efficiency. Unchecked in the next ten years, tuberculosis will claim 50,000 victims in Chicago, representing an actual and potential loss of $400,000,000 to the community. The question is how can $10,000,000 be best utilized to supplant the public and private expenditures that will naturally be made in order to cause the greatest possible reduction in mortality and to secure a maximum amount of care and control?

Assuming that the newly created Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium will develop along the lines calculated to give institutional care to early and moderately advanced cases, as well as to give nursing care and control in the homes, I would divide my allowance into ten separate appropriations and distribute the amounts in the following manner:

First, I would supplement the facilities of the county consumptives' hospital by providing three real "homes" in which the better class of advanced consumptives might spend, in comfort and peace, their last remaining days. I would have these homes under expert medical management and large enough to accommodate about 125 patients each—one in each natural division of the city; each so attractively and pleasantly equipped that patients would welcome the privilege of entering them. Two million dollars would be required for this purpose—$400,000 for construction and equipment and $160,000 a year for the maintenance of 400 patients at $8 per capita per week. This would be an act of justice to the advanced consumptive and the greatest possible safeguard to the thousands of lives whose safety they must otherwise place constantly in jeopardy.

I would spend $500,000 to help care for the families of 2,000 breadwinners in order that 200 patients a year might enter a sanitarium with the assurance that those dependent upon them might not suffer during the period in which they are deprived of their natural support.

I would spend another half-million dollars to provide special means of treatment in the form of supplementary diet, clothing and provision for outdoor sleeping, to enable those who cannot go to an institution to take their treatment at home.

I would establish convalescent homes for pretubercular and glandular children, and would spend $1,500,000 for their construction and maintenance. By this means 4,000 children could be restored to health and strength.

I would allow $500,000 for the purpose of building open air rooms on the roofs of 100 school buildings, and provide the most economical means of reaching them—elevators where stairways are impossible.

Another million could be used to furnish lunches to the 3,000 children who would occupy these open air rooms in order to hasten their development to a physically normal condition and fit them to do the work required of a physically normal child. Another half-million could be used to supply the extra clothing and equipment necessary for these children to practice the school regime during the colder winter months.

Increased medical inspection, minor surgical work, such as the removal of adenoids, tonsils, etc., and dental work among school children, are among the crying needs of the times, and I would allow $1,500,000 for this important work.

The readjustment of occupation for the discharged sanitarium patient is one of the present day problems of every community. To meet this need I would allow $1,000,000 for the construction, equipment and maintenance of an industrial colony for discharged sanitarium patients where such occupations may be learned as farming, gardening, poultry raising and various manual and outdoor trades. This branch of work ought to become partially self-supporting through the use or sale of its products.

I would use another million dollars for the enforcement of housing and workshop reform, for the

disinfection and renovation of infected homes, for the cleaning up of plague spots and breeding places of the disease.

Another $500,000 might be used to experiment on model homes for working people calculated to rent at a price within their means and pay a fair interest on the investment—well lighted, well ventilated and equipped with open air sleeping porches, in the expectation that a standard might be set which private builders would find it to their advantage to copy.

And, finally, I would use the remaining $500,000 for general educational work and the maintenance of an institute for sociological research and investigation. The educational work would comprise traveling exhibits, illustrated lectures, dissemination of literature on tuberculosis in all languages, billboard service, moving pictures, posters for workshops, and other popular ways of reaching the general public.

By all of these means with this amount of money at my disposal I should expect to see, at the end of ten years, every tuberculous patient cared for, a large percentage of the infection under control, a 40 per cent reduction in the death rate, and a long stride taken toward the day when tuberculosis will be counted as one of the no longer death dealing scourges of Chicago.

Charles H. Judd, Director of the School of Education, University of Chicago.

The school of this generation is as different from the school of a generation ago as the trolley is different from the stage, or gas and electric lights are different from the tallow dips. What is more, the school of today is as progressive as are the railroads in pushing their lines into every productive quarter of the country. Some people ask why the school costs so much without considering for a moment that if our grandfathers could see the domestic bills which face us every month, they would be driven instantly into financial panic.

Large sums could be legitimately applied to the school activities which are now well under way. The City of Chicago spends nearly $15,000,000 annually on its schools, and yet the average size of classes in the schools is too large. This average ranges in different parts of the city from fifty-two in a room to thirty-nine or forty as the lowest. All classes should be reduced to thirty or twenty-five. This would mean new buildings and more teachers, and would absorb a large part of the $10,000,000. We may be optimistic, however, about the public attitude in the matter, and look forward to an expansion of school accommodations in the course of the next few years without any large contribution such as the one now under consideration.

Leaving the classrooms to their natural development, four types of school work which are only beginning to be taken up should be pushed with all the vigor that this great sum would make possible. First, the vacation schools should be greatly enlarged. Last year the City of Chicago spent about $30,000 for vacation schools. This means that a limited number of boys and girls could go during the summer months to a school and be given something to do that is really worth while. If by any sudden change in the business world a large number of people should be thrown out of employment, we should regard it as a civic catastrophe. Yet we turn all the children out of school for two months. Most of them do not find the vacation useful or recreative. The school is a better place for them than the street. Let us put a quarter of a million a year into the continuation of our schools all summer. Even then we should expend less than one-half the sum which it costs to conduct the regular school for one month.

A second quarter of a million per year should go to industrial education. The Lewis Institute spends $130,000 every year in giving a broad industrial training to 3,000 people, children and adults. The cost of the Lewis Institute plan is about one-half a million. If ten modest centers could be set up in this city to make school work more practical for the average boy and girl who will enter the industries our school system would be vastly improved. The city spent last year about $80,000 for manual training in the elementary schools. The high schools spent for manual training about $200,000. The present proposition is to quadruple the expenditure in the elementary schools, especially in the upper grades.

The third quarter of a million annually should go to the schools for adults. The city of New York spends every year $200,000 for free lectures given in school buildings at evening hours. The city of Chicago will certainly do as much within the next decade. The old conception of an education was that it ended with the last year of school. The modern idea of an education is that every one has a right to study all his life and keep abreast with all the most recent discoveries in science and the best in art and literature. Chicago should lead in the movement for popular adult education. Incidentally, the lecture centers should be made important social centers for the cultivation of community interests. The board of education had at its disposal last year for social centers the sum of $900.

Our fund has been three-quarters allotted. The remaining quarter should go to playgrounds around school buildings. The day is past when schools regard play and physical training as foreign to their interests. The old system has left its marks upon our present school buildings without any play space. These buildings represent a notion of schools which is medieval, insanitary and unpedagogical. The board of education spent last year about $300,000 for new sites for school buildings. Some of these have adequate playgrounds and lighting space around the buildings. It will take time and funds to correct the defects in earlier sites. The school system cannot stop acquiring new sites and putting up new buildings, but we should be far from satisfied with the improvement which is made backward in overhauling the old sites.

If the ten millions thus expended during the next decade could become an assured fund for all subsequent decades, and the enlarged activities suggested could be made permanent parts of our school system, education would receive an impetus in this city which would do much to improve all of its activities, commercial and social.

Walter D. Moody, Managing Director of the Chicago Plan Commission.

What could Chicago accomplish toward the achievement of a practical city plan with a decennial appropriation of $11,000,000?

The most practical and satisfactory method of finding the answer lies in ascertaining what other cities have accomplished in that direction. Widespread impulses toward city planning have found expression in all great European and many American cities. In general outlines the schemes followed by these cities have been similar to the Chicago plan, in that all aim at the solution of certain problems, such as congestion, increasing difficulties of transportation, the proper arrangement of park systems, systematic arrangement of streets and avenues, and the unification of centers of intellectual life and civic administration.

Boston's achievement is a striking example of what may be done with a given amount of money toward the establishment of a park system. Boston has the most extensive parked area in America, the metropolitan park system including about ten thousand acres, controlled collectively by a number of municipalities of which the state metropolis is the chief unit.

The establishment of this extensive park system was financed by loans aggregating $10,500,000, a fourth of this obligation being assumed by the state. The yearly appropriations average six or seven hundred thousand dollars and are to extend over a period of sixteen years. The total cost is $33,000,000, or only three times the amount of Chicago's hypothetical $11,000,000.

Boston's experience shows that Chicago with $11,000,000 could accomplish something very substantial toward the attainment of the measures outlined in the Chicago plan, such as the parking of the lake shore from Jackson Park to Wilmette, the creation of interior parks, and the establishment of a park area surrounding the city.

In Washington, D. C., improvements are in progress that are to cost approximately $50,000,000. These improvements were prepared by the same city builders who directed the artistic development of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. People wished that the temporary city beautiful on Lake Michigan should be perpetuated in the nation's capital. The Washington plan firing the imagination and giving impetus to the desire for more beauty in city-building, cities throughout the country began to seek the more artistic form and the greater conveniences that civic pride demanded.

Cleveland was among the first to feel the new impulse. A federal building, a new city hall and a public library were to be constructed, and it was found that a railway station along the lake front would be one of the near future's necessities. Cleveland took advantage of these circumstances and a commission of experts was appointed to arrange a group plan for the new structures. The plan was placed beyond the risk of failure by public spirited citizens, who succeeded in harmonizing action among the political agencies. The expense involved approximated $14,000,000 for public purposes and from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 additional for railway terminals, museums and the like.

These figures show that $11,000,000 would give any city a very substantial start toward such improvements as are outlined in the Chicago plan. It is natural that there should be some variations in the cost of improvement plans in cities where physical characteristics differ, but herein lies also a great advantage. As every city must pursue individual lines in its development, perfect freedom is allowed for the bringing out of those local and personal charms that distinguish one city from all others and attract to it people of discriminating taste, giving the citizens a feeling of loyalty and pride in their own city.

What can be done with a small financial beginning is shown by the record of Paris, which, when the city had a population of only 1,424,000—a half million less than the population of Chicago in 1908—prepared a bold and elaborate improvement scheme. Paris probably did not have Chicago's hypothetical eleven millions to begin with, but nevertheless she started a system of building that involved a total cost of $265,000,000. The scope of the scheme was fully as comprehensive as that of the Chicago plan, including as it did government palaces and other public buildings.

The various improvements in Paris, under the direction of Haussmann—one of the world's great city builders—were completed in fifty-eight years. They included adequate means of circulation by cutting new streets and widening old ones, the elimination of unwholesome rookeries, the placing of great railway stations in circles about the center of the city and the establishment of diagonal thoroughfares calculated to shorten distance.

Haussmann accomplished for Paris a task which in many ways corresponds to the work which the Chicago Plan Commission desires to accomplish in order to overcome conditions that always follow rapid growth of population in industrial centers. The cost of constructing the palaces was borne by the federal government, and the remainder was divided between the nation and the city, the former paying one-third and the latter two-thirds of the expense. Haussmann's theory that the money spent in these improvements made a better city and that a better city is a producer of wealth, has been amply supported by facts. Experience has shown that the greater convenience and beauty given Paris by the Haussmann improvements bring large returns in money as well as in esthetic satisfaction. It has been estimated that Americans alone spend $120,000,000 in Paris every year.

An appropriation of $11,000,000 would place on a paying basis many of the improvements outlined in the Chicago plan, for the lessons of other cities teach that in a very short time anything that is done to improve a city materially or esthetically yields ample returns. How the various municipal activities of Chicago could be made self-supporting, once the start has been made, is conclusively outlined in the plans of the Chicago Plan Commission. The very character of the changes that could be effected with $11,000,000 is such as to stimulate the increase in wealth with which the plans could be carried to completion. The immediate and great necessity is a start, and Illinois' decennial contribution to "preparedness for war" would be, at the least, a very satisfactory beginning

Chicago's Haussmann, Charles H. Wacker, chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission, will do for this city what Haussmann accomplished for Paris, when hampering restrictions now imposed by state laws shall have been removed. Chicago needs broader scope for her municipal improvement activities. We need, for instance, authority to appropriate property contiguous to that actually required for the improvements planned, so that these contiguous zones may be absolutely controlled by the city, and, if desired, disposed of in order to finance the improvements. With this authority granted and with the realization on the part of citizens that the Chicago plan is the greatest issue of the times, success will crown the efforts of those who are planning a greater, more orderly and more beautiful city.

Graham Taylor.

Within the limits of the sphere assigned to these suggestions, the following things seem best worth proposing for the expenditure of $10,000,000: A civic center building, costing $2,000,000 if necessary, centrally located and providing for the following uses: A great assembly hall and municipal theater or place of recreation for gatherings of the people, available at prices below the rental of assembly places rented for profit; the offices and headquarters of the Association of Commerce; the offices and headquarters of the Chicago Federation of Labor; the offices and rooms of the City Club; the offices and rooms of the Chicago Woman's Club and the Woman's City Club; the offices of the Municipal Voters' League and the Legislative Voters' League and space for a great municipal museum. While sufficient privacy could be provided for such uses, the proximity of the agencies sheltered under the same roof would promote the personal acquaintanceship and fellowship of their members and make co-operation more possible and effective. The building would need to be partly endowed so as to reduce the rental for public purposes, while it would be for the most part self-sustaining from the rentals of the agencies locating their headquarters within its walls.

District civic centers might be planned to serve several great sections of our population somewhat in the way in which the centrally located building would serve the whole city. These district centers should contain large halls for popular use; ample space for the circulating branches and reading-rooms of the Chicago Public Library; all the features of a recreation center, gymnasiums, bathing facilities, club-rooms, refectory, floors for dancing and other amusements, stage settings for well-conducted municipal theaters, pageants, concerts, etc.

A United Charities building with an endowment fund that would not only maintain the building but pay for the operating expenses of the society throughout the city could be provided. This building should also accommodate all kindred, allied and co-operative philanthropic agencies with space for their headquarters and an assembly hall for their public meetings. Endowment funds should also provide for the operating expenses of such agencies as the Children's Home and Aid Society, the Juvenile Protective Association, the Immigrants' Protective Association and the Legal Aid Society.

An endowment fund to maintain and promote the social extension of public school work and buildings; the co-operative effort of the Chicago Playground Association to promote the best development and use of parks, playgrounds, school yards and open spaces, play festivals and pageants.

To secure efficiency among officials and the people, special educational agencies would be necessary. Technical training would have to be provided for the paid and volunteer leaders of civic movements, in some such institution as the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy. An educational publication, popularizing the contents of the Survey Magazine, would be required to inform and inspire the people of the city to support, participate in and enjoy all movements for civic progress.

CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR UNITY:

"Happy is the lady who can afford to ride in an automobile all her own, after more important claims are met and her legitimate debts, tangible and non-tangible, are paid." So says UNITY editorially in a late number. May I add the comment: Happy the lady who has an automobile for business purposes when distances are great and time is a consideration, but happier the woman who has not forgotten how to use her own two feet in walking, who still has some interest in street, road, and lane besides that of seeing how quickly she may pass over each in turn—happier the woman who has still some human interest in man, woman, and child met in the highways and byways of towns and country—who sees in these sisters and brothers something else than objects to be "honked out of the way" while in clouds of dust she rushes on with eyes that see not and with but one exulting thought, —that her machine is the fastest on the road. "Come, let us take a walk together and win the seeing eye and understanding heart that ever belong to those who hold to the simple life!"

Des Moines, Iowa. ELINOR E. GORDON.

INSTALLATION HYMN*

Eternal Father in whose life
And by whose power and love we live,
Whose inspiration quickeneth all,
Thy Spirit to thy servant give.

Give him with freedom, truth and love,
The earnest heart, the active hand,
The soul to feel for others' woes,
The will to do thy blest command.

May pastor, people, here to-day,
New vows of consecration make,
New life receive, new work begin,
New courage in Thy service take.

Spirit of love and tenderness,
Be peace within each bosom rife;
Give light and lead all hearts to know
The wisdom of the perfect life.

*This hymn was sung at the late installation of Rev. Steven G. Palmer as Mr. Rich's successor as pastor of the Dighton, Mass., Unitarian Society. It was also sung at the author's installation as minister of the church in Fall River, Mass., 27 years ago.

A. JUDSON RICH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THEODORE PARKER COMMEMORATION

The Free Religious Association of America made its annual meeting of 1910 a Theodore Parker Commemoration. The printed report,—117 large pages,—giving all the addresses in full, together with several poems and the words of the hymns sung, is one of large interest. The list of contents is as follows:

INTRODUCTORY

Constitution—List of Officers, 1910-1911—Past and present Officers, with dates of election—Original Members, May 30, 1867—Annual Business Meeting, 1910—Treasurer's Report, 1909-1910—Secretary's Report, 1910.

THE CONVENTION

Opening Address by President Edwin D. Mead—Address by Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D.—Address by Rev. John Haynes Holmes—Address by Rev. Charles F. Dole, D. D.—Remarks by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D.—Address by Stephen S. Wise.

THE FESTIVAL

Opening Remarks by the new president, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D.—Hymn by Samuel Johnson—Remarks by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson—Greeting from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe—Remarks by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead—Hymn by Rev. Ferderick L. Hosmer, D. D.—Remarks by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn—Remarks by Rev. Frederick W. Hamilton, D. D.—Ode by Rev. John Haynes Holmes—Remarks by Rev. James De Normandie, D. D.—Hymn by Theodore Parker—Remarks by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson—Letter from Mrs. Caroline H. Dall—Message from Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,—Message from Dr. Felix Adler—Message from J. B. Weston—Message from H. Chandra Maitra—Message from Benoyendra Nath Sen—Remarks by Rev. Henry G. Spaulding—Poem by Mr. Rufus Leighton—Remarks by Rev. Merritt A. Farren—Hymn by J. A. Symonds.

Copies of the report have been widely distributed to ministers and others, the following circular, signed by President Wendte, having been inclosed with them:

The accompanying annual report of the Free Religious Association is sent to you, as well as to other progressive ministers, in the hope that it may induce you to become a member of the Association for the forthcoming year. We cherish the hope that you will find yourself in sympathy with the ideals and activities of the Association, and will desire to identify yourself with them, bearing testimony in behalf of free thought, frank avowal of opinion, and a large charity toward differences of belief.

The Free Religious Association of America is now engaged in earnest endeavor to justify its title as a national society, and plans to hold its conventions in various cities throughout the country. Other measures are being considered which promise to make it more influential and important in the religious life of America than ever before in its history.

The great names and admiration services associated with its past, its present opportunities for testimony and service, as well as the general spirit which animates its councils, will, we trust, be sympathetic to you and win your adhesion.

The membership fee is one dollar a year.

A limited number of copies of the report are still available and readers of UNITY are welcome to them as long as any remain. A postal request, giving name and address, may be sent to James H. West, 93 Milton Avenue, Boston, Mass.

ENDOWMENT FUND FOR TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

In a recent letter regarding the increasing of the Endowment Fund of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, President William Howard Taft said:

"I feel that the results accomplished by the Tuskegee school, not only in making the Negro more useful, but in the interest of the whole country, justify an appeal to the public that shall increase the endowment to a figure where the Principal, Booker T. Washington, will not be compelled to spend so much of his time in securing money to meet the current expenses of the institution. I am not only glad to permit the use of my name, but shall be pleased to make a personal contribution toward the Endowment Fund."

The trustees of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute are making an earnest effort to increase the Endowment Fund by not less than $3,000,000 of which they hope to raise $300,000 within the next twelve months.

The work at Tuskegee is no longer an experiment. It has proved its right to exist and to be supported. Few, if any, institutions are doing more to uplift the Negro. Tuskegee seeks to teach rational ideas of life and to make its students more useful to the communities in which they live and at the same time to bring about more friendly relations between the black people and the white people of the South. Tuskegee methods are being widely copied and followed throughout the Southern states and in many portions of Africa and in foreign mission fields. The successful and useful life being lived by the 9,508 graduates and former students who have been sent out by the Tuskegee Institute, and who are mainly in the Southern states, is its highest justification for making an appeal to the country for support and encouragement.

Such an institution deserves and ought to secure the modest increase to its Endowment Fund for which it asks.

Any communications on the subject may be addressed to

Seth Low, President, Board of Trustees, 30 East 64th St., New York City, or

Booker T. Washington, Principal, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

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Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

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3. Many Dear Things of His Providence. W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of All Bright Things (To a young girl). Evelyn H. Walker.
5. From Wishing-Land (Wishes for her birthday). Robert Louis Stevenson.
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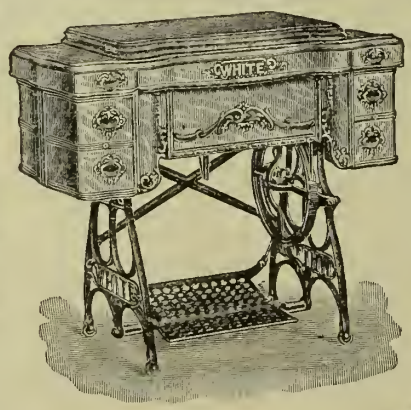

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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religious

University of Illinois

Light of ages and of nations,
  Every race and every clime,
Hath received thine inspirations,
  Wisdom's light of life sublime.
Ever spirits in rapt vision
  Passed the heavenly veil within,
Ever hearts bowed in contrition
  Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noblest aspiration
  Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation
  Or proclaimed the eternal law.
While by inward revelations
  Hearts of saints and seers were stirred,
Prophets to the guilty nations
  Spoke their everlasting word.

Yea, that word abideth ever;
  Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
  Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
  Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
  Shines today, forever new!

—*S. Longfellow.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1911. NUMBER 3.

FRIENDSHIP

[*From the French of Eugene de Laulay.*]

Upon all the earth encloses
Falls some sparkle of the sun,
Every thorn-tree has its roses,
Day comes when the night is done.

For the meadow—grass unfurling,
For the field—the ripening grain,
For the air—the eagle's whirling,
Nests God sheltered from the rain.

For each tree—green leaves up-growing,
Flowers and honey for the bee,
Murmurs for the waves out-flowing,
Tombs for clay when souls are free.

So the world, all things inclining
Toward which for all is best,
Gave the flower to branches pining,
Friends, to ease the heart's unrest.

JESSIE WELBORN SMITH.

Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, writes in the *New York Tribune*: "Thirty years ago I predicted that public expectoration would be forbidden by law; a like prediction is now made as to public smoking. Especially should it be prohibited in all public offices, city, county, state and national, including the lobbies of postoffices and custom houses, and places for voting and registration. The discontinuance of the now almost universal custom of smoking at banquets and other social functions cannot be expected until the self-imposed habit is generally recognized as needless, costly, and more or less deleterious. Meantime non-smokers must choose between non-attendance and mephitics."

In one of his letters to Theodore Parker, Herndon said of Lincoln that "in his practical life he was spiritual." If one may reverse those words and say, "in his spiritual life he was practical," they would describe the ministry of Dr. Washington Gladden. When his fellow-citizens at Columbus, Ohio, gathered recently to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the ministry, the Mayor of the city and the Governor of the state agreed in describing him as "the first citizen of Columbus!" The story of his ministry, as told in his delightful "Recollections," is a record in which his younger fellow-workers find an honorable pride and a noble example. Amid his varied activities as preacher, author, citizen, administrator, and man of public affairs, he has kept the simple and tender faith which found voice in his hymn, in which he may live longer than in any of his books.

"O Master, let me walk with thee,
In lowly paths of service free,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way."

Samuel Walter Foss, whose death will leave a lonesome place in many a heart, was no "idle singer of an empty day." For him today was big with the promise of the larger tomorrow of more liberty and more actual justice for man, and a world filling up with those "large, eternal fellows, who do the thing that needs to be done for the fun of it." He was no "bard sublime," but he did see and sing the substances behind the forms in a kind of rhymed common-sense, with a touch at times of the wilding air,—blending a sort of untrammeled democracy of spirit, deriving from Walt Whitman with a wit and humor and shrewdness of the best Yankee sort. Mockery, keen but kindly, was his forte, as when, in the allegory of "The Calf Path," he portrayed the folly of custom, its unthinkingness in following the route made by a fool calf through the woods, which at last became a crooked street in a city. There was sound sense in his rollicking lines, and good humor and a firm-textured faith in God and man, and the essence of things that are real.

"Who listens to the Eternal Voice is delivered from many an opinion," wrote a sage of the spiritual life long ago, and it is a good motto for Lent. He will be delivered from many opinions about the value, power and efficacy of prayer itself, which some seem to think has been argued out of existence. But that is to err, for today as of old, despite our smart and clever wisdom, the human heart is a fountain of prayer. "All prayers come true," said Emerson, "therefore be careful what you pray for." Even those who seek without any satisfactory finding may take heart in the words of the great Frenchman who, after much doubt and questioning, learned the truth so vividly that he seemed to have heard a voice speaking: "Be comforted! had you not found Me you would not seek Me." The sought-for is also the search, and there is no surer sign that we have found the Eternal than that we are still seeking him.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

"Now granted that life is tragic to the marrow, it seems the proper function of religion to make us accept and serve in that tragedy, as officers in that other and comparable one of war. Service is the word, active service, in the military sense; and the religious man—I beg pardon, the pious—is he who has a military joy in duty, not he who weeps over the wounded."

These words of Stevenson come to mind as one reads the last issue of the *Survey*, a periodical admirably edited and almost indispensable to those who would keep in touch with the progress of social forces among us and which unites accuracy and care in reporting the advance to better things, with a spirit at once lofty, sagacious and inspiring in the interpretation of that slow but increasingly rapid advance. The issue of March 4 discusses "The Church Preparing for Social Action" in a manner to put heart into those who have waited long to see the church renew her youth and usefulness by obeying its great commission not only of individual salvation but of social ministry. The things therein reported make the heart beat faster with nameless prophecies of what David Swing called "The Greater Tomorrow."

The Co-operative Brotherhood

The kingdom of heaven is not coming as long as the class conflict goes on, no matter how much we keep on saying, "Thy kingdom come!" And the class conflict will go on as long as the wage system continues in operation, no matter how much the preachers cry, "Peace!" and the people shout, "Amen!" No degree of inward grace is going to stop the force of the outward fact; the ugly fact must itself be abolished.

That this presents difficulties, no one needs to be told. And the actual difficulties are sufficient without multiplying hypothetical ones. But it is the part always of the opposition to a reform to roll up hypothetical difficulties and magnify them till they stand mountain high. When the Socialist has pointed out the impossibility of ending the struggle between capital and labor short of co-operative production, he is told by those who prefer the conflict to that remedy for it that the laboring class does not possess in itself the requisite managing ability, will not or cannot pay for it, or will not be amenable to it if obtained; from which it follows that co-operative enterprises must fail. This representation obscures and is meant to obscure the real difficulty, which is lack of capital. The Socialist contends that as the State has poured out millions to help rich companies to build railroads, it may very properly do the same for co-operative industry, whose furtherance is of more vital importance to the Republic than any railroad. If money for this purpose cannot be spared from the building of warships, let it be taken from the proceeds of a 50 per cent inheritance-tax on large fortunes, which Mr. Carnegie has suggested. There would be eminent fitness in this, for it would be giving back to the toilers a fraction of that part of their earnings which they have been despoiled of,—they, or their fathers,—for, admitting that the enterprise of captains of industry is entitled to its full reward from the product, the fact remains and is notorious that it has been rewarded, or rather has rewarded itself, beyond measure.

What the country needs to set about doing is the accumulation of a collective capital, not in the shape of gold and silver piled away in the vaults of the treasury department, but in the shape of forests and mines, farms and factories, in which co-operative labor can have a field, delivered from any bondage to private capital. When such a step is taken and such a field is offered, the question of finding managing ability and the other question of enforcing managerial authority will settle themselves.

Working in this direction is working toward providing the conditions for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. There are other furtherances to be sought, but certainly the outward conditions are essential and naturally the first to seek. N. M.

Kenosha, Wis.

The Betterment of the Human Lot

In following the command, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life," and in studying our current social system, for in it I thought I discerned much resembling eternal death, I have found perhaps the single Bible text in which Capitalism might claim a Christian basis. It is the declaration of Jesus, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath little (or hath not) shall be taken away even that which he hath."

If I have misread, and this particular bit of Scripture is not the Gospel of the Trust, the Gospel of the Protective Tariff, the Gospel of a Predatory Army and Navy, the Gospel of Congressional and Legislative Graft, the Gospel of Ship-Subsidies, the Gospel of the Sweatshop, the Gospel of the White-Slave Traffic, the Gospel of Race Injustice, the Gospel of the Whiskey and Tobacco Trade,—in a word, the Gospel of the Devil and his Angels,—then I must go on searching, and perhaps search in larger and more modern Scriptures.

A large part of the world's teaching in the past, religious and social, has been the instilling of patience under the sufferance of wrong; has been the dissuading of men from rebellion against hardnesses; the inculcating of resignation to all sorts of things evil. But the old order changeth, giving place to new, in this as well as in everything else. We are beginning to see, today, that there is something better than the

preaching simply of quiescence. The call today is for teaching which shall suggest some remedy for the ills of the human lot, and which shall incite men to struggle to uplift and throw off the burdens which harass them; the burdens which to a large extent cause the griefs. The "practical" teaching today is not "to bear," but to better.

One scripture "more modern" might be Browning:

> "I act for, talk for, live for this world now,
> As this world calls for action, life, and talk—
> No prejudice to what next world may prove,
> Whose new laws and requirements my best pledge
> To observe them is that I observe these now,
> Doing hereafter what I do meanwhile.
> Let us concede (gratuitously though)
> Next life relieves the soul of body, yields
> Pure spiritual enjoyments: well, my friend,
> Why lose this life in the meantime, since its use
> May be to make the next life more intense?"

Another "more modern" scripture might be Victor Hugo:

> "In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead; but man will live. For all, there will be but one country.—that country the whole earth; for all, there will be but one hope,—that hope the whole heaven. All hail then to that noble twentieth century, which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit."

We are eleven years along in that twentieth century which Hugo foresaw. How is it with us and with it, and what is our children's prospect? Was Hugo but one more Isaiah? Was he but like Jesus, like Lassalle? In his "Isaiah of Jerusalem," Matthew Arnold reminds us that "prophets are apt to place the date of coming events too soon." Jesus said to those standing by, "This generation shall not pass till all these things are fulfilled." Lassalle said, "In fifty years." The harrowing thing about the delay is that the beginning of the regeneration might be immediate, —that in constitutional countries, countries having popular suffrage, it might begin with the next election,—while still those having eyes see not, and those having ears hear not, and those having votes continue to cast them for the despoilers. A public teacher recently claimed that Phineas T. Barnum was wrong when he said that "men liked to be humbugged." The public teacher referred to, claimed, rather, that men resent being humbugged. I wish they would prove that they do—at the polls.

There is "piety" that is sin. There is miscalled "religion" that is sin. There is "party fealty" that is sin. There is party fealty that is slavery and that induces and perpetuates slavery. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

But in this age the blow can and should be dealt only through the ballot.

It is a growing contention, in the thinking rank and file of both the current dominant political parties, that in neither of them is there any hope longer of better things. Singularly enough, there is at the identical time a struggling new party which presents fairer and loftier ideals and deeds. Wherever it is given opportunity it abundantly "makes good," though naturally its opportunities thus far have been small. It should have larger testing. The present year, "All eyes on Milwaukee."

It "makes good"—this new party—because it improves upon the olden text, and says, "To him that hath shall be given the opportunity to prove his worthiness of that which he hath; and to him that hath not shall be given the opportunity to secure what is rightfully his, but of which thus far he has always been deprived."

I myself am a voter in that new party. I find every day fresh comrades, like-minded. We are saying, "Nobody shall be coerced to come with us, yet all shall be welcomed." In time we may be able to gather at the polls a sufficient host to secure the legitimate object of government. If we are asked, "What is the legitimate object of government?" we are willing to let Abraham Lincoln answer:

> "The legitimate object of government is to do for the community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot so well do for themselves in their separate and individual capacities."

This much at least seems simple and self-evident. But how far ought we to go—at any rate, where ought we to stop—in the endeavor to secure this object? We ask to go no further than Abraham Lincoln suggested is proper. In a speech in Congress he said:

> "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."
>
> "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world."

What are we here for in this realm of beauty and opportunity and power, if not century by century to better the human lot?

> What are we here for, brothers mine,
> Upon this Road of Life?
> What mean for us the stars that shine,
> The fields with beauty rife?
> What power hath Truth to stir our zeal?
> What cry hath human need?
> 'Mid earth's conflicting woe and weal,
> What voices should we heed?
>
> What are we here for? Here to grow
> In every grace divine!
> The beauty of the world to know,
> And in its beauty shine;
> To follow Truth where'er it lies,
> Through loneliness and scorn;
> To hold earth's bounty equal prize
> Of every child that's born.
>
> What are we here for in this maze
> Which no man yet hath solved?
> Here to achieve the noblest days
> Since first the sphere revolved!
> Not ours to dull the soul with mirth,
> Outdrowning human groan,
> But ours to sublimate the earth
> And bring Man to his own.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Boston.

Is Unitarianism For College Men Only?

Because a great truth or a new idea necessarily only attracts a few disciples at the beginning, we sometimes make the mistake of thinking that it is only meant for the few. The advanced position of liberal churches has sometimes led to this false assumption. Judging only from the emphasis with which some Unitarians insist on placing and financing churches in college towns, it would appear that Unitarianism was only adapted to the college mind. When it is remembered that the Unitarians have the same right as the orthodox to enter new communities and begin a church that from the beginning shall be the House of God for the people, when it is remembered that Unitarians—if we keep them for our illustrations—enter college communities where there are already a number of other churches, when it is remembered that the modern world is caring less and less for the correctness of a religious formula or the reasonableness of a sect, and more and more for the efficacy and humanitarian religiousness of a church, it seems rather a shortsighted policy that spends missionary money for churches unable to support themselves in church-choked college communities, while neglecting to build the House of God in the little communities that are rising everywhere in our land. New England is loyally Unitarian, not so much because Unitarianism satisfies the intellectual needs of the religious New Englander, but because all his days this church has symbolized for him the best in heaven and earth. Let the churches of the West do the same, whether Unitarian or Presbyterian, counting it of more importance to hold such an intimate and primary relation to the new community than to support a preaching platform to reach college men. The Unitarians at least should remember that the bigotry and narrowness, dogmatism and religious ignorance that for so many years they have combatted exist more in the minds of the men and women of out-of-the-way communities than in the minds of those who are receiving the fine American education that is given at our universities.

E. A. R.

Editorial Correspondence

Savannah is a city beautiful in its streets, rich in its traditions, happy in its citizenship. It is the city of Oglethorpe, Whitefield, and the Wesleys, whose memories are perpetuated in monuments and institutions. It is a city of broa dstreets, attractive parks and extensive parade grounds. It is a city, notwithstanding its bitter war memories, that is still boastful of its military department,—four companies of militia, with the necessary equipment of armories, arsenals, and popular pride. "Why don't you fit up some corner of this extensive parade ground with an up-to-date apparatus for the amusement and development of the children that now swarm on the walks on roller skates as their only resource?" I asked.

"Oh, the militia will not allow it; the soldiers are very jealous of these grounds," was the reply. When I deplored the armories and suggested that they be disposed of and the money used in building a fitting home for the public library, which is now in inadequate and borrowed quarters, a wise, cool-headed business man said, "It will come to that; it is hard to keep up the military companies. Their muster rolls are growing shorter and shorter every year." But on commenting upon this military survival and the hope of its decline to an enthusiastic young lady, she saw in the "Boy Scout" movement hopeful indications that the military spirit would be kept up in Savannah.

Notwithstanding the activities and enthusiasm of the "Daughters of the Confederacy," who are too active, as it seems to me, in keeping alive the traditions of the "Lost Cause," and the fact that the school children are taught to believe that Jefferson Davis was a greater man than Abraham Lincoln, still

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

The brightest spots in Savannah are the four free kindergartens, one of them sustained by the "Council of Jewish Women," and three by the "Kate Baldwin Free Kindergarten Association." Tne name of Baldwin is one to conjure by. The benignant face of the blessed mother in whose honor the gracious institutions are maintained, looks down from the walls as in benediction. This is the same Baldwin family that blessed Boston with its William H. Baldwin, who for so many years made potent the Christian Union. William H. Baldwin, Jr., was cousin to this George Baldwin, the Savannah benefactor. The former proved that a man may become a railroad president and at the same time be a great philanthropist, a man who could justify a great salary by a splendid administration of the same in the interest of humanity. Of course George Baldwin, the patron of these kindergartens, is diligently at work trying to introduce the kindergarten system into the public schools, and almost as a matter of course the energetic and efficient supervisor of this system, Miss Hortense Orcutt, is Massachusetts born and Unitarian bred.

But the progressive spirit is not cconfined to Northern importations. The house in which General Sherman made his headquarters is now occupied by an ex-confederate general, who is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Georgia State Agricultural College for colored students, a thriving institution,

whose beautiful campus consists of a stately ancestral estate, rich in splendid trees and beautiful walks, situated at Thunderbolt, some four miles beyond the city limits. On Sunday afternoon last it was my privilege to speak to some three hundred of these wide-awake students, who come from all parts of Georgia for the purpose of fitting themselves to become successful tillers of the soil. One hundred more local students were at their homes in the city. President Wright is a man who has grown gray in the service of the institution, which, like Booker T. Washington, he created out of nothing. He has directed its growing career for nearly 30 years.

Last year, as the readers of UNITY know, I discovered Isaac Fisher, head of a similar institution in Arkansas. This year President Wright adds one more name to the list of those who prove that Mr. Washington is not a freak without companions in his race.

My week's stay at Savannah is at an end. My eight addresses, with the exception of the one at Thunderbolt, were delivered in the Jewish temple under the auspices of Rabbi George Solomon and his active supporters. The experiment proves that here as elsewhere the Jewish temple is a convenient meeting ground for those interested in cultural subjects. The non-Jewish listeners were at home in this Jewish temple when the messages of Emerson, Browning, Ibsen and Tolstoy were under discussion, and they attended in goodly numbers.

Today I find myself in the historic city of Charleston and have postponed the sightseeing long enough to send this word of greeting to the friends who read UNITY.

More anon. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Charleston, S. C. March 10, 1911.

Smith's "Spirit or the American Constitution"

A political constitution, like a religious creed, can only meet the needs of succeeding periods by constant revision. One of the greatest limitations on popular government, as on religious faith, is the inelasticity of organization founded on ancient documents. Even if the United States constitution were as marvelous as our political superstition has made most Americans believe, it could hardly be expected to meet the needs of the twentieth century. The little handful of American colonies, forced to co-operate by the need of a common defense, could not possibly plan an adequate government for a continent-wide nation. The flexibility of the constitution would have been greater and it might not need now so much modification, had the revolutionary enthusiasm of 1776 continued until 1789, but the discredited loyalists and men of wealth had been able to reassert themselves at the time of the adoption of the constitution and so it embodied their disbelief in the self-governing capacity of the American people. Only six of the fifty-six men who signed the Declaration of Independence sat in the constitutional convention.

Not only did the constitution embody restrictions founded on the belief that the people could not be trusted to govern themselves, but it was made so difficult of amendment that even the increasing education of the masses has not yet been able to alter its unpopular features. The most enlightened governments of Europe and Australasia make constitutional amendment much easier than it is in the United States. Therefore the United States government is more like the old aristocratic forms than the government of Great Britain, France, Australia, or Switzerland.

It was not only made difficult to modify the constitution, but the supreme court was given a power of interpretation which makes it another legislative body. The people's representatives in Great Britain interpret their constitution. As Professor Smith says: "Though professing to follow the English model, the framers of the constitution as a matter of fact rejected it. They not only gave the federal judges a life tenure, but made that tenure unqualified and absolute, the power which parliament had to demand the removal of judges being carefully withheld from the American congress. . . . . It is easy to see in the exaltation of the federal judiciary a survival of the old mediaeval doctrine that the king can do no wrong. In fact, much the same attitude of mind which made monarchy possible may be seen in this country in our attitude toward the supreme court."

In addition to the difficulty of changing the government of the United States, its form is much less representative than is popularly supposed. The president and the senators are elected indirectly, and given the treaty-making and appointing power, which was withheld from the popularly elected house. The president is given a veto, which congress can only over-ride by two-thirds majority. Congress assembles thirteen months after election, leaving one session in the hands of men frequently discredited by the election results. The committee system of that body, elected directly by the people, is the place where popular legislation can be buried or mutilated. As Ambassador Bryce says: "A system better adapted to the purposes of the lobbyist could not be devised. It gives facilities for the exercise of underhand and even corrupt influence. In a small committee, the voice of each member is well worth securing, and may be secured with little danger of a public scandal."

CHARLES ZEUBLIN.

MY SONG

If I can but sing with the joy that wells
Into my life today,
Full-tided and strong as the ocean swells
Seaward into the bay:

Or if I can but sing with the pain I know
Deep in the heart of me,
Lovingly, truthfully telling it, so
Others shall feel and see,—

The world will be gladder than it is now,
Gladder than it has been,
If only my sorrow will teach me how
To share my joy with men.

Humboldt, Ill. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

American Ignorance of Oriental Languages

By Edwin D. Mead

An official of the United States department of Agriculture recently published a rather startling statement about the ignorance of the Chinese and Japanese languages in his own department of the government and the embarrassments resulting from it; and the situation prompted him to some impressive reflections on the bearing of this ignorance, which he with undoubted warrant thinks pervasive, upon our general relations with China and Japan, which are every day becoming more critical and important. Hundreds of millions of the peoples of those countries, he says, looking to us for guidance and cooperation, sending hundreds of men to study our language and institutions, and we doing next to nothing to understand them! There was not a single person among the 11,000 men and women employed in his own great department, he said, capable of translating a short article in scientific Japanese on a subject important to the department, and he cites other similar facts, and draws some sharp morals.

This word from Washington should command attention. It did not come too soon. It touches a matter which has been seriously on the minds of many outside of government circles; and many will desire to reinforce its plea for an immediate attention to the subject by our government and people commensurate with its great importance and the danger in its neglect. I wish to reinforce it. I can perhaps do it in no more definite way than by first repeating here a section from a paper which I prepared a year ago, at the request of a committee concerned with plans for international progress, upon the organs of international publicity which are now chiefly needed in America.

"One most imperative agency which I urge concerns our relations with China and Japan. It should be a monthly journal, called perhaps "The Orient." Our relations with China and Japan are every day becoming momentous—at times portentous. China, which is now so wonderfully awakening, and which will advance in the next fifty years as rapidly as Japan has advanced in the last fifty, has a quarter of the population of the world; yet in the newspaper offices of the United States there is hardly a man who can read the language of China or Japan, whose relations with this country he is discussing so glibly, or who knows at first-hand what those great peoples are thinking and talking about. Japan has important newspapers. The development of an important new native journalism is one of the striking features of the present awakening of China. To depend upon the English journals of Shanghai and Hong Kong for expression of Chinese sentiment is the wildest folly. We must depend upon Chinese scholars and patriots. And our American colleges and universities are beginning to swarm with Chinese and Japanese students. Thanks to our government's magnanimity and honesty in returning the surplus of the Chinese indemnity, we shall presently have 500 Chinese students, picked men, always in our universities, mastering our Western learning and usage and going home to help weave the firm web of international knowledge and fraternity. There are today some forty Chinese students in the new Chinese Club at Harvard University alone. Twice in the last two years a dozen of them have spent the evening with us at our home, in cordial and earnest conference. They are splendid fellows and fine scholars; and many of them would be glad to coöperate in promoting more intelligent mutual understanding between the Orient and ourselves. The monthly journal which I have in mind should contain in each issue translations of a dozen or twenty of the most recent articles in Japanese and Chinese newspapers, articles especially touching international relations, and very especially the relations of China and Japan with the United States. Sufficient space should be given to a careful record of the progress of those countries in all things in which our own people are interested, or ought to be—the advances in education, in government, in social affairs; and there should be adequate editorial discussion. There are splendid English and American scholars in China and Japan—men like Doctor De Forest and Timothy Richard—who would help. Such a journal as this, placed month by month upon the tables of our editors and scholars, in the hands of all our makers of public opinion, would at least bring us into direct touch, into first-hand relations, and save us from ignorance of the life and thought of the Orient; and ignorance is the great danger."

This word touches the mediation to us by Chinese and Japanese scholars of Chinese and Japanese thought. It does not touch the study of the Chinese and Japanese languages and literatures by an adequate body of American scholars. This is of fundamental importance; and in enforcement of its importance I wish to refer to an impressive pamphlet upon "American Ignorance of Oriental Languages," by Dr. J. H. De Forest, published in the invaluable series of pamphlets upon international questions by the American Association for International Conciliation (Substation 84, New York city), which are freely furnished to all who ask for them. Dr. De Forest points out the grave dangers which have actually threatened us from ignorance on the part of our politicians and journalists of the most elementary things in Japanese language and usage.

I was recently present at a dinner in Boston, at which six gentlemen from a large company of Japanese visitors, commercial men and others, traveling through the country, were present. Three of the six spoke English fluently; one indeed had been educated at Amherst, and another was the head of an important Tokio newspaper. Not one of the much larger number of Americans present could speak a word of Japanese, and all the interpreting had to be done by our guests. English has now been made compulsory in the public schools of Japan. We must never forget that there are thousands of scholarly and influential men in China and Japan who know everything that we are saying and thinking, through first-hand touch with our books and papers; while at home here in America we know at first-hand almost nothing of their utterances and their thought. This cannot go on without catastrophe.

There is no nation in the world upon which familiarity with Chinese and Japanese language and literature and politics is so incumbent as it is upon the United States today. Yet to the organization of Oriental studies altogether Germany and France and, at last, England, are much more fully aroused than we; although I am not unacquainted with the worthy plans which are being developed at Columbia University, with the work in California and with other hopeful things among us.

Germany is ahead of England in this matter, although everything would here seem to command English leadership. The Berlin School of Oriental Languages has more than 40 teachers and a budget approaching $50,000 a year. Indeed it is the results of German science here, in the commercial field especially, which have done much to arouse England to more adequate action. "It has become a matter of common knowledge," says the London Times, "that the advantages recently gained by our German and other foreign competitors is largely due to the

fact that the foreign and especially the German commercial man has a superior knowledge of Oriental languages to the Englishman. As a single instance may be quoted the statement by Mr. George Lloyd, who went to the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia for the board of trade, that the Germans in those regions have discarded the use of any European language in dealing with their clients and send out their invoices in Arabic and Hindustani, whereas the English as a rule use either English or French. But the attention of the commercial houses has been awakened, and the foundation of the School of Chinese in the University of London, now accommodated in King's college, is a proof of the interest of the great China houses in this matter."

In April, 1907, a committee was appointed by the British treasury to consider the organization of Oriental studies in London; and the report of this committee, of which Lord Reay was the chairman, was published in September, 1909.

A better director for such an investigation than Lord Reay could hardly have been found in England. His interest and ability in the work of education are avouched by the fact that he was for seven years chairman of the London School Board, the years of the Board's greatest achievements; that he has been rector of St. Andrew's University and president of University College, London; and his special familiarity with eastern questions appears from the fact that he has been in the past governor of Bombay and under-secretary for India, and is now, I think, the president of the Royal Asiatic Society. His five associates were all men of high position and large experience; and the committee had the cordial co-operation of Dr. Edward Sachan, the director of the Berlin Seminary for Living Oriental Languages, and Prof. Paul Boyer, the director of the Paris School.

A very full summary of the committee's report was given in the *Times* of Sept. 7, 1909, accompanied by an editorial with the caption, "A Chapter of National Inefficiency." It is an impeachment of England for her long neglect of interests so cardinal to her welfare. "As England," said the committee's report, "is the country which above all others has important relations with the East, the fact that no Oriental school exists in its capital is not creditable to the nation;" and this is the thesis which the *Times* expounds. The evidence for the need of preliminary training in Eastern languages, history, religion and customs for persons going out to the East is, it agreed with the committee which reported the evidence, "overwhelmingly great." Some of that evidence is indeed surprising. What could throw a stronger light upon that English obtuseness, lack of sympathy and lack of science which are costing England so dearly in the present rivalry with Germany than the statement of Sir Ernest Satow, so long the ambassador of England at Tokio and at Pekin, that there was "an actual prejudice among Englishmen in China against learning Chinese." The evidence given in the report of Lord Reay's committee tends to show that the knowledge by Indian civilians of Indian languages and of Indian native thought is "less than it was 25 years ago." The Indian study of England, like the Chinese and Japanese study of America, when compared with our own study of those peoples, puts us to shame. I remember that Timothy Richard, that great missionary-statesman, who for more than 30 years has been doing his wonderful work at Shanghai, with his associates translating scores of English books into Chinese and spreading them by thousands through the great empire, said to us with deep feeling when we last met him in England that England and America needed missionaries from China more than China needed missionaries from us; and as one reads reports like this of Lord Reay's committee and pamphlets like those of Doctor De Forest, one understands what he meant.

The total amount available in London for such education as the English committee advised was less than $4,000 a year. The committee urged at once, in addition to the preliminary expenses of establishing a new school of Oriental languages, an annual appropriation of something over $6,000, and the latest advices show that the report and its recommendations are having effect. It recommended provision for the teaching of geography, political, commercial and economic, such as is given at the Berlin Seminar, and urged that the library of the school should be especially maintained as a library of contemporary Oriental literature open to all qualified readers. "Such a library is indispensable to enable the English public through the medium of experts, to be kept in touch with the contemporary thought of Oriental countries, of which the political and commercial importance to our country is rapidly growing." The school, said the committee, should be kept closely in touch with the Eastern peoples, among whom new ideas are rapidly spreading and "old catchwords are dying out or losing their force;" and for this purpose, and for purely linguistic reasons, provision should be made for the teachers of the school to revisit from time to time the country of which they teach the languages.

Some idea of the magnitude of the questions which come within the purview of the committee is given by the statement that the total of the populations speaking the languages which should be provided for by the London School of Oriental Languages is over 800,000,000; that the total trade (imports and exports) between the United Kingdom and the countries where those languages are spoken is over 210,000,000 pounds per annum; and the total imports and exports of those countries amounted five years ago to over 940,000,000 pounds per annum.

"The success of our administrative relations with Oriental races, who are rapidly acquiring from us the elements of Western civilization and culture, must depend more and more largely," said the English committee, "upon our moral influence and upon our intellectual prestige." Happily the United States has no administrative relations with China and Japan; but our commercial, political and social relations with them will in this twentieth century extend more rapidly than those of any other nation. The responsibilities, touching alike our own welfare, their welfare, and the world's welfare, are enormous; and the first duty of responsibility is intelligence and knowledge. An American committee like Lord Reay's English committee on Oriental studies would prescribe schools like that which exists in Berlin at our own national capital and at least three of our great universities, including one on the Pacific coast;

and it would further prescribe generous provision for the higher training of a great body of American students at Tokio and Shanghai or Pekin. On the Pacific coast the work seems likely to be done, and done well, by the University of California, where a strong and noteworthy beginning is already reported; it was recently stated in the *Independent* that 54 students in the university were studying the Chinese language, and 15 were beginning Japanese. This is certainly a cheering augury. President Butler, of Columbia University, who is profoundly interested in this problem and alive to its cardinal importance, is sure to make Columbia a chief center for such studies.

We are too little given to governmental action upon such matters in America. We have not yet a "peace budget." Our people do not yet realize that if we spent a hundredth part of what we waste on battleships in promoting good understanding and fraternity with the peoples with whom our relations are so important and responsible, it would as a mere defensive measure have a hundred times the virtue of the other. Until they realize it, we must look to private and voluntary action. What better could our new World's Peace Foundation or the trustees of the great Carnegie peace funds do, as one important service, than create and sustain a commission of the highest character to study and report upon this whole question of scientific and adequate understanding between this country and China and Japan?

It is not too much to say that simply from the remarkable body of scholars who took part in the recent conference at Clark University on our relations with the Orient—the most important conference on the subject ever held in America—either one of these agencies could choose a commission for this purpose, of the most competent and adequate character. But nothing relieves the American people and their government of the responsibility which is theirs. These matters are matters of the highest public concern; and in the rational future the public money will surely be devoted to establishing intelligent relations with our neighbors and making fast friends of them instead of to building monstrous machines, at monstrous cost, with which to kill them after a sufficient period of misrepresentation and ignorance has made them enemies.

Conscience without reason isn't of the Lord.

Woman, be thankful that you can suffer; the worst trouble in the world is the trouble that does not know God, and so does not suffer.

Lord, I am glad thou hast all us puzzled people in thy wise keeping.

I have no patience with women who worry. Either the thing will happen, or it won't, and sitting up in the cold till one o'clock in the morning won't accomplish anything one way or the other

I suppose most of us know the peculiar ennui of the soul that accompanies the question, "What is the use of it all?" It is a sort of spiritual nausea which is never felt in the stress of agonized living, but only in sterile peace;—we may believe it to be the demand of life for living, for love or hate or grief.

There are certain great angels which meet us in the way of life. Pain is one; failure is one; shame is one. Pain looks us full in the eyes, and we must wrestle with him before he blesses us. Failure brings in his stern hand the peace of renunciation. Shame bears to us the sense of sin, which is the Knowledge of God; his hidden face shines with the mercy of heaven.

—*Margaret Deland in Old Chester Tales.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Victory in Defeat

Dear UNITY:—

I have just read Mr. Holmes's editorial on the "Triumph" of Lorimer. I believe he takes the matter too hard. Nothing helps so much at certain critical times in the upward climb of every reform as a splendid defeat. The action of the United States Senate in continuing Mr. Lorimer in his seat by a majority of four gave a moral shock to the entire country that will prove far more vitalizing and helpful to the cause of honest politics than his rejection would have done. A too quick and easy victory in any good cause is apt to be followed by over-confidence. As our Chicago *Tribune,* which has waged so valiant a battle in this matter now puts it, "the war is now not against Lorimer, but against Lorimerism." This morning it prints a four-page supplement of letters and press clippings from all over the country. The spectacle of the junior member from Illinois still seated in the Senate polluted by his presence, and the sight also of the senior member seated near by, whose vote prevented the expulsion of the other, will have the same moral effect as the attempted murder of Charles Sumner in the same body fifty years ago and the jailing of Garrison in Boston. Good causes feed on just such events which bespeak the moral obliquity of the actors and hasten the hour when public opinion shall have grown sufficiently strong and enlightened to prevent their repetition. None can envy Mr. Lorimer and his friends a victory which bespeaks such plain defeat. Let us not think of it as our defeat. The gods were watching and directing affairs with more than their usual sagacity when they gave those four votes to the side of political greed and rascality and aroused the public confidence to more than four-fold effort to punish and destroy them.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

THE "SUGAR TRUST"

The maple sugar of pioneer days!
  February bro't the spurt of a run
Of the sap we gathered with steers and sleighs,
  But March bro't us down to the mud and fun,
For mud and sap and fun, are three
  Both comrades, met neath the Maple-tree.

But the mud froze up, and the tree took a rest,
  And Fun "ruled the roost" when we "syruped down;"
And the girls turned out all finely drest,
  'Twas a royal night in the woodsy town,
Spite syrupy gear and tangled hair,
  When March bro't snow, and "bells in the air!"

But the "big run" came at the "third frog call,"
  And the swamps rang loud with their chorus then,
For the third thaw bro't the "free for all,"
And they sang jubilee to the warm days when—
"Sugar-off songs" sank to an echo low,
  Then lapsed to a whisper of "long ago."

O! Where are the girls and where are the boys,
  Who "sugared-off" in the long gone days,
Of the maple trees, with their sweets and joys,
  At the meeting and parting of many ways?
To them as to me is the memory sweet
  Of the cheerful ghost of the sugar-camp-meet?

P. B. W.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 1, 1911.

Three Heroes of the Piute War

Three heroes, an Indian who gave up chieftainship to minister to his enemies, a white miner who took command of soldiers and snatched victory out of defeat, a negro servant who gave up his life for his friends, loom large among the memories of a Californian, who went West in the golden days of '49. The deeds of these men, showing that heroism knows no distinction of race or color, are told in one remarkable chapter of Mr. S. D. Woods' recent book: "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast."

Joe Bowers, perfect specimen of Indian manhood at its best, was chief of the Inyo Piutes when they declared war against the whites in 1856. He voted for peace, and, when overruled, laid down his chieftainship until the war was over, a hot-headed sub-chief taking his place. He then determined to save the lives of as many whites as he could.

To lonely miners' cabins in far-off canons he went, warning the miners to flee to the fort. He was asked by them what they should do with their possessions, and he said: "Leave them as they are, I will protect them, and when the war is over, come back and you will find them as you leave them." At the door of each cabin he planted a long, slender reed upon which was fixt some mystic symbol. This was notice to the Indians that the cabin and all about it were under his protection. Many a miner, whose life would have been sacrificed, was thus saved.

At one point on the mesas, that lay about the base of Waucoba Mountain, sixty miles from the fort, over a range of lofty mountains, two men had their camp where they were herding over two hundred head of cattle, fattening upon the white sage abundant there. These he warned to flee to the fort, telling them to leave their cattle to him, and that they would be safe. Grateful for their lives thus saved, the men told Bowers that his people during the winter might become hungry, and that for his services he was at liberty to kill as many of the cattle as he chose. This offer was accepted. The same mystic symbol of his protection and authority was posted at this camp; all was saved; strange as it may seem, when the war was over, miners and cattlemen returned to find all as they had left it, except the cattlemen found a pile of heads, twenty in number, carefully preserved as evidence of the number the Indians had killed and eaten. As the men examined these heads, they found that in every instance they were of inferior cattle, and they said to Bowers: "Why, Joe, you killed only the poorest cattle. Why didn't you pick out better ones?" With a winning smile, so common to him, he replied: "Oh, maybe so, poor steer plenty good for Injun."

When the war ended, Bowers, having been justified for his actions, rose again, by the grandeur of his character, to his chieftainship, never thereafter to be challenged. We remember the last time we saw him on a lonely trail crossing the desert mountain between California and Nevada. We were both alone and were surprised to see each other, and I said: "Where are you going, Bowers?" He replied: "Oh, some bad man make trouble between Piutes and I go fix him." It seems to us always afterward that we were glad of our last view of him as he was thus on a mission of mercy.

The white man, W. S. Greenly, was a warm friend of the Piute chief, "as each recognized in the other a man," though "they should have been enemies, for Greenly was the man who led the force that finally defeated the Piutes and destroyed them, broke their war spirit, and ended forever their struggles against the supremacy of the whites." Greenly, who had come into the country to try his fortunes, watched the events of the war, grew restless at the frequent defeats of the United States soldiers, saw something was wrong, and finally took up the matter with the commander of the nearby fort. A plan was formulated "by which he, as leader, and his associates, as his comrades, should offer to the commander of the fort their service as fighters, provided always that Greenly should direct the further campaign and that he should have supreme authority." The Indian forces were encamped about halfway between the fort and Owens Lake, which was distant about sixteen miles. After arming his little band of independent fighters, Greenly determined to visit the Indian camp and try to persuade their chiefs to retire from the conflict.

Eight miles down the desert valley nightly the Indians held their war-dance—their method of keeping hot their hate and courage. Their fires were invisible from the fort, and here several hundred warriors danced themselves into the frenzy of battle.

One night, unarmed, Greenly mounted his horse and left the fort, alone and defenseless except as he was defended by his own courageous and quenchless spirit. He rode through the darkness into the excited camp, and coolly dismounting, tied his horse, entered the council chamber, and called for the chiefs. The audacity of his act compelled their respect, for the Indians are great worshipers of heroes. Far into the night he urged upon the chiefs the hopelessness of their case, the certainty of defeat, and the consequent result. While they gave him respectful attention, they were unmoved, and he might as well have spoken to the dead. As the dawn began to break in the East, he mounted his horse for his return, but not before; as his final word, he had told the chiefs that he would drive them and their warriors into Owens Lake. On his return to the fort he organized his men into fighting order and, supported by the soldiers, started forth to keep his word; and keep his word he did, for after desperate charges and almost hand-to-hand fighting, the Indians began to fall back toward the lake. By Greenly's command, the squaws and pappooses were allowed to escape into the protection of the sagebrush, where they crouched like quail, safe from the onslaught. Slowly the Indians, mile after mile, were pressed down the valley, until before them shone the waters of the sullen lake. Then they remembered Greenly's threat, and they fought with new desperation. But as steady as the march of the sun in the heavens, on and on and on they were pressed, until the shore was reached, and on into the lake. The Indian war was over, and the dead warriors of the tribe floated in the sullen waters.

The memory of this terrible day kept the peace ever afterward.

The third heroic soul disclosed by this war, says Mr. Woods, was a "simple black man—a negro servant who, in an hour of peril, to save those whom he served, gave up his life, his body to multilation and torture." This is the story of the baptism of the peculiar mound rising from the level plain, known as "Charley's Butte."

During one of the fiercest days of the Indian war,

a family consisting of several men, women, and children were fleeing to the fort. In the party was an old negro servant, named Charley, who had been with the family for years. He was a patient, faithful man, always recognizing the relation of a negro to the white man, even in his state of freedom. He was a typical Southern negro, with all the loyalty peculiar to those who lived with and served the Southerners. The party were mounted upon horses, and were urging them to as great speed as possible, over the broken and rocky way toward the fort, still some six miles away.

Just as they forded Owens River, a war-whoop was heard in the distance, and soon there rode into view a band of painted warriors on the war-trail. They had discovered the fleeing family and were riding in fury to cut off their escape. The horses of the fleeing party were worn with long riding, and with whip and spur they failed to preserve the distance between the pursuers and the pursued. Charley, with a little girl in front of him, was riding in the rear. For several miles the life race was kept up, but slowly the warriors gained. At last Charley saw that unless something heroic was done, they would be overtaken and slaughtered. Then it was that his soul acted, and he determined to sacrifice himself for their salvation. Slipping from the horse, he told the little girl to ride as fast as she could and tell those ahead to keep up their run for the fort and lose not a moment. The little girl said: "What are you going to do?" To which he replied: "Never mind what I am going to do, but you ride and do as I tell you." He knew he was facing an awful death at the hands of the infuriated savages, whom he was robbing of their prey.

Armed with a rifle and two revolvers, he turned and faced his foes, calm and certain. His action was notice to the Indians that they were in for a fight, and before that determined negro they halted for conference. These were golden moments, for every second of delay in the chase meant more chance of safety to those who were, as fast as jaded horses could run, fleeing for their lives. The conference over, on came the Indians, charging upon the lone and silent figure of defense and sacrifice. As soon as they were in range, Charley's rifle spoke with deadly aim. Again the Indians were staggered and other moments cut out of the distance to the fort before the flying refugees. The Indians charged again and again, but Charley's revolvers met their charge and thus, until his weapons were empty and he defenseless, he held at bay the charging demons. On their last charge there came no reply, and they rushed upon the defenseless hero, seized him, carried him to a little butte across the river, and after terrible torture and mutilation, burned him to death. And this is why the little mound is, to-day, known as "Charley's Butte." As his torture was producing a wail of unutterable agony, the family rode into the fort and were saved. Find for me, if you can, in any page of heroism a more lofty act of self-sacrifice than this from a poor member of a despised race.—*Literary Digest.*

Extract from Edward Sheldon's Play "The Nigger," in which the reputed son of an old southern family is elected Governor. He learns that his mother was an octoroon and resigns his office. The following words of hope and kindly counsel are spoken by his old friend, the Senator:

"All you've got t' do, son, is fall in line. Theah's no good tryin' t' stop a big ocean wave, you know, an' you might jus' as well do that as stan' up against democracy an' humanity an' civilization an' a lot of othah good things with long names. * * Ev'y niggah's a man. You and me have had mo' time t' push ahead —that's the only diff'rence between us! We're all men an' we're all doin' the same thing—stumblin' an' fallin' t'gethah on our jou'ney t' God. So theah's no use sayin' the las' ranks ain't got no business t' go wheah the fi'st are leadin' 'em. I reckon, suh, that ain't square play! * * * Try an' like the niggahs. Crack a smile, sonny, an' stick out yo' han's an' all pull t'gethah, top an' bottom, rich an' po', black an' white! . . .

"Heah is our American people an' they've done a big, wrong thing, stealin' the niggahs from Africa an' bringin' 'em ovah heah fo' theah own selfish use, an' a thing like that couldn't help endin', as it has ended, in bloody to'ment! We're a-sufferin' it now, but d' you think it's goin' t' last? D' you think we're not a-goin' t' rise up from it a strongah an' a wisah an' a kindah people? D' you think it's not worth while—all this? Why, if it weren't, a thousand times ovah, what would be the use o' strugglin' an' livin' any longah? Why shouldn't ev'ry one get rid of it all by takin' a headah right into the da'k?—*Printed by the Frederick Douglas Center.*

COURAGE, O WORKERS

Blithely the birds in the treetops are shouting their matins.
Hark! do you hear their glad notes—their seraphic rejoicing?
Nay, 'tis the winter's gray fields where we toil and endeavor!
Far in the Southland they warble, those orioles splendid:
Give us their olive and palm, their rich tropical splendor,
Give us their warmth and their ease—then our praise theirs shall equal!

Softly the zephyr chants runes through the leaves of the laurel.
Hush! do you feel on your cheeks its caress as it passes?
Nay, 'tis a Boreal blast from the eaves of the Arctic,
Hurling its arrows of sleet, that we feel in our faces!
Somewhere for others—a few—may blow cinnamon breezes;
Not for Man yet as a whole are life's sunny Bermudas.

Up the wide beach curl the crests of the beckoning waters.
Softly they break and submerge the gay circles of bathers
Stretched on the sands or pursuing each other with laughter.
Join in their care-free delight, O my brothers, my comrades!
Nay, through the ice of the ages we strive and go stumbling!
Far from our reach trend the shores of Man's southern Pacific.

Courage, O thinkers! the systems of men are but transient.
Only the system of Man is unique and forever!
Man is the one, the eternal, the mighty, triumphant!
All that is falsehood he spurns as the centuries hasten,
All that is wrong he outgrows as his vision increases;
Man is himself of his future the master and builder.

Courage then, workers! we strive not in vain in the conflict!
Upward he climbs—the rude man-child his glory discovers!
Truth shall be won, and mankind through the truth shall be victor.
Not for a few, but for all, are life's heights and life's splendors—
Summits of thought and of will! of the soul! of the spirit!
Hasten, O earth, to Equality, Brotherhood, Freedom!

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Boston.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

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The courses are open to both men and women, with the exception of courses in Engineering, Geology (field-work), and Metallurgy, which are for men only.

The summer courses are University courses, and the same standard is set as in other Harvard courses. Most of them are accepted, subject to the established regulations, to count as half-courses for the degrees of *Bachelor of Arts, Associate in Arts,* and *Bachelor of Science.* Seminary work, research courses, and the like, are given credit for these degrees only in accordance with the specific recommendation of the instructor in each case.

With the previous approval of the proper authorities, advanced work in the Summer School can be counted as part of a program of work for the degree of *Master of Arts.* For that, as for the degree of A. B. or S. B., continuous residence at the University of at least one academic year is required. Candidates must possess an elementary knowledge of two modern foreign languages (ordinarily French and German), and must pursue, and complete with distinction, a program of study forming a consistent plan of work, with a definite aim and lying either in one field or in related fields. Such a program must in every case be approved beforehand by the appropriate Division Committee of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and by the Administrative Board of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

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With reference to the degree of A. M., the summer courses are especially useful to candidates who need more than a full year of resident study for the degree, or who lack some collateral work which cannot conveniently be done during the year of required residence. Moreover, students intending to carry on advanced study at Harvard in the academic year will often find much saving of time and other advantages for their work in the following winter, if they have already become familiar with the Harvard laboratories, libraries, methods, and teachers, through taking a single course in the the preceding summer.

The degree of *Doctor of Philosophy* is not given on the ground of any number of courses taken, or of a stated period of study, but only for high attainment gained by long study in a special field, manifested in examinations and a thesis. For the full requirements for the Ph. D. see the *Harvard University Catalogue* for 1910-11, pp. 546-548. Students working for this degree at Harvard or elsewhere, especially while engaged in research for their thesis, will be heartily welcomed at the libraries of the University, and in some departments laboratory opportunities can be offered to them. They will find in the advanced courses of the Summer School opportunity to carry on their work under the advice and supervision of instructors.

For further information with regard to the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, and the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D., apply to G. W. ROBINSON, *Secretary,* 24 University Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The Summer School Certificate, stating that examinations and other tests of the same grade as those required in corresponding courses in Harvard College have been fulfilled, and showing the amount of credit for a degree carried by the course, is given for each course satisfactorily completed with a grade of *C,* or higher. In Physical Education a special certificate is awarded to those who complete satisfactorily the four year's course. Students are admitted to a summer course, whether they are candidates for the certificate or not.

The Summer School Certificate is usually accepted for the promotion of teachers, and for exemption from certain of the examinations required for licenses to teach, in localities where examinations are held for these purposes. Teachers desiring to take summer courses with such ends in view are advised to inquire beforehand of the School Authorities at the place where they intend to offer the work, as to what credit will be allowed for it.

Libraries and Museums of the University are open in the summer, including the University Library and Reading-room, the special working-library in Harvard Hall, the library of school and college text-books in Lawrence Hall, the various departmental libraries, the Fogg Art Museum, the Germanic Museum, the Semitic Museum, the Museum of National History, and the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology. The University Laboratories of Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Metallurgy, and Psychology are used for the courses in those subjects.

In Boston the Boston Public Library and the Museum of Fine Arts (open daily, including Sunday, and now fully arranged in its new building) are accessible to students without charge.

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Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

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2. Nature's Ministries (To a shut-in). Evelyn H. Walker.
3. Many Dear Things of His Providence. W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of All Bright Things (To a young girl). Evelyn H. Walker.
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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1911 Number 4

UNITY

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

University of Illinois

Must we always be warned, and can we only fall on our knees when some one is there to tell us that God is passing by? If you have loved profoundly you have needed no one to tell you that your soul was a thing as great in itself as the world; that the stars, the flowers, the waves of night and sea were not solitary; that it was on the threshold of appearances that everything began, but nothing ended, and that the very lips you kissed belonged to a creature who was loftier, much purer and much more beautiful than the ones whom your arms enfolded. You have beheld that which in life can not be seen without ecstasy. But can not we live as though we always loved? It was this that the saints and heroes did, this and nothing more.

—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

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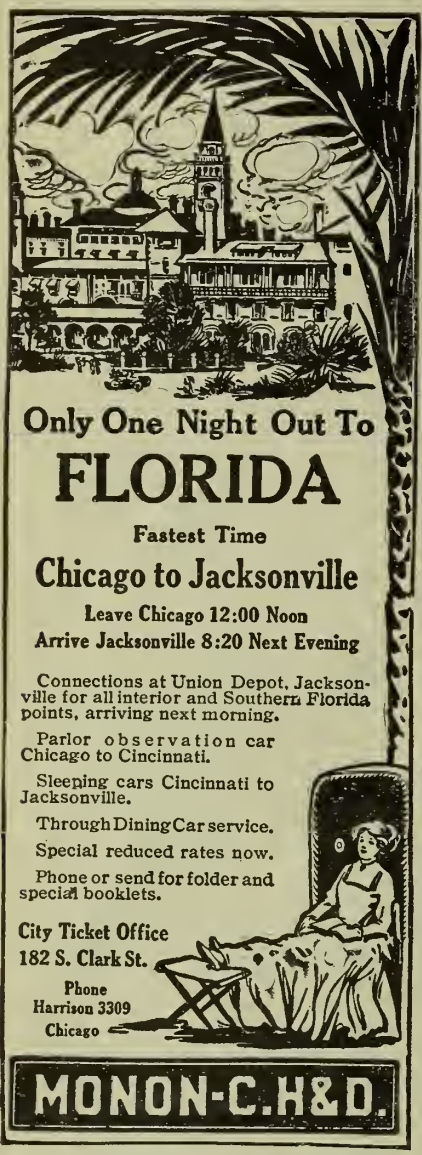

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1911. NUMBER 4.

WINTER GLORY

All beautiful the march of days,
As seasons come and go:
The Hand that shaped the rose hath wrought
The crystal of the snow;
Hath sent the hoary frost of heaven,
The flowing waters sealed,
And laid a silent loveliness
On hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure
The radiant morns unfold;
The solemn splendors of the night
Burn brighter through the cold;
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,
Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn,
"Good-will to men on earth!"

O glory of the winter-land!
The peace of Nature's rest!
And sweet the dream of coming Spring
That stirs within her breast.
On move the resurrection hours,
The Easter heralds throng,—
Till sudden bursts the miracle
Of blossom and of song!

O thou from whose unfathomed Law
The year in beauty flows,
Thyself the Vision passing by
In crystal and in rose,
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night proclaim,
In ever changing words of light,
The wonder of thy Name!

FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE.

The lecture on "Richard Jefferies," by F. J. Lazell, published elsewhere in this issue, is worthy of a wide reading, both for its subject and its author. Mr. Lazell is a journalist by avocation, and a lover and interpreter of Nature—at once a scientist and a poet—by vocation, and those who read his lecture will want to read some of his books, the latest of which is entitled "Isaiah as a Nature Lover." He sees that because Isaiah was a poet, to whom the world was a song, he was thereby a better prophet, to whom the world was a parable; and he has written of the nature scenery of those prophetic pages with insight, enthusiasm, and accuracy. UNITY welcomes Mr. Lazell to its pages as a bringer of good tidings.

What a picture gallery is that book, "Life on the Pacific Coast," by S. D. Woods, dedicated to Edwin Markham. "My beloved pupil of long ago—and I can never forget the little school-house in the sunny Suisun hills, where we together found our lives." One of the shining lights on the Coast was Thomas Starr King, who left this golden memory:

"There was in his face the serenity of him who had seen a vision, and to whom the vision had become a benediction. He was bound to be, wherever his lot was cast, the guide and solace of the distressed. Spiritual truth was to him more than a creed. He proclaimed the beauty of perfect life, and sought to win men by appeal to affection, rather than to fear. He sought to make holiness so sweet that no man could afford to lose it. His love of the beautiful and the true had in it the intensity of a passion. In him were the feature, form, and voice of a perfect orator. As he read or spoke his voice rose and fell in waves of sound, capitivating the senses like music. It was music. To hear him read a Psalm of David was the treat of a lifetime, and the parables were made as new as when they were first spoken in Judea. Well do we remember that almost at the moment of his death, a minor earthquake shook the city, and men said, 'Even the earth shudders at the thought that Starr King is dead!'"

Plans are now forming for a general celebration of the Ter-centenary of the Authorized Version of the English Bible, and it should be made a memorable date. Despite the fact that the King James Version seems never to have been "authorized"—the records apparently having been burned by a fire in the palace of Whitehall in 1618—no other book has so penetrated the hearts and speech of the English race. What Homer was to the Greeks, and the Koran to the Arabs, that, and much more, the Bible has become to the English. How true this is may be seen from an essay, as timely as it is brilliant, by Dr. Albert S. Cook, of Yale, entitled "The Authorized Version of the Bible and Its Influence." The Bible has been the mother in our literary family, and if some of its children have grown up and become very wise in their own conceit, none the less they gather about its knee and pay tribute. Apart from all questions of dogma, the Bible, as Walt Whitman said in a superb passage, is surcharged with human life not less than with Divine music. Not a page of it, not a verse, not a word, but has been drenched with the life-blood of some patient, heroic, aspiring, God-illumined soul.

Notable was the speech of Sir Edward Gray in the British House of Commons, opposing a motion made by a Liberal member to the effect that the House viewed with alarm the increased expenditure on the army and navy, and that it ought to be diminished. While formally opposing the motion on behalf of the Ministry, Sir Edward favorably emphasized its

spirit as being in accord with the better sentiment of civilized nations. Such tremendous expenditure and rivalry, if continued, would end, he predicted, in internal revolutions—a protest of the masses of men against taxation. A memorable passage, which has evoked a chorus of approval in the British press and the sanction of Mr. Balfour, the Unionist leader, was the following:

"I should perhaps have thought it unprofitable to mention arbitration had it not been that twice within the last twelve months the President of the United States has sketched out a step in advance more momentous than any one thing any statesman in his position has ventured to say before. His words are pregnant with far-reaching consequences. He said that if the United States could negotiate a positive agreement with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court on every question that could not be settled by negotiation, no matter what was involved, a long step forward would be taken. These are bold and courageous words. If two of the greatest nations should thus make it clear that under no circumstances were they going to make war again, the effect of their example on the world would have beneficent consequences."

Rumor has been rife for some time that the New Theater of New York City was to be abandoned as a hopeless enterprise. It now appears, however, from a statement made by its founders, that it is to continue. This is indeed good news, for it would have been a calamity to permit so noteworthy an effort in behalf of sound drama to fail. Happily a widespread movement, taking many forms, is now afoot having the same general purpose, and it is doing definite things, not merely talking and aspiring. All of which means that we are at last waking up from our Rip Van Winkle sleep as regards the function of the play-house, which in other lands has long been a civic center, an educational institution as well as a place of amusement. The Drama League of Chicago, formed less than a year ago, now has more than ten thousand members. Besides spreading news of plays that are worth while, it prepares courses of study for clubs, libraries, and classes, dealing with the plays that are significant and worth while. Leagues of like kind are forming in other cities, notably in New York and Boston, which betoken a fast-growing interest in a better stage. And now comes *The Drama,* a quarterly, edited by W. N. Guthrie, of the University of Tennessee, and its initial number is a rich sign of promise. The entire movement, which is sure to increase, has for its aim to prepare a more intelligent theater audience by provoking a taste for the best plays in the world.

The religious adventures of one era become the habitual virtues of another. The sore consciousness of our world today, of its evils of greed and selfishness, is the sure sign that we are travailing into a new conscience, and through it into a new and finally unconscious happiness of brotherliness in labor.

—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

Editorial Correspondence

"Sleepy old Charleston!" seems to be a current phrase that amuses both the residents and non-residents of this city, so proud is it of its antiquities, so famous or in-famous are its annals. But it was no "sleepy town" last week. The city was visited by a Civic Cyclone which furnished amusement, excitement and inspiration to all its inhabitants. Outwardly it was a six days' campaign in the interest of new and more adequate Y. M. C. A. buildings. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars was the sum aimed at, and which the "careful citizen,"guided by that deceitful old lamp called the Past, pronounced "visionary and impossible." But Ward, the national expert, the professional money-getter of the Association movement, knew what he was doing. He was there in person to direct the sixtieth or more of similar "cyclones," all of which have been successful. The noisy six days had been preceded by quiet weeks of careful preparation. A list of six thousand names had been compiled and then carefully divided and the lists put into the hands of perhaps two dozen "teams," each of which was led by a chosen "Captain." The Woman's Exchange was then enlisted. A large hall was secured and each day at noon the "teams" met, a free luncheon was served by the ladies, each "team" with a table of its own, while the pastors and other dignitaries occupied the large table on the high place at the end of the hall. After the "bountiful repast" the roll was called, and reports were made and promptly seconded in conspicuous figures. Day by day the fun grew more lively, the chase more exciting. I was present on the last day. Upwards of $20,000 was the requirement of ultimate success. The Mayor of the city presided. The preachers were all there and 'mid cheering, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, smiles and tears, the goal was reached with about $7,000 over. The excitement was so high that out of sheer joy in the work another day of "fun" was arranged for and $15,000 was raised to complete the fund for a Catholic Infirmary which had been interfered with.

It was an inspiring revelation of what can be accomplished when there is a common purpose and a determined will. When a Mayor leads the civic hosts of his city on a crusade of love and helpfulness, how tame and inadequate are the combines of greed and the inspirations of the camp that deals with the vulgar weapons of war.

But this was something much finer than a rally of the evangelical forces of the community. The clergy did not seem to be in it. It was a real civic movement and the bigotry line which is thrown around the pious pretensions of the conventional Y. M. C. A. was torn down and thrown away. Some antiquarian searcher

into the records discovered that the Charleston Y. M. C. A. antedated the Portland Convention that fixed the "Evangelical Church Membership" clause as a condition of full membership, and so it was ruled that the Charleston Y. M. C. A. was not bound by it. So Jew, Unitarian and Catholic citizens were enlisted, and they worked right heartily. Indeed a Catholic and a Jewish captain seemed to be the most valiant sons of this larger Israel.

However it may be with other Y. M. C. A.'s in the country, henceforth the one at Charleston, S. C., is to know no creed limitations in its membership, and it is claimed that there are some forty and other *free* Y. M. C. A.'s in the country, and they are to unite their strength and in due time to lead the remaining hosts out of the bondage of the letter into the freedom of the spirit.

If there are other "sleepy" towns that would seek an awakening, let them enlist their Mayor or his equivalent, pick their leaders wisely, throw down their creed barriers and then send for Ward, and the thing will be done.

But there is something back of this, something more alive than the Charleston Y. M. C. A., something as encouraging as the Charleston Navy Yard is discouraging. The sub-marine monster which is to be seen at the docks is a devil-fish that harks back to the iron-maiden of medieval torture, but the Philo Club is a child of light with its face to the future. It is an angel of promise. This club consists of but nine members, —but such members! They represent the pastors of two Baptist Churches, the Episcopal Church, Methodist, Presbyterian and Unitarian parsons and a Jewish Rabbi, and they not only "dwell together in unity" but they work together, study together, and grow in grace together.

Back of all this good cheer born of good works that made Charleston glad last week, we believe one can discern the thoughtful faces of the Philo Club, who said to one another and to the citizens of this ancient city, "Let us reason together," "Let the dead past bury its dead. Our faces are turned to the future."

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

En Route in Alabama, March 17, 1911.

SLEEP

What is this Death? What is this rest profound?
This calm unwaking sleep that wraps us 'round?

A friend who stays the hand, who shuts the door,
Rings down the curtain when the play is o'er.

And why comes Death so early in the year
To garner budding fruit ere leaves are sere?

'Tis sweet to fall on sleep while shines the sun,
With bated breath, the joy of work begun.

Let me live deeply—drink of all delight,
Give of myself, and pass before the night.

JESSIE WELBORN SMITH.

THE PULPIT

Was There Need of a Susan B. Anthony?

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT

(*In part printed in the "Democrat and Chronicle" of Rochester, N. Y.*)

Was there any *need* of a Susan B. Anthony? Any *need* of the little Quaker girl who was born on the hills of Western Massachusetts in 1820, and educated in district schools and a Quaker academy; who taught school for a dozen or fifteen years, and farmed for a year or two on the thirty-acre farm three miles west of Rochester; who discovered herself and a mission when she was thirty years old, and, obedient to the vision, straightway organized women for temperance work all through the State of New York in the early fifties, and faced her first mobs as co-laborer with the abolitionists; who, swiftly realizing that the right and the power to vote underlay all other rights and powers in a democracy, then became organizer of the Suffrage-for-Woman movement, first in her own State, next in the United States, at last internationally? Did the world *need* this woman who to the cause of "Woman's Rights" gave herself without stint, without pause, without count of fatigue or danger or obloquy, by day and by night, through summers and winters, in health and in sickness, in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in misrepresentations and persecutions and distresses for woman's sake—until, toward the end of her long life, with her cause yet unwon but its victory dawning, her city, her State, the national leaders at Washington, the people of her own land, the rising womanhood of England and the continent, whatever they thought of the movement, reverenced her name for her fearless, tireless, selfless devotedness to it, and began to recognize in her the Leader of leaders in the greatest social movement of the greatest of centuries? Was there any *need* of this Susan B. Anthony, Rochester's citizen? For answer, consider such facts as these:

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born (1820), no mother in the United States shared with the father the power of guardianship over the child of her body and soul. The child, in law, belonged to the father, who might, if he would, will it away from the mother. The father could, and sometimes he did, will away the unborn child from its mother! There are States in which he can do that today; as late as 1900 there were but seven in the Union in which mother and father had equal right to their children under the law. New York was the first of our States, and the first in the modern world, it is said, to establish by law the mother's equality. The year was 1860. No one had done so much, no one nearly so much, as unmarried Susan Anthony, then nine years trained in reform work, to voice and shape the demand for it. From county to county, from town to town, she had gone, initiating and directing the State-wide movement. When the equality was repealed by the Legislature,—as it was in two years! and not to be fully restored till 1893—what wonder she felt that woman's need of the ballot had secured complete demonstration?

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born a wife not infrequently supported her family by manual labor, while the law gave her wages to the profligate husband to spend. In that year not a married woman in the country could control even her earnings, still less her real estate, or make a will; and these three rights were regarded as distinct each from the other. Ohio was apparently the first of the States (1835) to discover her right to make a will, and Maine the first (1844) to give her control of her property. New York laughed and turned down such ideas in 1836, but in 1848 granted the personal ownership of her land. At this time Miss Anthony was still quietly teaching academy; but, as it took twelve years more for the Empire State to conceive that a married woman had any right to her earnings (1860), and seven years longer to discern her right to make a will (1867), our teacher, emerging into reform, had ample opportunity to lift up her voice in behalf of the triple right, now established as a matter of course in most, if not all, of our States.

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born the first "academy" in the whole land for girls' education was incorporated by the State of New York, and the next year a solitary school was opened in Troy to determine whether they were capable of the "higher education." At that time in Boston, girls were permitted to attend the public schools only when there were not boys enough to fill them. In the district school to which little Susan went the (man) teacher refused to teach her long division, and could not understand why the strange child wanted to learn it. She was thirteen years old when the first doors in the modern world to offer a college education to girls swung open at Oberlin, Ohio. Today there are probably more girls than boys in the public schools of America; nearly or fully three-fourths of our colleges are co-educational; the State Universities, as a rule, are for women as much as for men; Harvard and Columbia have established sister colleges for them; and their own separate colleges take rank with the highest of these. The idea that the sister's mind is inferior is fast disappearing, as the results of side-by-side study and examinations appear—appear to the awe and abashment of brothers!

Miss Anthony's earliest notable contribution to this educational advance was her famous solution of the riddle that had been puzzling a State Teachers' Convention, held in Rochester in 1853,—"Why is the teacher's profession not as much respected by the public as that of lawyer, doctor or minister?" Two-thirds of the teachers present were women, and for two days not a woman had spoken or voted,—or been expected to. Finally Miss Anthony rose. After a half-hour's debate by the men to decide whether, being but a woman, she might be allowed to address them, she explained: "As long as society judges that woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach tacitly admits that he has no more brains than a woman,"—and sat down. That was illuminating, and the Convention adjourned for the day.

Her last effort in behalf of the higher education for women, made when she was eighty years old, also belongs to Rochester's history. In 1900, when the question of opening Rochester University to girls was hanging in the balance, it was her determination and energy that, in the last hours of the last day allowed for the purpose, secured the lacking $8,000 necessary, she herself pledging her own little life-insurance to round out the sum. The opportunity for acquiring college education in their home city is, in a very real sense, a bequest of hers to the daughters of Rochester.

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born the one country-wide occupation of woman was household service, and in varieties more numerous than now. She was the domestic "factory;" she spun the flax and the wool, she wove the cloth, she made the coat and the carpet. Cookery, needlework, nursing and child-tending were, of course, her birthright and dower. She could also take boarders: Ralph Waldo Emerson's mother supported her family in that way, after the minister-father's death. She could teach district school also, but only in summer; not in winter, when the big boys appeared, and a man-teacher took her place at three or four times her salary. And she had even begun to set type. This was about all. Factories in the modern sense were but beginning. The woman clerk did not exist. Shop and counting-room knew her not. One consequence was that marriage was too often a "situation," a "livelihood;" another, that the unmarried woman was apt to be a dependent in the house of some male relative. In the late thirties Harriet Martineau, travelling over the land, could only add two occupations to those listed above. Today the woman's means of livelihood are nearly as many as those of the man. Even the manual occupations are few which she does not share with him. The professions are open to her—medicine, ministry, journalism, law, and the college professorships. Millions of women, married, unmarried, are happy self-supporters and supporters of others today. Happy today; but with each of the new occupations the beginners found it hard, sometimes cruelly hard, to get inside the gates. Often with their voices joining in the denunciation of her, Susan Anthony out on the platform had much to do with winning their victory for them.

In the year in which she was born such a thing as an organization of women in industry was, of course, an impossibility. But organization for culture or even for philanthropy, apart from the men, was also practically unknown; and probably no woman had ever spoken on a public platform in the United States. Coarse ridicule, solemn condemnation, social obloquy, mob violence, were all waiting to martyrize the first women who ventured in these two directions of separate organization or public speech. Either deed "unwomanized" them. The very reformers themselves were divided; as late as in the forties and fifties the anti-slavery and temperance movements were rent in twain over the question whether women should be admitted as delegates to their meetings; or, if admitted, be permitted to speak for the cause; and, when women formed separate organizations, whether these should be recognized. Just here Miss Anthony's advent on the arena of reform became an immense contribution to the power of womanhood. For she specialized on organization; she was gifted with genius that way. She had practical common-sense, large grasp of details,

a constructive and far-reaching mind, absolute fearlessness, and absolute selflessness. Caring nothing for leadership, nothing for honors, but only to get the word said, the work done, she was in her element as an executive secretary, planning the campaign, marshalling the forces, doing the drudgery—then hastening to the field and the platform to brave the give-and-take of the battle of words. And there was much to give, and much to take, wherever Susan Anthony appeared! Many brave women were made braver by her in those days. The very obloquy that attended her widened the influence of her example as an organizer and champion of a cause. No other one woman in the last half-century did nearly as much as she to teach women the secrets of organization and the courage of speech. Well have they learned the lesson. What is there of pleasure or culture or service for which women are not organized now? For what do they fear to speak out their innermost mind?

But, as was said, hardly had she begun in the fifties to organize the first cause that she made her own, that of temperance, before she realized that the best that a woman could do without a vote was little to what she might do with a vote. Thenceforth one cause became the beat of her heart and the pulse in her veins. Everybody knows what it was—the cause whose name was a synonym for "Susan B. Anthony." One need not describe her devotion to it: the story is well told in all its detail of heroism in the three-volume Life, which Mrs. Harper wrote out in the Anthony attic of the Rochester home,—surrounded there by the diaries, the scrap-books, the twenty thousand letters, the newspapers, in which the chronicle of the fifty years' struggle lay embedded. In 1820 "Woman's Suffrage," in any full sense of the words, had hardly risen above the horizon of an American mind. Today with some of the best and noblest in the land it comes into mind only with a feeling like shudder. But in five of our States the words with full meaning have become the fact of the government; with limited meanings they are true in more than two-thirds of the States of the union; and there are countries of Europe, and others in the far seas, where they are beginning to mean all they do here in the way of democracy realized. Can anyone dream that the movement is on its decline?

Those who rejoice in it certainly dream a dream of their own; and the dream is that, when the Susan B. Anthony of the twentieth century comes, it will be with a new watchword on her lips, "Woman's Duty," rather than "Woman's Rights;" and that, in our era of awakening social consciousness, that new watchword of duty and service will appeal with charm and command to many a woman who has never felt need of more "rights" than she has—*has never felt need, because of the Susan B. Anthony of the nineteenth century* who, in the name of those "Rights," offered herself, body and mind and heart and soul, from youth unto age, to all the blows and bruises and strains that at last won them for women. Let those noblest and best who fear the movement put themselves back to the year in which she was born, and in the light of the facts here recalled answer the question: Was there not *need* of a Susan Anthony? Is not gratitude due to her? and from *them* as well as from sisters of theirs, whose wrongs have not yet been made into "rights?"

All this emancipation, uplift, enlargement of life, that has been sketched, taken together, constitutes the "Woman's Movement." It has come about literally within the life-time of some of us. Of the five world-movements of the great sixty years just gone—that in science, that in religion, that in industrialism and towards democracy, that lately beginning in international relations, and this uplift of woman from her inferiority to man to conditions of equality with him—this last one, directly affecting a whole half of the race and coming close to each individual of the other half through home-life, may gradually be recognized as the most fundamental and far-reaching of all in its consequences. And among the many who labored and suffered and endured with her in the cause, the citizen of Rochester who died five years ago in mid-March is likely to be recognized by the future as the most heroic and representative leader of that movement.

She herself said to a friend a few days before her death: "I hope there will be no effort to put up a shaft, or any monument of that sort, in memory of me or of the other women who have given themselves to our work. The best kind of a memorial would be a school where girls could be taught everything useful that would help them to earn an honorable livelihood; where they could learn anything they were capable of doing, just as boys can. I would like to have lived to see such a school as that in every great city of the United States." It will be passing strange if, in the years to come, her word is not disregarded, and the face and form of Susan Anthony are not perpetuated in bronze in Rochester's parks and elsewhere, to inspire the children and attract the feet of the stranger. But a memorial of the kind she desired—desired for her cause, not for herself—is the nearer duty and hope. The Rochester University, which she helped to open to girls, greatly needs now a "Woman's Building," to meet the growing demands. The lot is waiting for it on the University grounds. The tentative plans have been drawn by the architect. They show a handsome brick building of three stories and a basement. On the first floor a large central hall, to serve for audience, and at present also for gymnasium purposes, with the Dean's apartments and office, and reception and study rooms. On the second floor, parlors and dormitories. On the third floor more dormitories—enough in all to accommodate thirty to thirty-five students. In the basement, a dining-room, kitchen, baths, and the like. The cost is $60,000, of which a fourth part is raised. Who will help to make this a first memorial to Susan B. Anthony—to the Susan B. Anthony *needed?*

Whoever wishes to help may communicate with Mrs. Mary T. Lewis Gannett, 15 Sibley Place, Rochester, N. Y.

What asks our Father of his children save
  Justice and mercy and humility,
  A reasonable service of good deeds,
  Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence, and trust, and prayer for light to see
  The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
  No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
  But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose every breathing is unworded praise.

—*Whittier.*

Richard Jefferies, the Nature Mystic of the Wiltshire Downs

Notes of a Lecture at the Liberal Christian Church, Tuesday Evening, by Fred J. Lazell.

Had Watts-Dunton written his essay on "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature" ten years later than he did, undoubtedly he would have added to the names of Sakya-Muni, Spitama and Gazzali, that of Richard Jefferies, the nature mystic and prose poet of the Wiltshire Downs. For he was a man to whom love of nature was a passion and certainly nature came "to know him and to love him" in turn. He was a prophet of the beautiful, a pagan prophet, it is true, but a prophet to whom the beauty of the world was a continual call to prayer. Today we know that much of the writing of Richard Jefferies will live as long as the English language itself endures. But it will not be read by the multitude. It will be greatly prized only by those who have looked upon the world and found it lovely and who have felt within their own lives some stirring of a spirit responsive to that which is in nature. And these will read Jefferies again and again, more grateful with each reading that such a soul was permitted to dwell upon the earth and was gifted with a voice able to articulate so sweetly and so clearly the thoughts and aspirations arising within themselves in their own best moments of vision and desire.

He studied nature as a lover, not as a scientist. There is nothing of the laboratory and very little of the text book in anything he ever wrote. He was a worshipper of nature in all her manifestations of beauty. He loved the wind-blown architecture of the snow and its changing hues in light and shadow. He took note of the rugged strength of naked trees and the graceful spray of their leafless branches; he noted also the pleasing effect of slanting sunlight on the mixed browns and grays of the winter wood. He has pictured some of those wind-blown, crimson wisps of cloud driving across the evening sky such as we saw so often during Christmas week. In "Bevis" we find mention of winter sunsets much like the exquisite colorings of winter sunsets in Iowa, when the shafts of light from the vanished sun are shot up over the western rim of the world into the cloud islands hanging above the sea of gold where the sun went down and refracted from them clear across the dome of the sky, suffusing the eastern horizon with rose-color and reflected again to the hills beneath slowly staining the snow on the face of the slopes with a tender pink, like a blush creeping into a smooth white cheek.

But the beauty of the growing season filled him with rapture. Color and sunshine were an intoxication to him. He would lie on his back for hours, feasting on the blue of the sky, or sit and revel in the beauty of a field of yellow wheat and red poppies. He loved the blue corn-flower, the blue butterfly, the rounded masses of green foliage on the trees, the flecks of yellow sunlight on shaded streams. He brought to his observation of earth and sky the imagination of a poet, the passion of a lover and the spiritual discernment of a mystic. It was the possession of this latter quality which made him one of the greatest of nature writers. Very early in life he felt in nature an influence wonderful and benign, taking complete possession of him and lifting him to memorable heights of exaltation and ecstasy. This continued all through his life and it permeates all his nature essays, giving sweetness to his thought and melody to his words.

He was born Nov. 6, 1848, at Coate farm, near the village of Swindon, North Wiltshire. Swindon is situated in Southern England, the land of the great downs, not unlike some of our higher Iowa praries. On both there is always a sense of splendid space, always a nearness of the finite to the Infinite. The wind blows beneath immense reaches of sky and the ridges and hollows follow each other in rhythmic succession as if under the influence of some ever-recurring theme in some great world-melody. Untrodden but indelible old roads wind over the downs, like the old pioneer trails across Iowa prairies. Here and there are tumuli, the sepulchral mounds of a race long vanished, like the so-called Indian mounds of our Iowa hills and valleys. From the hills one looks down to fertile farms with houses and orchards and evergreen trees, surrounded by meadows and wheat fields separated by high thick hedges, filled with birds and blossoms. Here and there is a forest and the gleam of quiet waters. Such was the land where Richard Jefferies lived for the first three-fourths of his life. He was the idyllist of this country-side, the mediator of its meaning to men, the heart and the voice of its loveliness, speaking in the sweetest of tones to the world.

He came from a long line of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire farmers, but there was a strain of city blood among them; some were artists and lovers of fine books and bindings. His father was a man of roving disposition when young, visiting the United States and Canada; but he returned to London and married Elizabeth Gyde, the daughter of a bookbinder. She was beautiful, pleasure-loving, kind and generous, but never quite reconciled to the hard work of the farm, never quite free from a lingering home-sickness for the bright and busy cheerfulness of the London streets and parks. Coate farm, with its forty acres of land, was given to this young couple on their wedding day. The house was a plain oblong two story and a half structure, with brick walls and a slate roof, standing in the midst of flowers and trees. Here Richard was born and in a garret room with a gable window close by the top of a big pear tree he had his study and did most of his writing until after he was married.

As a child he loved nature with passionate intensity. He would lie on his back and gaze up at the sky as he always did when he wanted some one to speak and to say: "Sky, I love you as I love my mother." When he arose in the morning he would steal out from the house to a group of elm trees which shielded him from observation so that he might be all alone with nature and have an unobstructed view of the eastern sky. As soon as he saw the glory of the coming sunrise, all else was forgotten. His "inner consciousness seemed to take him out of himself," he did not think, he felt.

Rambling over the downs to the village school two and a half miles away he learned to love the wind and the sky. His father was very familiar with the birds and trees and flowers and he taught

the boy all he knew. From the game keeper of a great estate near by, Richard learned a great deal of practical knowledge of hunting and sport. All through his boyhood he was much alone with nature. He was a reserved boy, taking little interest in athletics and similar youthful sports. But he was the leader of his brothers and their friends in the world of fun and play which they had around "The Reservoir," a lake of eighty acres close to his father's farm. But his delight was to be alone with nature. He soon became familiar with every foot of ground for a radius of ten miles around his father's farm. He knew the flowers and the trees, the animals and the birds, and he knew, too, the night and the stars and the grandeur of the mighty earth rolling east to meet them. He filled one note book after another with loving and careful notes of out-of-door life, and so he gathered the great store of nature knowledge which later enabled him to write with such authority and charm.

He was a sure shot, but as he became interested in the habits and the beauty of the wild creatures he used the gun less and less. With his finger on the trigger he "dropped the barrel and watched the beautiful bird until watching so often stayed the shot that it grew to be a habit; time after time he flushed the partridges without firing and let the hare bound over the furrow free." He was learning to see nature, too, in such ways that he would never forget, enabling him long years after to return in memory to the old farm and recreate in words the glamor of the earth and sky, the magic of sunshine and shadow and the abundant lavishings of nature, which to him were ever a great delight. So in his essay on wild flowers he described for us the yellowhammer, sitting on the "ash-branch in Stewart's marsh, singing in the sun, his feathers wet with color, still singing the same sun-song, and will sing to me as long as the heart shall beat."

The deep poetic feeling in that sentence is the secret of Jefferies' art. He could write because he felt so deeply. So he created for us the bole of the old beech tree, "spotted like a trout by the separate shadows of its first leaves," the "large, puffed clouds, like deliberate loads of hay, leaving little wisps and flecks behind them in the sky;" the "buttercups, like nails of gold driven so thickly that the surface of the meadow was not visible;" the air after the summer shower which was "sweeter and richer for the rain, like verse with a rhyme;" the big burdocks, "fighting for the footpath;" the "curved moon, hung on the sky, as the hunter's horn is hung on the wall." But such writing was done later in life. In his youth he had the imagination of the poet and the deep feelings of the mystic, but he did not have the artist's technique. He was to go through long years of training before he could recreate in words the color and the song of the yellow-hammer and put all the glamor of that scene into a single sentence.

When Jefferies was seventeen years of age he obtained a position as a reporter on the *North Wilts Herald*, published at Swindon. And he seems to have given his city editor quite as much annoyance as the average new reporter. Once he wrote a very severe criticism of a musical performance given by home talent; for that he had to fight one of the performers. He was a conservative in his politics at that time and when his city editor sent him to report a meeting of the liberals, Jefferies failed to write anything at all, because the speakers all talked "such rot." Nevertheless he was a tireless writer and in addition to his regular work on the paper he wrote many special articles and some short stories. He attempted some ambitious books, such as "Reporting, Editing and Authorship" and "Practical Hints for Beginners in Literature;" it is so easy for a young reporter to write books like that.

He was now a tall, thin, slightly stooping young man, with longish hair, inclined to be sandy, a big, broad forehead and very bright, noticeable blue eyes. He was growing a beard which afterwards became full and flowing. He was a young man living so much within his own mind that he frequently was deaf and blind to acquaintances who passed him on the street. A true child of the open air, very much closer to the heart of "Queen Isis" than to the hearts of any of his friends, save one; she was Miss Jessie Baden, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. They learned to love each other with a love that never waned. During his three years' courtship he wrote three letters to the *London Times*, describing the actual condition of the Wiltshire laborer; they aroused much discussion and drew the attention of other publishers to Jefferies, helping him to dispose of his manuscripts. But he did not heed the lesson of that slight success. He was trying to write novels which were artificial and commonplace, although they contained passages of description which showed that he was being prepared for the ministry of beauty which he soon was to enter.

In 1874 he and Miss Baden were married. In October, 1876, he wrote "Marlborough Forest," his first nature essay, a description of the solitary enjoyment of nature for nature's own sake. This was warmly received, as were two essays of a similar nature, which followed the next year. Jefferies felt that his success was now assured. He moved to London, so as to be nearer his publishers. But he chose his home on the edge of the city, so that he might continue his daily walks among the fields and woods, an hour and a half in the morning and again in the afternoon. He found a big aspen tree over a brook and thither he went almost daily and was fed by the sacrament of nature. Now he put aside, forever, his artificial fiction. He began to pour out from his memory and from his notebooks all the nature lore and the nature love he had gathered during the first twenty-eight years of his life around Coate farm. The essays were printed in the London papers and magazines and then gathered into four books, "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "The Amateur Poacher" and "Round About a Great Estate." Though they lack the human tenderness and the spiritual sweetness which are characteristic of Jefferies' later and better work, yet these four books are a great delight to every lover of the out-of-doors. They are thoroughly rustic and effortless, essays written by a countryman about the country, nowhere pedantic, striving neither to teach nor to preach. But they are all aglow with the spirit of joy and they are written with a mastery and ease, a directness and lucidity which make every page seem like a locust tree in the summer time, all shot through with sunlight and

sweet air. Reading them, one is brought face to face with nature, seeing and smelling the flowers, hearing the birds sing and feeling the fresh sweet wind on the cheek.

"Wood Magic" came next. It is a story of Jefferies' childhood, done in fable. The principal character is a little boy named Bevis, who enjoys the closest intimacy with the wild folk of the forest and down. The trees tell him the secrets which they whisper to each other in the summer night; even the wind and the brook instruct him. It is such a wise wind; and the brook knows so much that is true and beautiful.

Then came "Bevis, the Story of a Boy," where this same little lad has grown to be twelve or fifteen years old. It is a capital boy's book, full of descriptions of the fun Jefferies and his friends had around that lake called the reservoir. But it abounds in nature description, such as this:

"The summer shadow lingered on the dial, the sun slowed his pace, in the rich light the fruits filled. The earth had listened to the chorus of the birds and, as they ceased, gave them their meed of berry, seed and grain. There was no labor for them; their granaries were full. Ethereal gold floated about the hills, filling the hollows to the brim with haze. Like a grape, the air was rich and luscious, and to breathe it was a drowsy joy. For Circe had smoothed her garments and slumbered and the very sun moved slow."

These books marked the close of the period of Jefferies' health and strength. In December, 1881, he fell ill of fistula and during the next year he underwent four operations for the cure of this disease. The wounds resulting from the operations were not healed until January, 1883, by which time he was almost destitute but happy in the thought that now he could go to work and begin life all over again. Alas, it was not a month until he began to feel a terrible internal pain, resulting from ulceration of the small intestine. For the next four and a half years he walked in pain and poverty down the long valley of the shadow of death. But he worked hard, refusing to ask assistance, and it was during this period that much of his very best work was done. Seldom has courage and optimism risen to such heights, seldom has any man achieved so much brilliant work in spite of such unrelenting pain.

He moved to West Brighton the first year of his illness and wrote a series of essays descriptive of the beauty within a radius of twelve miles of London. It was a book filled with the beauty of the colored air, showing the Londoners the beauty at their own doors. These essays were gathered into a volume called "Nature Near London."

Then came "The Story of My Heart; An Autobiography," which surely is unique. There is no other book like it. It deals not at all with the ordinary facts of biography, but is the story of the spiritual side of Jefferies' life, a frank recital and description of his mystic hours with nature. He tells us that there were hours in the glow of his youth when his heart was dry and dusty, parched for want of the rain of deep feeling. At such times there was a hill to which he used to resort, three miles from his home. The labor of walking to its summit, all the while gradually ascending, seemed to clear his blood of the heaviness which had accumulated at home. When he had reached the summit his gaze turned to the unattainable blue flower of the sky and there it rested, "for pure color is rest of heart." He felt an emotion of the soul which is beyond all definition. Prayer is a puny thing to it. It was not a request for anything preferred to a deity, but an intense emotion and desire for a fuller and richer soul life.

There was a great oak tree near his home. He liked to place his back against it and feel its rough bark, or to touch it with his fingers. Immediately there came that delicate, yet strong, deep and sensuous enjoyment, an exaltation and an ecstasy; this was always followed by the prayer, the desire that the beauty of the earth, the air, the sun, might be translated into some growth of excellence in himself, enriching and ennobling his body, mind and soul. So he came to have daily pilgrimages to think on these things. He would lie down in the grass and feel the earth embrace him, feel the sun and the sky pour out their love upon him. Every blade of grass, each leaf, was a pore through which he drank. And always the enjoyment was followed by the deep desire, the vehement aspiration for greater, fuller soul-life. So his life came to be a continual prayer. In the hall of statuary in the British museum, when he closed the door behind him and contemplated the curves of beauty among the Grecian statues, there came the same enjoyment followed by the same prayer. On London bridge he looked over the parapet and saw the tide, felt the push of the sea, its strength and its beauty, the same enjoyment and the same prayer. All through this book, as through a piece of music, this same beautiful motive runs. To the Christian there are some jarring notes in it, for Jefferies was a pagan; he saw in nature no evidence of a Directing Influence, he felt no loving influence of a great and fatherly heart. He never could follow the path of beauty up to the Author of all beauty, though he did see clearly that all living things are constantly striving for and attaining a higher life.

After this came a series of noble essays, gathered into two books called "Life of the Fields" and "The Open Air." Undoubtedly many of these are the very highest of Jefferies' work, especially "The Pageant of Summer." They are filled with harmonies of language, thought and feeling, and a sweetness of thought which is perhaps attained by no other nature writer. In many of them in the very first sentence Jefferies takes his reader directly out of doors and then, in a few sentences more, he shows us a world all sparkling with dew and shimmering with loveliness, as if it had just been created; that being done he straightway proceeds to get at its spiritual essence and beauty; and he does it as easily as a honey bee gets nectar from a flower.

"The Dewy Morn" is perhaps the one work of Jefferies' fiction which is worth a place in one's library, though "Amaryllis at the Fair," which followed it, has many admirers. "The Dewy Morn" is a spiritual and dramatic presentment of human life with a marvelous background of nature. Some of it reads like the Idyls of Theocritus and some like the Song of Solomon. Its principal character is a beautiful young woman, Felise, a pure creation of Jefferies'

mind and heart, to justify his sense of the divinity of woman, the same divinity that he saw in the beautiful earth and the beautiful statues in the British museum. To know Felise is an abiding joy.

All this time Jefferies had been growing weaker and now he could only sit by the window and look out at the earth and the sky. He sees a lark high against a gray cloud and he writes with a pathos which touches us to tears:

"I cannot go out and arrange with the birds and the gorse bloom; how does he know that it is time for him to sing? Without my book and pencil and observing eye, how does he know that his hour has come? To sing high in the air, to chase his mate over the plowed fields, to battle with his high crested rival, to balance himself on his trembling wings a few yards above the earth and utter that sweet little loving kiss, as it were, of song, oh, happy, happy days. So beautiful to watch as if he were my own and I felt it all. It is years since I went out among them in the old fields and saw them in the green corn. They must be dead, dear little things, by now. Without me to tell him, how does this lark, that I hear through the window today, know that it is his hour? I wonder to myself how they can all get along without me, how they manage, bird and flower, without me to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it. so carefully and lovingly, day by day."

In his last essay, dictated to his faithful wife, he goes back to the old home and pays a last wistful farewell to it and the dear earth; taking some notice, too, of the fact that some had not been able to understand him.

"No one else seems to have seen the sparkle on the brook, or to have heard the music at the hatch, or to have felt back through the centuries. No one else seems to have understood how I got food from the clouds, nor what there was in the night, nor why it is not so good to look at it through the window."

Sunday morning, August 14, 1887, he died. His body was placed high on the downs where he longed to be, among the flowers and the grasses he loved so well. Later his bust was placed in Salisbury Cathedral.

Ruskin has told us that the men in whom the love of beauty has been strong have always been among the earliest declarers and discoverers of things conducive to the happiness of mankind. To Richard Jefferies it was given to discover the true ministry of the beauty of nature, its ministry to the growth of the soul. To him Nature yielded thoughts so sweet that for many he is and will ever be the sweetest. the most persuasive, the most winning voice that has ever spoken of nature. He has shown us that those who get the greatest good from nature are not the scientists who discover her laws, but the curious who guess her riddles, not even the poets who go to her to get material for their verse; but those who approach her with a beating heart of love and are rewarded by being enfolded in her mystic heart of beauty, there to listen to her great secret. A part of that secret is the hasteless, ceaseless progress of all living things towards a higher and a better life; the fact that the hours when the soul is absorbed with beauty are the only hours when we really live; that to the chosen of nature, who feel themselves to be a part of the great mother, all things are joyously beautiful. But the greatest part of that secret is scarcely to be spoken, neither is it to be set down in printed books. It is that feeling which fills the heart with an emotion never to be forgotten, lifting the soul to an ecstasy of vision and desire. Watts-Dunton calls it Nature's greatest wonder of all, that mesmeric power which she sometimes exercises upon her choicest favorites, when all their senses melt into one and they float on a blissful sea. Wordsworth called it,

> "A presence which disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused."

Jefferies called it an ecstasy of sensuous enjoyment followed by a deep desire for a fuller soul-life. One of our later poets has tried, though he succeeded but feebly, to express it in verse.

> Like tides on the crescent sea-beach
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our hearts high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in;
> Come from the mystic ocean
> Whose rim no foot hath trod.
> Some of us call it longing,
> And others call it God.

Listening to that secret Jefferies came to his vision for the individual and for the race. It was a vision of a body, clean and sweet and strong, all its senses steeped in the loveliness of the world, a perfect, beautiful body like that which Phidias sculptured of man and woman, filled with a Godlike sense of the violet fields of Greece; of a mind large and lucid and calm as the turtle-dove in the flashes of the lightning; of a soul immortal and glorified, fit to be in the keeping of such a body and such a mind.

"If I cannot achieve it," he said, "at least I can think it."

He looked again and he saw a vision of a race with bodies all freed from every taint and blemish and weakness of hereditary sin; of a thousand, thousand minds, all focussed into a brilliant light and a fierce heat, searching out and burning up all that would impede the progress of the race in its march toward perfection; a race with its ambition fixed, not on wealth but on beauty; a race which has learned to take from nature her secrets of strength and beauty; a race which has solved the economic problems of production and distribution so happily that everyone shall have leisure to enjoy his days upon the earth; that all men shall have time each day to go to his own place of hearing, each to pray in his own oratory, to rest by the sea and to dream; that they shall work, not all of the time for their bread, but a great part of the time for the expansion of their minds and the enlargement of their souls.

The Life-Blood of a People

The population of the Mexican Republic numbers about 15,000,000 people—most of them very poor. Yet the national expenditure would give the impression of great wealth. The government pays $16,525,000 (33,050,000 pesos) a year of interest on the bonds of its "national railroads"—more than two pesos each for every man, woman and child—a sum raised by taxation. In September last the nation celebrated its one hundredth anniversary of independ-

ence; that month of gayety and splendor is said to have cost 15,000,000 pesos, another peso for each man, woman and child. The National Opera House now in construction is one of the evidences of progress, praised and admired by shallow travelers; its white marble splendor would do credit to any wealthy European capital; it has for years been building and is already sinking into the insecure material upon which it is founded; millions have already been expended upon it—who knows how many? They say from 9,000,000 to 15,000,000 pesos. All this, perhaps again a peso each, comes from the sadly taxed people. In unfortunate Puebla, a city of 95,000 inhabitants, four years have seen the contracting of 11,515,000 pesos of debts, half of it actually new, and of this enormous sum 918,000 pesos were spent for an unnecessary general hospital and 1,183,000 pesos for an unnecessary insane asylum. The interest on this debt alone is 429,000 pesos a year—a charge on the poor population of almost five pesos apiece. To meet the actual expenses of that city for the next year—488,000 pesos—the authorities have been driven to juggle with the funds for conducting the primary schools. While this has occurred at Puebla, they have just finished the educational system at the city of Mexico by establishing an unneeded university (with lectures on psychology by an American professor—the lectures in English being understood by few if any of the students) and by making an annual appropriation of 6,000 pesos to an "international" school of archaeology. Were all this frightful taxation honestly collected and handled the case would be bad enough; but there is graft everywhere and the increasing poverty of the people is accompanied by the rapidly increasing wealth of the governing ring.

Of course, in the long run, the people will prefer to shed their blood on the field of battle in a probably hopeless revolution to continuing to coin it into national railroads and government offices, opera houses and insane asylums, monuments and universities, banquets and pageants, beyond their economic possibilities. To the nation the result is the same, the hopeless loss of its most desirable class of citizens.

FREDERICK STARR.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED

Now ere I slept, my prayer had been that I might see my way
To do the will of Christ, our Lord and Master, day by day;
And with this prayer upon my lips I knew not that I dreamed,
But suddenly the world of night a pandemonium seemed.
From forest, and from slaughter house, from bull ring, and from stall,
There rose an anguished cry of pain, a loud, appealing call;
As man—the dumb beast's next of kin—with gun, and whip, and knife,
Went pleasure-seeking through the earth, blood-bent on taking life.
From trap, and cage, and house, and zoo, and street, that awful strain
Of tortured creatures rose and swelled the orchestra of pain.
And then methought the gentle Christ appeared to me and spoke:
"I called you, but ye answered not"—and in my fear I woke.

Again I slept. I seemed to climb a hard, ascending track;
And just behind me labored one whose patient face was black.
I pitied him; but hour by hour he gained upon the path;
He stood beside me, stood upright—and then I turned in wrath.
"Go back!" I cried. "What right have you to walk beside me here?
For you are black, and I am white." I paused, struck dumb with fear.
For lo! the black man was not there, but Christ stood in his place;
And oh! the pain, the pain, the pain that looked from that dear face.

Then next I heard the roar of mills; and moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld, were little girls and boys.
Their backs were bent, their brows were pale, their eyes were sad and old;
But by the labor of their hands greed added gold to gold.
Again the Presence and the Voice. "Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these, so have ye done to me."

Now when I woke the air was rife with that sweet, rythmic din
Which tells the world that Christ has come to save mankind from sin.
And through the open door of church and temple passed a throng,
To worship him with bended knee, with sermon and with song.
But over all I heard the cry of hunted, mangled things;
Those creatures which are part of God, though they have hoofs and wings.
I saw in mill, and mine, and shop, the little slaves of greed;
I heard the strife of race with race, all sprung from one God-seed.
And then I bowed my head in shame, and in contrition cried—
"Lo, after nineteen hundred years, Christ still is Crucified."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Passion for God

Sometimes we speak today as though from some essential defect in his nature God cannot be to us what Jesus is to us. God can be Father, Lord, Helper and Refuge, but not a Comrade. But what did men mean who said they walked with God? Let us hesitate to say what God is not. Whatever use we make of Jesus, the knowledge of God must be a personal spiritual experience with him. We rob ourselves of a mighty fellowship if we forget that God is a Human Comrade, with a heart that throbs to ours. It was once said of a psalmist that "he and God were inseparable. He could not live without God and he had somehow reached the assurance that God could not live without him." Yes, God cannot live without you and me. We make—and humbly we say it—his life worth living. That is a fellowship. "I am not alone for the Father is with me;" ay, and God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear the just as wonderful reply, "I am not alone, I am not a far away God, for my children are with me." This is his home, this is where he lives! We are urged today to let the passion for God give place to a passion for man, for comradeship with each other is the need of the age. Let us not say that this call is wrong. It is right. But the passion for God is the need, the great first need of every age. Our comradeship with men will be deeper and sweeter for our comradeship with God. When the half god goes, the god too "divine" to be a Comrade, and the Living God comes to the bounding welcome of our hearts, once again there may come

"All that once
Was great in Christendom, when God meant God."

E. A. R.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

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Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

OUR TREATY WITH RUSSIA

Congressman Herbert Parsons, of New York, recently introduced in the House in February a joint resolution directing the President to give notice to the Russian Government that the treaty entered into by it with the United States will terminate within one year. The resolution was introduced for the purpose of asserting a protest against the attitude of the Russian government toward American citizens of the Jewish faith.

The following is the text of Mr. Parsons' resolution:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

That it is and always has been a fundamental principle of this Government that the rights of its citizens shall not be impaired at home or abroad because of religious belief:

That this Government concludes its treaties for the equal protection of all classes of its citizens without regard to religious belief;

That this Government will not negotiate nor be a party to any treaty which discriminates, or which by one of the parties thereto is construed to discriminate, between American citizens on the ground of religious belief;

That the Government of Russia has violated the treaty between the United States of America and Russia concluded at St. Petersburg, December 18, 1882, by construing that part of Article V thereof, which says that the inhabitants of the respective States "shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy to that effect the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside, on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing, and particularly to the regulations in force concerning commerce," to mean that American citizens of Jewish faith are subject in Russia to the same class restrictions that Russia imposes upon Russian inhabitants of Jewish faith, by declining to permit American citizens of Jewish faith to sojourn and reside in Russia in order to attend to their affairs and to enjoy, to that effect, the same security and protection as non-Jewish native Russians, and by refusing to honor American passports issued to American citizens of Jewish faith;

That in the judgment of Congress the said treaty, for the reasons aforesaid, ought to be terminated at the earliest possible time and be no longer in force;

And that to this end the President be, and he hereby is, directed to give notice to the Government of Russia that the treaty aforesaid will terminate and be of no force and effect upon the expiration of the year which shall commence after the date of such notification.

These resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and the interesting hearing of the Committee on the "Termination of Treaty between the United States and Russia" has been published by the Government in a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing a full account of the thirty years' endeavor to have an end put to Russia's disgraceful discrimination against American citizens of the Jewish faith.

Resolutions to the same effect were introduced in the Senate by Senator Culberson, of Texas, and referred to the Committee, of which Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is Chairman.

Owing to the clog of business at the end of the session, the matter was buried in the Committee-room. However, it has since been taken up by many prominent citizens, Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce; the press has commented upon it liberally; the Legislatures of New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Arkansas and Montana have endorsed the resolutions; and in all likelihood, public opinion will conjure the subject out of the committee-room into the legislature halls during the next session of Congress.

UNITY, having always taken a decided stand against racial and religious discrimination of every kind, esteems it a privilege to endorse the Parsons Resolutions, and to print, on another page, for the enlightenment of its readers, the manly and convincing argument presented at the recent convention of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations by Mr. Louis Marshall, a learned and distinguished member of the New York Bar. J. S.

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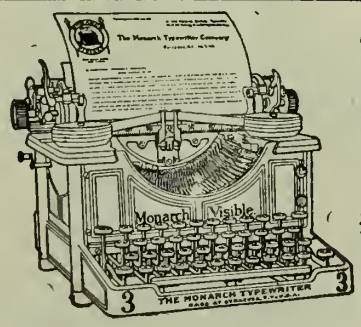

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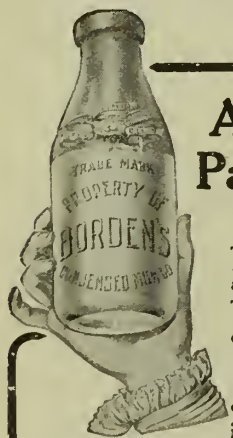

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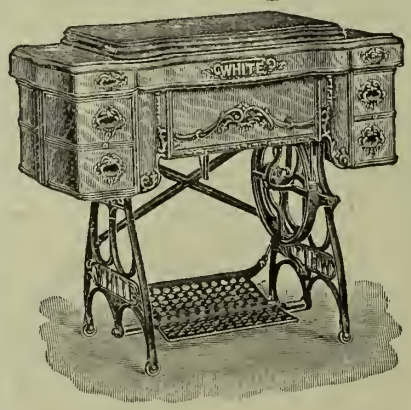

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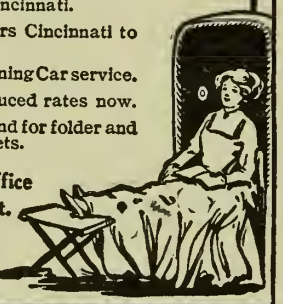

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1911. NUMBER 5.

CLOISTERS OF THE SPIRIT

CHURCH DEDICATION.

He laid his rocks in courses,
  His forest crowned the hill,
He yoked his ancient forces,
  And lent them to man's will;
The will he woke to duty,
  He graced the hand that wrought,—
Till in the Temple's beauty
  The soul its Maker sought.

To cloisters of the spirit
  These aisles of quiet lead:
Here shall the Vision gladden,
  The Voice within us plead;
And may the dear All-Father,
  Who maketh trouble cease,
Here send his three strong angels,
  Contrition, Hope and Peace!

The song these walls shall echo
  Be song the heart within,
The prayer in consecration's
  Sweet privacies begin!
Work on, O silent Builder,
  Perfect thy inner shrine,
Till song pass into service,
  Prayer into life divine!

Here be no man a stranger;
  No holy cause be banned;
No good for one be counted,
  Not good for all the land;
And here for prophet-voices
  The message never fail,—
"God reigns! his Truth shall conquer,
  And Right and Love prevail!"

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Already there is evident an effort to use the unhappy incident in New York City to discredit Booker T. Washington, but it will fail. The Tillmans and Vardamans may rage, but they imagine a vain thing, for there is the value of established character which makes the word of Washington good as against his accusers. Those who say that his influence is at an end know not what they say. The letter of President Taft was timely and true, expressing the sentiments of just and honorable men. If early versions did show a diabolical ingenuity of chance in simulating design, later facts clarified the truth, rebuking the inksters who recorded a collapse of character with a kind of glee. The truth should now be clinched with expressions of confidence from the friends of Washington, that the lie may be deeply and quickly buried.

In December, 1907, the Atlantic Fleet steamed out of Hampton Roads on its famous round-the-world cruise. It was a big picture, a display at once of national pride and navy efficiency, and much belauded. All the battleships of that splendid fleet,—the *Alabama, Illinois, Maine, Missouri, Ohio, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Wisconsin,* and *New Jersey,*—have now passed off the firing line of the navy, and the other day the *Texas,* of Spanish war fame, served as a target for practice. Every one of them is listed "in reserve," and their places in the fleet have been filled by newer, more powerful, and more costly ships. Surely nothing is greater waste than war, except preparation for war. Within a few years, battleships costing from two to eight millions are out of date and as useless as so much junk. Yet we go on building them bigger and more costly, with thicker plate demanding more penetrant shells to shatter them.

One who reads the essays of Emma Goldman, now gathered into a little volume, will have the wonder put into his mind as to what all the fuss and feathers have been about. A biographical sketch by Hippolyte Havel, prefixed to the essays, gives one a glimpse of her career, and it is enough to stir the heart of any man. It is a piteous tale, harking back to brutal Russia, of a seamstress on starvation wages, of a trained nurse protecting girls who were the prey of soldiers, of her sympathy with the poor and her experiences in jails. What has this sensitive little Jewish woman,—the Daughter of a Dream,—not suffered? In jail she studied philosophy, political economy, and poetry, and it was there that she fashioned her literary style,—clear, direct, vivid, and often set to lofty keys. Though she has suffered as few women ever did, the spirit of her book is one of faith, hope, and love. She is almost Tolstoyan in her abjuration of violence in behalf of "sweetness and light," and pity. One lays aside the book still wondering how Emerson and Matthew Arnold escaped the club of the police.

Much ado has been made over the recantation of Antonio Fogazzaro, the Italian novelist, whose brilliant story, "The Saint," portrayed with such insight and charm the variegated life, thought, and spirit of that ever-fascinating "lady-land." His story, it seems, was tainted with Modernism, and came under the ban of the church, and so good a Catholic was he that he did not inquire what it was he retracted, lest

if he learned what it was his conscience might protest. His attitude was characteristic of the Latin man, who, however wildly blasphemous he may be in life, seeks the shelter of the faith when he dies,—often, no doubt, at the behest of his women folk, who would be left in dire plight of mind, but more often from habit of mind, formed in earliest infancy, of accepting the authority of the church. He was not of the stuff of which reformers are made. There was no idea, as Heine would say, mastering him and forcing him into the arena to fight for it. Neither Fogazzaro, Father Tyrrell nor the Abbe Loisy was of the stock of Luther, and their work has been greatly exaggerated. They made more stir outside of the church than in it, especially among literary folk, who seem to have mistaken a house on fire for the rising of a new sun.

At bottom religious reformations are as much economic as theological, and often more so,—a fact not sufficiently emphasized in the otherwise excellent biography of Martin Luther, by Dr. McGiffert, now appearing in the *Century*. So far as the story has gone, —and the last issue brings it up to the formulation of the thesis against the indulgence brokerage,—the light is focussed too strongly upon Luther, taking too little account of the setting of political and economic scenery in which he appeared. He was, like every other great figure, a voice of his age and land, giving trumpet tone to the ferment of the time. Perhaps the biographer will warm up as he goes further, as Luther did when he got into the thick of the fight. But meanwhile, even the casual reader of the record must be reminded of the present economic ferment in our midst, and set to thinking as to what may be its outcome in the reshaping of religious thought and life. Just because Modernism does little more than dally with evolutionism, in the attempt to revivify old symbols, in quest of "harmony between head and heart, reason and emotion," it will bring about no reformation. If such a reformation is to come, it will be from a different source, and will be not only theological but economic and political.

Professor Foster, of the University of Chicago, in a recent sermon said that one of the saddest things on earth is the moneyless man whose faith it is that money is God. This faith in the Godlike nature of money we have heretofore supposed came only with years and with bitter experience, so it is with something of a shock that we meet with instances that show how the supposed innocence of youth may be affected by the materialism of the age. In the recent primary election in Chicago certain young men in the University of Chicago had offered to work in the interests of a candidate in canvassing the district. The day before the election they telephoned the men in charge of the canvass to find out how much they would be paid for their work. When they were informed that, as they knew well, all such work was gratuitous, they answered that they were "out for the stuff," and that they had been offered five dollars each to work for other candidates. Where such work was given through the employment office at the university, they were, according to the Chicago papers, required to state that they could conscientiously support the candidate whose money they were taking. The *Daily Maroon* in commenting on this incident says: "If young men of University training will act in this manner, what can be expected of 'whiskey soaked bums' in the First ward?"

Editorial Wanderings

At Columbus, Ga., I was shown the "biggest cotton mill in the world." It is hard to strike any place that has not something superlative in connection with it. If I had had another hour for the drive, it would have carried me to the great Chattahoochee dam, which rivals the newly opened Roosevelt dam in Arizona in power. We await another Lanier to sing another "Song of the Chattahoochee." I fear that this second song would miss the blitheness and splendid lilt of the first song. My guide said that the mill operatives here present a pressing, pathetic problem to the sociologists and the legislators. The mountain-man comes to the tasks of the mill as to a dismal fate. The operatives are reported as anæmic, under-fed, under-clothed, under-paid, and tubercular, and the children that swarm in the unattractive tenements die young.

At Meridian, Miss., I found a welcome at the Jewish Temple, visited two years ago. This clean city has been "dry" for twenty years, and prospers by it.

At Natchez I found another cordial welcome, but the worshipers at the synagogue have been sadly decimated during the last two years, the boll-weevil and the temperance legislation having caused the removal of a score or more families. Both causes, necessarily transient, will undoubtedly redound to the permanent strength of the city. The industries that were interfered with by the temperance legislation and agitation will be supplanted by industries more humane and commercial interests more reliable. The mischievous worm has stimulated scientific research and progressive farming. The stupid weevil is being outwitted by science. "My husband has put in fifty acres of peanuts this year on ground that ordinarily would have been given to cotton," were the courageous words of a farmer's wife on the train. The prosperity that is to follow corn-raising, prophesied by Lanier and Grady, is likely to follow in the black trail of the worms.

At Vicksburg there was just three hours' time for an automobile spin through the National Park, up "Confederate Avenue" and down "Union Avenue," stopping at the newly-finished Wisconsin monument, the dedicatory address of which is to be delivered by the Editor of UNITY on the 22nd of May, the forty-eighth anniversary of the awful charge which inaugurated the wearisome siege.

From Vicksburg to Greenville by steamboat, thirty-six beautiful hours on the great ocean-river, full to the banks but not overflowing, bordered all the way with billowy, feathery, cloud-like mounds of the most exquisitely delicate green, all of it flooded with sunlight and touched with a solitude almost as intense as that which greeted Marquette and LaSalle on their exploring voyages.

From Greenville to Little Rock, Ark., it was a long rainy day through this forest-laden State, a State that is still in the pioneer stage. Barring the railroads and the telegraph and telephone accompaniments, Arkansas industrially represents the pioneer period today which Wisconsin and Michigan represented in the 50's. The woodsman's axe is still the most dominant industrial tool, the ox team is in evidence, and little "clearings" stump-ridden, represent the farmer's domain.

At Little Rock I am to speak at the Jewish Temple and the Missionary Chapel of the Universalists, both of them representing pioneer work. The ministers of an open faith are chopping, grubbing and clearing in the theological wilderness, converting swamps into fields and logs into lumber.

Little Rock is on the *qui vive,* getting ready for the National encampment of Confederate Veterans. The announcements promise it to be the greatest event of the kind in the history of Arkansas. Fifty thousand visitors are expected, and the resources of the whole community are being developed on lines of entertainment, decoration, etc. It will be a memorable occasion which, properly utilized, ought to make for the spiritual development of Arkansas. The shortening line of the "Gray" will be dramatic. Their story is pathetic and inspiring. If this line is to be punctuated with the "Blue," and the past is made to contribute its lesson to the future; if what remains of the "last ditch" be filled with flowers, or, better yet, planted with seeds of love, co-operation and national pride ever blooming into international loyalties, the coming of the "Grays" will be a contribution to the future. But if this reunion is to emphasize the provincialism all too much in evidence still in the South, if it is to kindle enthusiasm at the cost of breath and a loyalty that is bounded by local pride and sectional bitterness, it will be an event that will bring little comfort to the old veterans and less growth to the sons and daughters of the same. J. LL. J.

Little Rock, Ark., March 24, 1911.

The Problem of City Congestion

In May, 1910, the Mayor of New York appointed an official committee for the investigation of the problem of congestion, to be known as the New York City Commission on Congestion of Population. Ever since the first day of its appointment, this Commission,—under the leadership of its Chairman, Hon. Jacob A. Cantor, Ex-Borough President of Manhattan, and its Executive Secretary, Mr. Benjamin C. Marsh, a man of great efficiency and untiring energy, —has been actively at work, and has probably come nearer to getting at the bottom of the problem of over-crowding in a great city than has ever been done before. It has studied the existing conditions of congestion in New York, the causes of this congestion, and the effects upon the people who suffer from it; and has also made an exhaustive survey of the methods adopted by other American and foreign cities to prevent congestion. Now, upon the basis of the facts which it has accumulated, it has presented, in an elaborate report to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen, its recommendations for relieving the conditions as they have been found to exist in New York; and has even gone so far as to embody these recommendations in definite proposals for legislation to the Legislature at Albany.

Although the work of this Commission is principally of interest and concern to the citizens of New York, inasmuch as it has confined its studies to the specific problems presented by this one great municipality, there are yet many parts of its report which should be of interest and concern to everybody everywhere. With the rapid multiplication of cities and the astounding increase of city population in America, as evidenced by the census of last year, congestion is no longer a local, but a national, problem. Conditions of over-crowding in New York may be a little worse than they are elsewhere, but the same, or similar, conditions exist not only in the larger, but also in the smaller centers of population in all portions of the country. In other words, congestion is rapidly becoming a national disease, presenting the same symptoms and going back to the same causes. What Mayor Gaynor's Commission, therefore, has discovered in New York applies to a greater or less extent to all the municipalities of the United States; and the recommendations which it presents for the relief of present, and the prevention of future, congestion are possible of application everywhere. This report, therefore, is not so much a report to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of New York, as it is a report to the American people.

It is this fact which persuades me to record in these columns the principal features of this notable document. Most impressive is its statement as to the con-

stant increase of over-crowding in New York City. It points out that in 1905 slightly more than 1-6 of the total population was living below 14th street in Manhattan, or about 1-87th of the city's area; and that in 1910 almost the same proportion of the entire population was established in this area, although the density of these 2,418 acres had increased by 11 2-10 an acre, or a total increased population of 27,165. It shows that last year about 1-13 of the city's population was living at a density of more than 600 to the acre, and about 1-5 at a density of about 25 to the acre. From 1905 to 1910, says the report, the density per acre of Manhattan increased 15 6-10, of the Bronx 6 1-10, of Brooklyn 5 6-10, of Queens 4-10, and of Richmond 3-10, making an average for the entire city of 3 5-10. Some idea of what is possible in the future is given in the statement that the present modern tenement house law, which is still regarded as an advanced piece of legislation, actually permits a density of population of at least 1,300 to the acre; or, as Dr. Walter Laidlaw, Secretary of the New York Federation of Churches, has figured out, a possible population within the borders of the greater city of 253,000,000 of people, a little less than three times the present total population of the entire country! Obviously, with congestion on the increase to this extent, and with so-called "model" tenement house law permitting such development in the future, it is time that some radical action was taken.

The effects of congestion and room-overcrowding are discussed at great length, the report showing bad economic results in increased rents, with resulting poverty and misery; in disease, sweat-shop work, physical and moral breakdown, etc., etc. Especially significant is the assertion that such problems as juvenile delinquency and the high death-rate of infants, are to be explained by overcrowded tenements.

The effects of congestion are more familiar than the causes. I therefore venture to outline these causes in some detail, as stated by the Commission, as follows:

1. Poverty,—which is defined as inability to maintain a reasonable standard of living.
2. Concentration of factories and offices.
3. The recent consolidation of the five boroughs.
4. Intensive use of land.
5. High price of land, due to this intensive use.
6. Lack of control over aliens and citizens.
7. Long hours of work.
8. Cost of transit, and transit policy of the city; since transit has been regarded as a matter to be governed by commercial and not by social considerations.
9. Lack of a definite city plan.
10. The present system of taxation.
11. Failure to prepare land for housing purposes.
12. Methods of public and private charities, especially of private charities.
13. Failure of the city to adopt a policy to direct the people to outlying boroughs.
14. Immigration, and the failure to distribute and control immigrants.

A study of these causes is interesting, as showing how they are of general rather than of particular application, and how they can be speedily removed by wise and progressive legislation. Nothing apparently stands in the way of the partial solution of this problem, as of nearly all other social problems, but the house for the street, and those who choose to remain entrenched power of special privilege.

The recommendations of the Commission constitute the most interesting part of the report, but they are so detailed that it is impossible to give them here. They concern such matters as the volume of a building in relation to the total area of the lot upon which it is erected, the ratio varying for the different sections of the city; the height of a building in relation to the size of the lot upon which it is erected, and the width of the street upon which it stands; the adequate provision of yards and playgrounds and recreation centers; the modification of the present tenement house law, to encourage the construction of model buildings; the prevention of room and apartment overcrowding by imposition of drastic restrictions regarding cubic feet of air space per individual, etc.; the requirement that public placards be posted, showing the number of occupants per room permitted; the securing of a license from the public authorities for permission to take in lodgers; the creation of a Bureau of Occupancy, to be charged with the enforcement of laws against overcrowding; and the rigid control of transit development by the city authorities, so that social and not commercial considerations may determine the action taken. "Transit laws," says the Commission on this last point, "may be used either to congest population or to distribute population,"—a truth which is painfully evident to the citizens of New York!

Now that its report has been presented to the proper authorities, the Commission is undertaking the inauguration of a widely extended campaign of publicity. Mass meetings are to be held everywhere for the presentation of the problem to the citizens, and for an appeal to them for support. A Congestion Sunday is to be appointed for the churches, when the ministers may point out the moral and religious aspects of this stupendous question. Bills embodying all the recommendations of the Commission have already been presented to the Legislature, and the full force of an aroused public sentiment will speedily be put behind them for their passage. It seems probable that New York is to be stirred upon this question as it has not been stirred since Mr. Gilder and Mr. Riis undertook their great campaign in 1894, which resulted in the present tenement-house law. This law is now so in-

adequate, conditions are now so much worse, and the results are so much more wretched, that the time has certainly come for renewed action; and the fortunate appointment of this Commission last year, and the particularly fortunate character of its radical and thoroughgoing report this year, seem calculated to bring this about. The people of the country may well be advised to watch New York. They will see, in the report of this Commission, what congestion really means; and they will also see, in the campaign which is now being opened, what a great city, under wise and consecrated leadership, proposes to do about it.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

THE PULPIT

When There Were No Poor

BY EDWIN A. RUMBALL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

It was not in the happy garden home of which Milton sings, with

"No more toil
Of their sweet gardening labor than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful,"

that we shall look to discover the time when there were no poor. Neither shall we look to Shakespeare's golden world where the only "penaltie of Adam" was "the season's difference," where a

"Life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

It was in no dreamland nor Utopia, nor golden age, and yet it was in a day now gone. Ever since the story of Eden was discredited as history, we have added the disqualifying adverb, "so-called," to all our references to the "good old times," and we have transferred our golden age to the golden future. But some of the days seen by earlier men than ourselves do not deserve to be discredited. We need not be pessimists or reactionaries to turn our eyes away from the horrors of modern destitution to an earlier world and find a humanity and a justice, a peace and a leisure too little known today.

Away in the east of the world there arose some three thousand years ago a little nation which for many centuries produced a type of mind that continually thought of the State in the terms of religion and ethics. At first they said that they did not believe in human kings or earthly courts. God was their king, and the earth his footstool. They proclaimed a little theocracy and even after they had chosen one of their number to act as king over them, the vision of a God of righteousness as the chief ruler of the nation never left them. That people no longer exists as a nation. The children of their great prophets and God-inspired politicians now live in Russia, in London's Whitechapel and on the east side of New York. And though we oft unjustly think of them as concerned only for the dollar which perishes, there are not wanting among them hundreds of thousands who yet dream of a day when again there will be no poor. Yes, it was Israel that first made humanitarianism the starting point of legislation. Israel gave birth to an era when there were no poor. Once in Israel's history a new social order was more than a dream. Once the dream came true. Some seven hundred years before our era, there came to this little Eastern land a group of wonderful preachers. They were men of the people, but men who became the counsellors of kings and king's denouncers. Year after year they proclaimed "God is holy, so shall his people be." Amos came with the wrath of righteousness for those who "sold the righteous for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes." Listen to him: "Forasmuch as ye trample on the poor, and take exactions from him of wheat, ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them." He turns on those who are at ease in Zion and shows us a God heartbroken at the injustice of religious people, a God who says, "I hate, I despise your feasts, and I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies." Following Amos comes Isaiah with his just as ardent pleadings:

"Cease to do evil, learn to do well;
Seek justice, relieve the oppressed;
Judge the fatherless and plead for the widow,
For these are the things that I delight in, saith the Lord."

Then, last of all, the just as earnest Micah, who to the rich or proud merchants whose religion was burnt offerings, "thousands of rams and ten thousand rivers of oil," he has but one unalterable message, "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God." We do not know whether the minds of these great prophets framed the new laws, but we feel sure that the Deuteronomic laws that Josiah put into effect were vitally connected with the preaching of these men. The sermon became law. To trample on the poor became crime. To neglect the widow and the oppressed was no longer unpunished. With the new prophetic law, old rights passed away and new duties were recognized. We have all read this wonderful law book from our childhood, but because our childhood knew not the age to which it belonged, because we thought it was only a Utopian dream of Moses, we never accepted it seriously. But the law which abolished poverty was an enforced law, and instead of being the hope of Moses, it was the platform of the prophets, every plank of which Josiah tried to obey for the people. Athanasius, Chrysostom and Jerome felt this might be so in their day. The scholars of the Bible are today well assured that the mysteriously discovered Temple book that wrought such changes in Israel was the old Deuteronomy, which we had thought written in an earlier day. Here are some of the old laws:

The poor man could take from the fields of his wealthy neighbor corn for himself and none forbid. It was criminal for the owner to gather the last sheaves from his fields. These must be left for the less fortunate.

No creditor was allowed to take millstone or garments from a debtor.

Each day's pay must be paid before sunset. Every stranger and immigrant should receive justice and kindness. "Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in Egypt."

All ownership of property was open to communal rights. Every seven years the land was common, and the produce was shared and shared alike to immigrant as well as to native.

All debts were legally cancelled at the seventh year, and the slave received his fredom. The law was even careful to say that if a man came for a loan just before the Sabbatical year, it should not be refused him.

All this is in the old law book and was put into force by Josiah to make his country "high above all nations." The prophet had gone into politics and the beggar was no more in the land.

To realize the radical nature of some of these laws we should translate them into modern terms. This is how they might read:

It shall not be a theft for the starving man to take bread from the wealthy who possess it. It shall not be counted wrong for the unemployed workman to come to part of his rich neighbor's lands and till them for the sustenance of his family.

No creditor can take the tools of a debtor or accept a man's clothes in pawn.

Each man shall receive the full amount of his hire. If a master retains a servant's wage for a month's work done, when it is paid, interest should be added.

Every Italian, Slav and Negro and other "strangers in the land" shall receive from us the same consideration and goodwill that we give to those who are of our own family.

All property rights shall be secondary, all human rights primary. Every seven years the produce of land and industries of all kinds and all wealth-producing plants shall be common. Share and share alike, even to the immigrant "at our gates."

Every mortgage on farm and home shall be cancelled every seventh year, that the poor and struggling, the unfortunate and even the neglectful and lazy, may have new opportunity, fresh courage, that poverty of food and shelter may pass from the land and this country be "high above all nations." The suicidal nature of such economics we can state presently; we have simply translated the laws for better understanding, the better later to appreciate the spirit that framed them.

Plato has written in his Republic:

"Until philosophers are kings, and the princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, cities will never cease from ill —no, nor the human race, as I believe—and then only will our state have a possibility of life and see the light of day."

Well, the world has had its philosopher kings, Marcus Aurelius was one, but the Greek Utopia did not come. The great politician, if he would abolish ill from the world, must be a prophet far more than a philosopher. Once in history the king was "among the prophets," and for some thirty-five years—seven Sabbatical years—slaves were freed, debts were cancelled, lost farms restored, the widow and fatherless not suffered to want, and the worth of a human soul placed far above property rights. So far as the customs and conditions of the age allow, for these years we may say there were no poor. It was not long enough perhaps to demonstrate the wisdom of a prophetic administration. It came to an end because Josiah had political plans that had little of the righteous spirit of the prophets in them. At the battle of Megiddo, perhaps with the sad illusion of earthly rewards of righteousness in his eyes, he came to his end, and his happy nation was led into captivity.

But those years of humane legislation and administration were not destroyed. The people made them the foundation of a great civic and social vision. They believed that again a day would come when there would be no poor. Read the visions and judgments of "the great unknown prophet" of the Exile, whose words ring today from every modern pulpit with the meaning of centuries in their tone:

"Behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth;
And the former things shall not be remembered, nor come to mind . . .
The people shall build houses and inhabit them,
They shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them,
They shall not build and another inhabit,
They shall not plant and another eat, . . .
They shall not labor in vain."

These are the words of a people who had known an era of righteous laws and the confidence of their vision was founded on the experience of the past. If we had time we might be able to show how this vision was one of the most vital factors in producing the Christ ideal. Prophet and people carried it over the years in their hearts, until in the narrower conditions of early Christian days, they again tried to revive those thirty-five years. However the new conditions limited their practice, they preached the old laws. Augustine tells us that it is criminal usurpation to own more than is needful; Cyprian says that the man who imitates God is he who shares his profits and his fruits. Nearly all the early fathers sound again the evangel of the years when there were no poor. Their minds must have obtained the news and their hearts the inspiration from but one age, the days of Josiah when as never before in history nor since, the prominent place was given to laws of justice for widow, orphan and stranger, and even cattle and birds. What can we learn from it all? He would be a rash man who would incorporate the Book of Deuteronomy into our Constitution. Its very best methods are open to criticism, but this is largely because the years were few, as Bryce would say, for amendment, usage and interpretation, to develop it. We cannot be content to learn nothing, for the destitution of the modern civilized world is such that it is hard to imagine how any previous civilization could have been worse. Medical editors commenting on the chronic mal-nutrition of the English poor, are telling us that the poorer class in this country is on the same verge, but why recite the weary sad facts, which with darkness and dread, only add to our sense of helplessness! Our concern is not with the disease, but with the remedy. We have for it all but one cure. Primarily, it is not an economic nor a political cure, but a religion that will use economics and politics. Give us one hundred years with the civilized world listening to an Amos, a Micah and an Isaiah, and it will not be long before Congresses and Parliaments will hear that a new and wonderful law book has been discovered which will abolish the misery of all economic ills. If the manhood of the poor is ever again to be more sacred than the property of the rich, it must come by the increase of manhood! These are the days when Leagues for Social Justice sometimes err and speak of the foolishness of preaching, and the days have come when we look most to the election of this party, or the formation of that platform. But poverty is a curse which only righteousness will abolish. Let us heartily give all the economic relief and justice that we can, but there is a poverty that no economic justice can cure. Tolstoy writes somewhere, "The present position which we, the educated and well-to-do classes occupy, is that of the Old Man of the Sea, riding on the Poor Man's back, only, unlike the Old Man of the Sea, we are very, very sorry for the poor man." In a semi-sarcastic strain Tolstoy goes on to tell how we will do anything for the poor man, give him charity and good advice, anything but get off his back. But will poverty be abolished if the rich man gets off the

poor man's back, assuming that Tolstoy is right? Who put the rich man on? Who keeps him on? Who will climb there if he dismounts? Let us be the last to deny that oppression and injustice have no connection with poverty. They have, but let any one familiar with the poor and their poverty, tell the other side, the sad, hard fact that there are personal reasons for poverty which only the incoming of righteousness can cure. Thousands of men are poor because they have not *the character to* be otherwise. This does not mean that only the rich have character, but that poverty and its misery are linked with moral defects, and while these may be also—indeed, are always—in those who exploit, they are in those, too often, who are exploited. We have said that the laws of 620 B. C., would not cure the poverty of today, but the spirit of those laws could do wonders. When in our industries and politics we recognize that the most pitiful child laborer or the most degraded and exploited worker is equal in moral importance in the eyes of God to our greatest statesman or captain of industry, when our churches and ministers think more of righteousness than of "solemn assemblies," then again the day will come when there will be no more poor and no more rich, for the millionaire will disappear with the pauper. "And now what doth the Lord require of *thee,* but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him and serve him with all thy heart and with all thy soul. For the Lord thy God is God of Gods, Lord of Lords, Great, Glorious and Mighty, who regardeth no persons, nor taketh a reward, he doth execute justice for the poor, the fatherless and the widow and the immigrants in the land." This was religion from life, not books, nor creeds, and such a religion can have but one result, a social reconstruction, a democracy of God!

FAME'S BEGINNINGS

There grows a brier of humble, lowly name.
(Men call it Duty)
Unlovely, rusty as some trodden weed,
Which, tended rightly, given of its need,
Bursts into beauty
Outrivaling the fairest with its flame.

None can gainsay truths all the world must know,
Though oft unheeding,
Nor fail to see that many a ruthless heel
Treads down frail star-flowers in the dust. We feel
Too joyed with speeding
To train the helpless wights that hinder so.

Yet not in vain did you sense power to hold,
Reach for the glitter,
And, striving, over the spurned bramble slip
That spread detaining fingers. So to trip
And rise, were fitter
Than unrestrained to chase the shimmering gold.

Soft comes the glory! Scare it seems the same
Your careless shoe pressed;
Stooping, you thought it dead, nor knew wise heed
Resuscitates (but not with tears indeed,
Sunless like smiles best!)
Grown rose-sweet now, men wondering call it Fame.

La Habra, Cal.

SUSANNA DRAKE BISHOP.

I heard a robin singing in the rain,
Its bird-soul pleading low. Again, again,
It called to those sore-spent with Life's dull sting
To open their soul-windows to the spring.
Surely it seemed those vibrant notes might lend
Fresh courage. —*Mary Baldwin.*

Abstract of Lecture on Lloyd's "The Swiss Sovereign"

The little Swiss democracy is more suggestive to Americans than they are accustomed to think. We suffer from an exaggerated idea of our bigness today, and think because Switzerland is small the conditions are not analogous. The fact is, the obstacles in the way of democracy in Switzerland are greater than in the United States. The advantages the Swiss have are those of neutrality, involving the absence of international complications and a long experience, dating back in three of the cantons to 1291. It must be remembered, however, that the mountains of Switzerland separate these 25 cantons by barriers almost impassable during the larger part of the year; that there are four languages dividing the people and deep historic religious differences. There is also the same antagonism of urban and rural populations which we experience. A homogeneous people like ourselves, even though distributed over a wide area, will find, perhaps are finding, it a very simple matter to adopt the Swiss experiments as they prove their success.

The unit of Swiss government is the commune. One is a citizen of the commune first, of the canton next, and of the confederation last of all. Thus there is a much more intense local feeling than in America, fostered by the possession of common property by most of the communes. Yet when it is necessary to have cantonal or federal legislation the Swiss have developed home rule for each geographical area. So the construction and management of railroads and legislation for the control of industries have been made federal by popular vote, while in America we have not one single railway system which spans the continent and our laws for the regulation of railways and factories are so restricted by state lines as to be disadvantageous to capitalists, workingmen and the public. While the nationalization of the railways in Switzerland was not so gigantic an undertaking as it would be in the United States, it was the result of a generation-long agitation, wisely and patiently conducted.

The unification of the transportation system, brought about in this way, is not only as far superior to the unification of transportation in Chicago as the size of the area naturally indicates, but is completely suggestive of the method which will have to be employed in the United States. Commerce, industry and civilization are thus retarded by the absurd divisions into the innumerable companies of steam transportation in America.

The Swiss have also nationalized the alcohol trade, with great economic and moral consequences, again demonstrating the possibility of overcoming local jealousies when the people participate intelligently in the government. The localities have shown their capacity to deal with their own affairs, with much greater extension of municipal ownership than is found in America, due again to the superior intelligence of the citizen.

It is not possible to follow this sagacious and profitable extension of public functions without coming to the conclusion that it is not only consistent

with, but primarily in consequence of, the educational effect of the referendum and initiative. Parties are inconsequential in Switzerland because the people override them, hence their representatives represent.

Mr. Lloyd has performed an invaluable service by his posthumous work on Switzerland, in showing, as he says, "that the party system inevitably withers under the growth of direct democracy. If the vote of the entire people must confirm every important and contested act, if the people can force any measure to the test of a popular vote which has legislative validity, the despotism of the machine is broken, and party, abandoning the preposterous position it has usurped, resumes its modest place as a loose voluntary association of like-minded citizens working for a common policy which is wider and more continuous than that of separate leagues that devote themselves to ripening some one concrete proposal for legislative action."

In addition to all these barriers to the expression of the popular will, the voter is supposed to record himself through the party system, which is not provided for in the constitution, was not designed by its authors, and has therefore been captured by the same class of powerful interests which were supposed to be adequately protected by the constitution. Professor Smith says: "Under any government which makes fullest provision for the political party, as in the English system of today, the party has not only the power to elect but the power to remove those who are entrusted with the execution of its policies. Having this complete control of the government it cannot escape responsibility for failure to carry out the promises by which it secured a majority at the polls."

It is common to hold the masses responsible for misgovernment in this country, but, in fact, the constitution both originally and in its development and interpretation has successfully insured minority rule, so that never in the history of the United States has the majority in state or nation been represented. The result has been that instead of the interests of the masses the property classes have controlled government, with the result that legislation has not only lagged behind that found in the more democratic governments of Europe, but the people have failed to secure political education, which the citizens of most enlightened countries enjoy.

Boss rule is accepted as the characteristic of American government, in the face of the constant assertion of the general intelligence of our citizens. Under the pressure of economic necessity, the people are beginning to demand a voice in their own affairs, which accounts for the insurgent movements of the day. Arising chiefly in the west, where tradition is not so strong, they are still met by apathy and superstition, supported by the experienced representatives of special privilege and bolstered up by the restrictions of the constitution. Under these circumstances, the repeated successes of the individuals and organizations which demand a more direct representation of the people, are exceedingly hopeful for the future of America.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

Announcement and Program of the Third Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals in New York City, April 26, 27 and 28, 1911

The sessions of the congress will be held in the Church of the Divine Paternity (Universalist), W. 76th street; the Friends' Meeting House, W. 15th street (Stuyvesant Square), and at the Cooper Union.

Statement of Purpose.

The purpose of the Federation is to promote the religious life by united testimony for sincerity, freedom and progress in religion, by social service, and a fellowship of the spirit beyond the lines of sect and creed.

Participation in the federation will leave each individual responsible for his own opinions alone, and affect in no degree his relations with other religious bodies or schools of thought.

President, Henry W. Wilbur, 140 N. 15th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

General secretary, Charles W. Wendte, D. D., 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass., to whom communications may be addressed.

Treasurer, Henry Justice, 122 S. Front street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Executive committee, Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D., Boston, Mass., editor "Universalist Leader;" Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, D. D., Brotherhood House, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., president American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Hugo Eisenlohr, pastor German Evangelical Church, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. George H. Ferris, D. D., pastor First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa; Prof. George B. Foster, Ph. D., University of Chicago; Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D., minister Church of the Divine Paternity, New York; President Frederick W. Hamilton, D. D., Tufts College, Massachusetts; Miss Susan W. Janney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.; Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D., Keneseth Israel Congregation, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. J. Clarence Lee, pastor Church of the Restoration (Universalist), Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Henry Mottet, D. D., rector Church of the Holy Communion, New York; Edwin D. Mead, Peace Foundation, Boston, Mass.; Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., East Hampton, Long Island, N. Y.; Rabbi David Philipson, B'ne Israel Congregation, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. Charles E. St. John, pastor First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia; Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, director Summer School of Ethics; Rev. J. J. Summerbell, D. D., Dayton, Ohio; Rev. Carl A. Vose, pastor Smithfield Street German Evangelical Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. J. B. Weston, D. D., president Christian Biblical Institute, Defiance, Ohio; S. Burns Weston, director Ethical Society, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D., foreign secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and president Free Religious Association of America, Boston, Mass.; Henry W. Wilbur, general secretary of the Committee for Advancement of Friends' Principles, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Fellowship of the Spirit

We have grown up under different influences. We bear different names. . . . . Diversities of opinion may incline us to worship under different roofs, or diversities of tastes or habit to worship with different forms. But . . . . we may still honor and love and rejoice in one another's spiritual life and progress as truly as we were cast into one and the same unyielding form. . . . . In many great truths, in those which are most quickening, purifying, and consoling, we all, I hope, agree. There is a common ground of practice aloof from all controversy, on which we may all meet. We may unite hearts and hands in common good, in fulfilling God's purposes of love towards our race, in toiling and suffering for the cause of humanity, in spreading intelligence, freedom and virtue, in making God known for the reverence, love and imitation of his creatures, in resisting the abuse and corruptions of past ages, in exploring and drying up the sources of poverty, in rescuing the fallen from intemperance, in succoring the orphan and widow, in enlightening and elevating the depressed portion of the community, in breaking the yoke of the oppressed and enslaved, in exposing and withstanding the spirit and horrors of war, in sending God's word to the ends of the earth, in redeeming the world from sin and woe. . . . . May this universal charity descend on us and possess our hearts; may our narrowness, exclusiveness, and bigotry melt away!—*William Ellery Channing.*

The National Federation of Religious Liberals was organized at Philadelphia, Dec. 2, 1908, at a private conference of representative liberal religious thinkers and social workers of the United States. Its purpose is to unify and concentrate the forces which make for religious sincerity, freedom, tolerance, and progress in America, and bring them, so far as may be, into council and co-operation concerning the spiritual and ethical interests they possess in common. In a sense, this federation may be considered as the offspring of the International Congress of Religious Liberals, with which it is affiliated, and whose liberalizing and reconciling influence it is intended to conserve and further in the American community.

The federation holds, from time to time, alternately with the International Congress referred to, extended public meetings of religious liberals in centers of American thought and life, at which united and earnest testimony is given in behalf of the great universal affirmations of the moral and religious life. It seeks to increase the faith of free and reasoning men in the underlying principles of pure religion held in the spirit of perfect liberty; to foster the sentiments of tolerance and good-will, both religious and racial, in the community; and to promote a fellowship of the spirit based on religious character and conduct, and not on creed and rite.

Furthermore, the federation labors for social reform and good citizenship. It strives for the awakening of the public conscience, the promotion of social justice, and a better performance of social service and obligation. The approved institution of human society—the family, the school, the church, and the state—in their ideal aspects receive its homage and support. The federation co-operates with every agency which endeavors to uplift the national character and to invigorate it with ethical and social aims.

Program of the Third Congress, New York City, April 26-28, 1911.

General theme, "Unity and the Way to It."

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in Unity!—*Psalm* 133, 1.

Wednesday evening, April 26, 7:30 o'clock, at the Church of the Divine Paternity, 76th street and Central Park, West.

Religious services conducted by the pastor, Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D.

I. Topic, Religious Unity. Henry Wilbur presiding.

1. The Catholic Idea. One Church. Rev. J. Howard Melish, rector Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn.

2. The Protestant Idea. One Faith. Rev. Francis Brown, D. D., president Union Theological Seminary, New York.

3. The Liberal Christian Idea. One Spirit. Rev. S. A. Eliot, D. D., president American Unitarian Association, Boston.

4. The Jewish Idea, One Humanity. Rabbi Joseph Silbemann, Temple Emanu-El, New York.

Thursday, April 27, 9:30 a. m. at Church of the Divine Paternity. Annual meeting of the Federation. Presidential address, Henry Wilbur; secretarial report, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D.; treasurer's report, Henry Justice. Testimonies. New business. Discussion: "How can we best promote religious liberality and a broader fellowship?" led by Rev. J. Clarence Lee, D. D., of Philadelphia.

(Lunch may be obtained in the restaurant of the Museum of Natural History, 77th street, and at hotels near by.)

Thursday, April 27, 2 p. m., at Church of the Divine Paternity.

II. Topic: Industrial Unity.

1. Co-operation (Profit-sharing, etc.)

2. Socialization (Socialism), Miss Vida D. Scudder, professor Wellesley College.

3. Arbitration and Conciliation. Rev. Charles Stelzle, New York, secretary Department of Church and Labor, Presbyterian Church of the U. S.

4. The Trade Agreement from the Standpoint of Organized Labor. Henry Frayne, general organizer of the American Federation of Labor, New York.

Discussion.

Thursday, April 27, at 8 p. m., in Cooper Union, Cooper square at intersection of Third and Fourth avenues. Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, New York, presiding.

III. Topic: National Unity.

1. National Control and the National Welfare. Henry L. Stimson, Esq., New York.

2. The States and the Federal Union. Dean Henry Wade Rogers, law department Yale University.

3. Unity in Legislation. Ex-Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., Boston.

Discussion.

Friday, April 28, 9:30 a. m., at Friends Meeting House, 221 East 15th street (Stuyvesant square, near 3d avenue).

IV. Topic: International Unity.

1. Arbitration of Differences and Reduction of Armaments. Edwin D. Mead, Boston.

2. Reciprocity in Trade. Tariff Revision. Fair Trade. Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, McVicker professor of political economy at Columbia University and president of Society of Ethical Culture.

(Lunch and supper may be obtained in the restaurant connected with the Friends' Meeting House, at 35 cents each.

Friday, April 27, 2 p. m., at Friends' Meeting House.

V. Topic: Racial Unity.

1. The Problem of the American Negro. Oswald Garrison Villard, editor New York Evening Post.

2. The Hebrew people not a race or a nationality, but a religious community. Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, Philadelphia.

3. The Unity of Occidental and Oriental Races. Rev. Gilbert Reid, Lutes national Institute of China.

Discussion.

Friday, April 28, 8 p. m., at the Friends' Meeting House.

Platform meeting, Henry Wilbur presiding. Addresses on Religious Unity and Interdenominational Co-operation. Seven minute addresses by members of the following and other religious bodies: Baptist, Congregationalist, Christian, Episcopalian, Ethical Culture, Friend, German Evangelical, Independent, Jewish, Presbyterian, Universalist, Unitarian. The speakers to be announced.

Endeavoring to keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.—*Eph.* IV., 3.

Transition

It is my wish that when this body dies cremation may convert it into ashes and that from some high mountain you scatter them to mingle with the star-dust. I want no form or thought of mourning. No cold decaying substance left for worms to feed upon. Let the sky become my grave. No flowers will bedeck it, yet every living bloom will be your tribute.

A grave in the blue depth of the sunlit day and amid the twinkling stars of night will seem to you but as a portal to that wondrous land where I await you. A land where the sun shines always and sunshine is the radiance of God's love.

We do not die, dear heart, for love is life.

DONALD FULLER.

A Call for Pictures

EDITOR UNITY:

If there are any of your readers who have pictures suitable for hanging on the walls of school buildings, whether these pictures are new or old, which they would like to contribute to this institution, we would be very glad to receive them. If the pictures are not framed our students can frame them in our industrial department.

Good pictures, we find, serve a very high purpose in educating our students. Pictures can be sent by mail or express, addressed to

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

In the Cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, is the following inscription:

Thus speaketh Christ, our Lord, to us:
"Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and seek me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not."

THE STUDY TABLE

Summer Books

From the Macmillan Company I have something really worth the while. Readers of UNITY may remember what I had to say about John Uhl, a novel now two years old, from the pen of Gustav Frenssen. It remains the one unequaled novel of the last five years, certainly unrivaled by any German novel. This author has now given us Klaus Hinrich Baas, and it is full worthy to stand beside its predecessor. It represents the upward pull of a boy stranded in early life by conditions but having a good heredity, at least on one side. The story is delightful because of its thoroughness. The long, dashing strokes of an American writer have no place here. The youngster and his life are analyzed, and into the painting comes that fine comprehension of motive and character which few writers are capable of managing. It is one of those books that will last you a long while, and I will tell you why. It is because every word weighs, and as you read you cannot afford to skip words. Most novels you read by the page, a page-ful at a gulp; but a novel of this sort is full of life clear to the tips of the letters. It is a book that grows on you page by page until it becomes absorbing. Read it.

The *Hibbert Journal* is a masterful affair, and I am specially pleased with the January number for this year. "Theology and the Subconscious" is worth the cost of the magazine for a year. "The Theology of Laughter" is good; but no better than half a dozen other articles. In fact this magazine stands for just about the best sort of modern progress.

The *American Magazine* is as good as any that comes from the press, and that we say without discriminating against at least a dozen very good magazines. John Phillips, the editor and publisher, is made up in a way to control everything about him, but generally his control involves the loyalty of a splendid set of helpers. In the March number you will find a succession of tip-top articles. The *Outing Magazine* for March gives the last of my series of Country Life, which is to come out in book form immediately. I should like to have you read Dr. Woods Hutchinson's discussion of "Occupation and Exercise." There is of course plenty for those who like sporting in any of its forms.

The *Technical World Magazine* and the *Literary Digest* I class together as invaluables; one of them giving us a well edited review of the world's sayings and the other doing the same for the world's doings. Both of them are edited admirably. The *Survey* would probably come into this group, as a review of reform of all sorts—sane and accurate. It discusses social work, playgrounds, good roads, labor legislation, crime and its cure, and throws a lot of side light on our churches.

E. P. I.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

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$2.00 PER ANNUM

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO

For some years past I bave had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested, or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewbere for the education and upbuilding of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an International Conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Africa, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and belpful also in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this Conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Arfica.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and tbe countries of South America, will decide to attend this Conference. Especially is it urged that missionaries and other workers in these varions countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the Conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to wbat might be done to make the work of the Conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of tbe Conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Principal Tuskegee Institute, Alabama,

ROCHESTER SOCIAL CENTERS ARE CLOSED

Rochester gave this entire country a great idea when Edward J. Ward showed its people bow to use their school houses. To set up every school house as a temple of democracy was a mission able to call forth the enthusiastic consecration of the true but also the bitterest opposition of those who love not freedom and light. Rocbester for a while is in the hands of these last, and on March the first its school houses were closed to the people. The clubs are searching for down-town club rooms. The young men have left the light and warmth of the school house for the street, and those who choose to remain must pay rent.

From the day that the significance of this movement was understood by the politicians, they planned and worked for its death. But a city cannot go to sleep as long as it is "kicking against the pricks." And the civic gloom which the mayor and his reactionaries have cast for the moment over the enthusiasm of the citizens who are most alive will lift and the people lift themselves to the imperishableness and omnipotenee of tbe idea which opened the school house door to the people to come in and discuss all their ideals and realities in sincerity. In these days when it is often reported that Pittsburg and Philadelphia are "rotten to the core," it is well to pause and ask ourselves whether there is any more truth in such slurs than in the extravagant eulogy that speaks of Rochester as the most progressive city in the country.

E. A. R.

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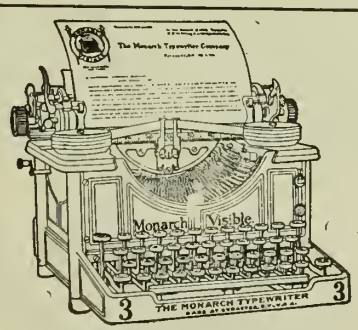

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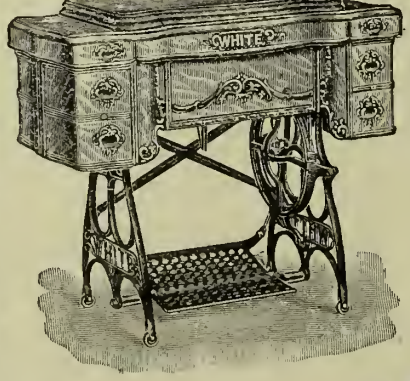

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UNITY

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For all the bonds shall be broken and rent in sunder,
And the soul of man go free.

* * * * * *

And the road runs east, and the road runs west,
That his vagrant feet explore;
And he knows no haste and he knows no rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest
Than the miles he trod before;
And his heart leaps high in the nascent year
When he sees the purple buds appear;
For he knows, though the great black frost may blight
The hope of May in a single night,
That the spring, though it shrink back under the bark,
And bides its time somewhere in the dark—
Though it come not now to its blossoming,
By the thrill in his heart he knows the spring;
And the promise it makes perchance too soon,
It shall keep with its roses yet in June;
For the ages fret not over a day,
And the greater tomorrow is on its way.

—*Richard Hovey, in "Spring."*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1911. NUMBER 6.

There are three great spirits at work creating the world that is and that is to be: The spirit of scientific investigation, that will know nothing but the truth; the spirit of democratic revolution, which will trust no one but the people; the spirit of social evolution, which will call no man common or unclean. If the churches wish for influence in the world that is and is to be, they must master these spirits and make them their own. The churches must become scientific, democratic, and socialistic. And, if they do so, then the churches will merge into the church and the church will no longer be separate from the state, nor the state from the church, but these two will be one flesh.

—*Rev. A. S. Crapsey.*

Captain Marston Smith, an undergraduate of the Hyde Park High School, writes in the school paper, in "Advice to Freshmen:"

Make a record in the class as well as on the field. That's the kind of men that make a school famous. Hyde Park has the reputation of being one of the best high schools in the country, and it is not the athlete that established it, but the student. Good athletics go to make school life more pleasant, but remember that the school is not the field. If you can be an athlete and a student, that's what we want. If you can't be both, be the latter. There is no honor for you in being an athlete and "flunking" your studies. You can be an athletic student if you care to work toward that end. What athletics are for is to show the world that there are some fellows in it who have enough vim to do a little work. As a closing remark I would say, keep up the good work you have started, and make yourselves "landmarks" in the best high school in the country.

"There is no wealth but life," wrote an inspired father of lawgivers to be. How tragically, how piteously those words were illumined by the horrible holocaust in New York City, in which more than a hundred persons, mostly women, lost their lives in a burning waist-factory. Poor exits, left locked by neglect, tell the tale of a conflagration started by a cigarette with a fire at one end and a dunce at the other. Care had been taken to save money, but no care, apparently, to save life. Only landlord greed makes such fire-traps possible, and there the blame must rest. What a flash-light picture of the horn-eyed stupidity of petty greed, too blind to see its own failure, and the woe which it entails. But if it served to make a giddy-paced city pause and think, it will not have been in vain—yet what a frightful waste of human wealth!

In face of evidence as clear as it could well be, another jury acquits a man charged with bribery growing out of the election of William Lorimer to the Senate from Illinois. Although half a dozen men admitted they received bribes and proved their admission by other evidence against themselves, the jury would not believe them. Jurors are picked from the body of the people, and their verdicts are symptomatic of the consciencelessness of the average man, who seems to hold that a man who takes a bribe is reprehensible only when he tells about it. No doubt it is a hard thing to say, but many are saying it, that all the exposure of the last six years has had the effect of making men accept dishonesty as the rule rather than the exception. Surely that is going too far, but for consistent dishonesty we seem to have the ancient Greeks "beaten to a frazzle." If things are ever to be any better, we must begin by seeing the shame for exactly what it is, and calling it by its right name.

William Winter, greatest of all dramatic critics, writing in the current *Harper's Weekly,* pays his respects to sex-obsessed drama in general, and to the Wilstach version of Anatole France's "Thais" in particular. He writes without mercy and without mincing words, stung to "disgust at a garish spectacle of vice, and nausea because of the sickening, impudent pretence of morality with which it is attired." Since it has been scientifically estimated that one-third of the time allotted to human life is absorbed, in one way or another, in consideration of sex, he argues that there is no need of directing the public mind in that direction. After reading the article, written with force, fire and charm, one can guess why the theatrical managers of New York did not rest until they secured the removal of Winter from the staff of the *Tribune.* If we join with this scathing criticism the timely article in the March *Atlantic,* by Mr. Winsor, entitled "Boys and the Theater," we may perhaps divine one reason why the dean of dramatic critics, who is also the Plutarch of the stage, feels so deeply and writes so plainly.

In the recently received report of Harvard University, Dean Briggs speaks of the attitude of some parents in matters of college discipline. A young man had failed in enough of his studies to make separation from his college course a matter of serious considera-

tion, and his father had therefore been called into consultation with the college authorities. When the case had been laid before him, the father, himself a college graduate, said that his son had been a source of great satisfaction to him in his college career: he had been a member of the crew and the football team, and had been prominent in other athletic and social activities. "Of course," he added, "I am sorry he did not make his promotion." In one of the Chicago High Schools a boy was detected stealing books and selling them at a near-by bookstore. His mother, in pleading against the suspension of the boy, said that the books, being in a bookcase, had no apparent owner, and therefore that the boy thought it would do no har mto anyone if he took them. Further, she said that boys of this day and generation needed more money than she could supply and that this was another reason for taking the books. Comment on either of the foregoing incidents would seem superfluous.

"By holiness do we not mean something different from virtue? It is not the same as duty; still less is it the same as religious belief. **It is a name** for an inner grace of nature, an instinct of the soul, by which, though knowing of earthly appetites and worldly passions, the spirit, purifying itself of these, and independent of all reason, argument and the fierce struggles of the will, dwells in living, patient and confident communion with the seen and the unseen Good."

So John Morley defines what may well be the ideal and aim of the Lenten season, equally for those who follow the ecclesiastical calendar and those who do not. This is what Lent implies and involves, if it be taken seriously,—an aspiration for a more vivid, inner instinct and grace of the soul, a willingness to sacrifice physical comfort, if only for a brief time, to spiritual ends. While we may reject the ascetic theory as mistaken, we dare not therefore think scornfully of those devout men and women who have used such austerities for self-discipline and self-conquest. Small wonder that men in our day have so little real faith, so dim a sense of the Unseen, since they take so little time and pains to keep alive in them those quiet and solemn experiences out of which vision grows.

"It is good to be last, not first,
  Pending the present distress;
It is good to hunger and thirst,
  So it be for righteousness.
It is good to spend and be spent,
  It is good to watch and pray;
Life and Death make a goodly Lent,
  So it leads to Easter Day."

After forty years as a school teacher in Chicago, Miss Charlotte Bailey retires, reluctantly, because of ill health, with a fair share of material goods,—enough, with the pension which Chicago pays, to live upon; an unabated interest in life; a host of happy memories; warm ties of friendship and unquenched enthusiasm. If any one is disposed to pity such a lot, let him read the interview with Miss Bailey, by Helen Bennett, in the *Record-Herald*, and he will be set to pondering how he may invest his own life with equal fruitfulness and joy. From September, 1878, to March 27, 1911, has been the period of her service, and naturally she has seen many changes in the school-life of Chicago. Nor do the schools of today, so different from those of thirty years ago, in all respects command her regard. But she has no regrets for her years of teaching, knowing right well that they will bear rich harvests far down the future, and her work has paid because it has brought her joy.

Of course it has paid. I loved my work. It is the greatest work in the world. We are not building for to-day, but for eternity. You should know my boys and girls. You should see how good they are to me. . . . The loss to-day in the public schools is to be found in the absence of personal contact between teacher and pupil. When I first taught in Chicago, I knew every one of my boys and girls. Now I do not know even the names of more than half of them. This over-crowding of the schools has other bad results, too . . . The greatest change I notice in the school children since I came to the city is their growing lack of morals. Now, that is not their fault. You can't make children moral by talking morals to them. To-day they see and hear and learn so much of deceit and of unfairness and of graft. It is too bad.

The New "Unity Hymns and Chorals"

Before the violets have gone, if not before they come in these north-lying latitudes, the new "Unity Hymns and Chorals" which Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Gannett have been preparing, will probably be ready. It is a much revised and enlarged form of the hymn-book of the same name, published thirty years ago. That book was a child of the West and served the need of many western liberal churches; some of which may like to hear a fore-word about its successor.

During the thirty years the rising faith has voiced itself in many ways, and not least significantly in new and noble hymns. Mainly from these recent hymns, but also from fresh gleanings in the older fields, the present selection is made. Of its three hundred and thirty-five hymns, one hundred and forty-eight are new to this revision; and of its hundred and fifteen tunes, seventy-three are new to it. The "Service Elements"—which are only "elements," not full "services," of worship—fill about fifty pages; they comprise "Openings," "Choral Responses," "Thanksgivings," "Prayers," "Benedictions" and "Choral Sentences;" and most of these are also new.

The tunes, with few exceptions, have long been familiar to the congregations. Most of them are common to many of the better hymn-books, and have been chosen partly by that test of excellence. The cut-leaf feature of the old book is retained; this device, with some undoubted drawbacks, having approved itself apparently to most of the churches that used, or are still using, the former book. With each hymn the one or two tunes that seem best to interpret it are indicated.

As before, the hymns reflect the religious feelings underlying what is called the Liberal Faith,—feelings of moral longing and consecration, of dependence on the One in All, of childlike trust in the Eternal Goodness, of happy thankfulness for life, of warm communion between man and man in brotherhood, and between the child-soul and the indwelling Father Soul. No one who knows the singers of the rising faith will be surprised to find many hymns written by a comparatively small group of kindred writers,—such men as Whittier, Samuel Longfellow and John Chadwick. Whittier's unexhausted quarry has yielded several new hymns; and Chadwick's list is much enlarged, mainly from the book of "Later Poems" that he left nearly ready when he passed away. And the book owes no little of its special value to the strong compulsion which one of the two editors, after consultation with friends, exercised over the other editor's reluctance in insisting on the inclusion of a large number of Mr. Hosmer's own hymns, some of them wholly new. There are not so many hymns of Duty, Brotherhood and Service as had been hoped for,—mainly because such hymns, in singing and poetic forms, are not yet many in the world; but there is a larger proportion than is usual. There are many herald songs of the Good-to-Be; many touched with a sense of the wonder and beauty of Nature; and many suffused with the thought and feeling, without the name, of God, that some may call "poems" rather than "hymns." The editors believe that "hymns" are likely to broaden their scope in this direction, and, in so broadening, to grow more poetic and more beautiful.

The Unity Publishing Company at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, will be the publishers. With more than twice as many pages as the book of thirty years ago, and under the conditions of publication in these days, the price must needs be higher than it was before; but it will still be low,—probably fifty or sixty cents. The editors have had in mind, all through, the small society rather than the large, and the singing congregation rather than the expert choir. They hope that, even more than the old book, the new one will win enduring love, and deserve its new sub-title, "A Book for Heart, Home, Church." If the above does not tell the story sufficiently, inquiries may for the present be sent to W. C. GANNETT.

15 *Sibley Place, Rochester, N. Y.*

DUST

I heard them in their sadness say
"The earth rebukes the thought of God:
We are but embers wrapped in clay
A little nobler than the sod."

But I have touched the lips of clay:
Mother, thy rudest sod to me
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
And haunted by all mystery.

A. E.

Editorial Wanderings

Columbia is the seat of the University of Missouri. I came here to deliver six addresses, and at the end of four days the six have become ten. Two of the addresses were given before the University Assembly, the bi-weekly gathering at ten in the morning, that takes the place of the old "Chapel Services." At these "Assemblies" the President lends the dignity of his presence, and an hour is given to addresses upon the most interesting subjects, delivered by the best men available. I spoke on "Lyof Tolstoy" and "Robert E. Lee, the Man Who Conquered Defeat." The attendance at this last lecture was reported the largest seen in the auditorium for a long time. Not only the sons and daughters of the Confederacy were there in goodly numbers, but the grizzly veterans who had followed the stars and bars and had been cheered by the great General came up from the town to listen to the words of appreciation and of criticism from one who followed the stars and stripes, and they graciously signified their appreciation. Six talks on sociological subjects were given from seven to eight in the evening at the University Y. M. C. A. auditorium, some of the topics being "The Call of the City," "The Church as a Civic Force," "The Re-enforcing Column, or the Woman Question," and "The Over-lapping Territory in Religion, or the Things the Churches Can Do Together." The attendance has been good at all these talks, and large at the third one, when the woman problem was discussed, a large delegation coming over from the neighboring Christian college for women, before whom I gave a talk on "Settlement Work and Workers." I met Mrs. St. Clair, the President of this thriving institution for the education of girls, some years ago, occupying a similar position as President of the Hamilton College for girls at Lexington, Kentucky. Then as now she lent her group of girls to the man from Chicago for such a message as he had to give.

The woman discussion awakened the interest of those in charge of the Household Economics Department of the University, and a special occasion was improvised for a ten o'clock morning talk on dress; this was first designed for a class-room exercise, but the interest grew and ended in a suspension of activities in the other branches of the Sociological Department, so that a large representation of all the women students with a sprinkling of the Professors gathered in the main auditorium, and the questions of "Styles," Fashion, The Evolution of Dress, The Relation of the Dry Goods Trade to Morals and Prosperity, and the Ethics of the Wardrobe in general were frankly discussed and as frankly listened to.

It is evident that here, at least, in the University of Missouri, the old protest of John Ruskin against the Universities of his day does not hold. The sociological work here does deal directly and earnestly with the problems of "Dress, Diet, and Debt," the omission of which in the "Political Economy Studies" of Oxford and Cambridge, was the cause of Ruskin's strong disapproval.

"The Bible School" is an interesting annex to the University under the auspices of the Christian denomination. It holds no official relations to the University except an exchange of "credits." Here the young men who are planning to enter the ministry of this denomination avail themselves freely of such University studies as are to their needs and tastes, receiving such special instruction as is not provided by the University from the three teachers in the Bible school. To these students, of whom there are about one hundred, and their Professors, another hour was given for a Round Table discussion of the City Church Problems, the work of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and problems connected therewith.

A meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, held this week, gave the Commercial Club of this town an opportunity to entertain the Board at dinner, where Dean Mumford, of the Agricultural department, told them of the large triumphs of the railroad mission trains, which carried the missionaries of agriculture up and down the leading railroads in Missouri at the expense of the same lines, with two audience cars and a corps of six talking men from the University. The mysteries of corn raising and the inspirations of the barnyard were exploited to the school children who welcomed the train at the stations, and to the men and women from the farms who flocked to see and to hear.

In an astonishingly short space of time upwards of ninety thousand people, by actual count, have passed through the exhibition this spring. The railroad systems in Missouri are vying with each other in the work of sending recruits to the agricultural schools of this University.

At this dinner the Editor of UNITY had a chance to revel in his unenlightened enthusiasm for the Jersey cow and his oft-times unrecognized title to farmer honors as an aboriginal granger.

Between times I have been able to take a "short course in agriculture," an hour and a half in length or more. In that time I have learned much about the hog cholera serum, which has here been brought to its perfection by a professor in this institute. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved to the farmers by this discovery. At a cost of about thirty cents, a hog can be inoculated, and over eighty-five per cent of those thus treated are rendered immune to the costly devastations of this fatal disease. "Present company excepted, who is the most famous citizen of Missouri?" was the question of your reporter. Without a moment's hesitation came the answer, "Dame Josephine,"—the matronly cow owned by the University. The cow that for a time held the world's record as a milker is still deservedly famous. Her ladyship has been seen, admired and petted by more citizens of Missouri than any other inhabitant of the state. She has just completed a triumphant journey throughout the state, in her own private car, protected by a heavy accident insurance policy, and she has "inspired" (that is the word of the Professor) thousands upon thousands of farmers. Indeed the lady looks the part ascribed to her. She is a dignified, serene, unspoiled personality, showing health, strength, generosity, and bovine magnanimity in every line.

But this royal Holstein does not monopolize all the honors of this academic barnyard. Here they will show you six Jerseys who have each exceeded the record of 700 pounds of butter a year. And the Jerseys of this University have escaped the usual taunt of rival breeders, for they are neither small of bone nor nervous of temperament, but are strong, stately and contented-looking creatures. "Show me the most perfect type of Jersey you have," I asked. "I can't," replied the Professor, "because the horns are off, and they constitute an important element in the expert grading of the Jersey." "Why are the horns off?" "We de-horn all our cows to keep them from ripping up one another. It is humane; it is economical." Thus is the oft-repeated argument of the Editor of UNITY for the de-horning of the nations justified at this scientific center.

The University of Missouri is tucked away here, as it were, on one of the byways of the republic. Its buildings are rusty and woefully inadequate, but its campus is attractive; its faculty is already large and notable; its attendants in all the departments number in the neighborhood of three thousand students. Its history reaches back before and through the dark and bloody days of war. For a Western institution it is already venerable. The first simple shaft of granite placed over the body of Thomas Jefferson is now mounted in front of the main building of this University, having been placed here when a more stately monument was erected over the tomb at Monticello. This was deemed the most fitting place to preserve the interesting relic, here on the campus of the first great free state institution of learning established within the bounds of the territory secured to the nation by the pacific patriot, the great Democrat, Thomas Jefferson.

But the future of this institution is more inspiring than its past. Here is being gathered a splendid corps of teachers, truly cosmopolitan in character. The youthful President, A. Ross Hill, whom the University of Minnesota has twice coveted, but failed to move, was born in Canada, trained in Cornell and elsewhere, and with a Wisconsin experience. The Dean of the Agricultural Department is a Michigan man. The heads of the Chemical Department, of the Athletic Department, and of the Animal Husbandry are Wisconsin men, and the Universities of Alabama, Tulane, Harvard, Iowa, Chicago and many others have been creamed for the purpose of enriching the faculty of this institution, led by the young, enthusiastic and devoted President, who is honored as a leader and loved as a comrade by the student body as well as by the faculty.

The women are here in goodly number, perhaps representing one-third of the academic department proper, and they hold an honorable place in the faculty, losing none of their graciousness in the successful comradeship and competition with their brothers.

Last night was celebrated the one worth-while frolic of the year. The gymnasium was crowded, the professors played ball, the young men did wild stunts on the trapeze, the young women sweetened and made gracious the jolly occasion with their exquisite folk dancing, and the wild hoedown quadrille that represented the old dancing of the backwoods was not out of place.

I hope my speaking itinerary is at an end, reaching as it has from Charleston, S. C., to Columbia, Mo., touching six different points, from the Jewish synagogue through Y. M. C. A. halls and Baptist Colleges to the University campus, making an aggregate of twenty-six addresses in thirty days.

I hope now to obscure myself beyond the reach of committees and enjoy a very few days of monastic isolation, where I may justify the claim that I was on a vacation and that I shall return refreshed with material for the work of UNITY and the Lincoln Centre. I hope to reach home by the morning of the 8th, and Sunday morning, April 9, if nothing prevents, will preach the promised "Sermon from the South." J. LL. J.

Columbia, Mo., April 1, 1911.

TEARS

Not in the time of pleasure
  Hope doth set her bow;
But in the sky of sorrow,
  Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we
  On beyond the years;
The soul would have no rainbow
  Had the eyes no tears.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

THE PULPIT

Mothers and Temperance

By Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker

Many people of large intelligence and good intentions have no adequate appreciation of the drink curse; its magnitude, its complexity, its gravity. Although so frequently mentioned, the popular ignorance respecting many phases of the temperance problem is amazing; the recent scientific discoveries respecting the influence of alcohol upon the human system are still unknown to cultivated people, to say nothing of the masses. The average man in the street is totally unaware of the baleful influence of the liquor power over newspapers and politicians. Students of social problems show, as a rule, surprising indifference to this chief source of human miseries.

I. On account of the widespread public apathy, mothers ought to acquaint themselves with the fundamental facts respecting the evils of the use of alcoholic beverages—not the obvious and disgusting evils of drunkenness, but of its so-called moderate use, even the use of beer and wine. They ought to know and fully realize what the facts mean: That the drink habit imposes annually upon our people a financial burden five-fold as great as the support of our army and navy; that the wages lost through drink would soon pay our national debt; that it destroys or lessens the industrial efficiency of thousands of workmen every year; that in many cities during the year every fifth man is arrested for drunkenness (not counting the re-arrests); that the money paid for liquors every day by comparatively poor workmen in our nation would buy a month's supply of flour for half a million families; and that the saloon is the greatest enemy of good homes and clean politics in the land. The burdens of crime, lunacy and poverty imposed upon the public by drink, directly or indirectly, are enormous. The amount of disease and disaster caused by beer and whisky is simply incalculable, for it is the chief producing cause of accidents and scourges like the "white plague." All these evils, to mention here only the most obvious and leaving untouched the moral features of the problem, mothers ought fully and clearly to understand and appreciate. Ignorance or indifference respecting so great a matter is a crime against posterity.

II. Mothers ought to understand the injurious effects of alcohol when used in so-called moderation, especially during the pre-natal period. Recent investigations have placed the matter in clear light and emphasized the serious results of parental indulgences. The physical condition of the race is at stake. The threatened degeneracy, felt in Italy, Germany, France, and England, is by no means due to the intemperance of the fathers, and serious harm is done, although the mothers stop far short of drunkenness. The use of small amounts of stimulants during this period may cause untold injury to the child. Every mother ought to know the facts demonstrated by Professor Hodge, of Clark University, in his experiments upon dogs. She ought also to study the appalling conclusions set forth at the London congress on alcoholism by Dr. Laitinen, of Finland, who

showed, from a study of 20,000 infants, how the parental use of liquors led to an astonishing increase of mortality.

A knowledge of these facts ought to counteract the unfortunate increase of drinking among women, which has recently become noticeable; and it ought to equip mothers with effective warnings that will help to keep their daughters from marrying men in the habit of drinking. In the metropolitan district where these words are written, 2,000 children are born every year who enter life with a serious handicap, a weakened constitution or a criminal tendency, on account of the drink habits of the parents. The fact is surely appalling!

III. It is well for mothers to put in practice the teachings of medical science that, in the little illnesses that come to them and their children, there is always, on the whole, some better remedy than an alcoholic stimulant. Many times a little liquor does apparently work like a charm. But something else would have accomplished the same result without entailing the serious consequences which follow the use of the alcohol. If one is in a chill from exposure, hot water is better than whisky. So, in a hundred cases, it is far wiser to do something else than to use the old-fashioned, but now discredited "toddy." Especially ought mothers to avoid all use of "patent medicines," which generally contain liquor or opium.

In the past, resort was made to liquor for almost everything: to cure all aches and pains; to ward off disease; to protect against cold and heat; to prepare for unusual exertion; to rest from fatigue and exhaustion; to drown sorrow and distress. We now know that in every such incident of life the use of liquor is not only harmful but deceptive. The help which it seems to give is in reality, as a rule, permanent injury. The momentary relief or exhilaration is followed by serious reactions. The wise mother will, therefore, from now on, refrain from using liquors as medicines, not only in order to set a better example, but to save herself and her family.

IV. Mothers need to be well grounded in certain basic facts respecting alcohol, not only that they may be wise in the conduct of their own lives, but that they may be able to speak with authority to their children and to others:

(a) That the use of all light liquors, even in so-called moderation, not only directly produces many diseases, but increases one's liability of contracting other diseases, while it decreases the probability of recovery, rendering medicines less effective.

(b) That in the field of athletics and wherever quick and accurate actions of body and mind are required, stimulants are prohibited. For the same reason, their use is being discouraged in all armies and navies. The demand is becoming general that all men engaged in hazardous employments must be abstainers.

(c) That all who enter a professional or industrial career today start with a serious handicap if addicted to drink. The discrimination in the world's work against such persons is constantly growing, because people do not wish to risk life and property in the hands of inefficient persons. And a man who drinks even small quantities of alcoholic beverages is less safe than the abstainer.

(d) That so clearly has it been demonstrated that alcohol is a life-destroyer instead of a life-giver, that railroads, commercial houses, insurance companies, and great industrial concerns are more and more putting up a bar against those who drink liquors.

By a wise use of a multitude of facts along these and similar lines, which may be graphically stated and driven home by innumerable illustrations, the mothers of our land can in a few years make a mighty revolution in the habits of our people—a revolution that would contribute much to the progress of civilization and the happiness of mankind. If mothers were equipped with these facts, they could be effectively used in many a casual remark and made more productive of good results than any direct preachment. Often the richest harvest comes from seed-truths unobtrusively dropped into young minds with no apparent intent to dictate or instruct.

V. One other thing the alert and thoughtful mother can easily do; and while the method is simple, the results will be abundant and beneficent. Let her see to it that the right kind of temperance literature is always close at hand in the living room of the home. Very little may be said about it; perhaps best, if nothing at all. But let it be there to create an atmosphere and make its impression. Something of this sort is especially needed today to offset the false teachings and implications of general literature on this subject. Even the masterpieces of poetry and fiction written previous to the present age, to say nothing of what is now printed, are full of the direct and indirect commendations of the use of liquors. The young reader gets the impression that to drink is the common habit, not only of the low and vulgar, but also of all gentlemen; and that all great men, if they did not get drunk, did indulge somewhat. He naturally infers that drinking is a manly habit, necessary to robust health, good manners, and a pleasant life.

An antidote to this poison in the literature of the past ought to be present in the home. And the wise mother will see to it that attractive pamphlets and periodicals, giving the real facts respecting the innumerable evils due to the drink habit, are always at hand. These will be found effective and needed aids to Christian nurture in the family. Great care should be taken in the selection of this temperance literature. But there are a number of sources from which material of this kind, attractive and trustworthy, may be obtained at small expense, and some admirable things are distributed free. In this connection allow me to commend most heartily Dr. Jones' "On the Firing Line," simple, direct, attractive, comprehensive and persuasive.

Roslindale, Boston.

A Fight for the Children

Reduced to specific human terms, Chicago's fight for righteousness is a fight for the rights and welfare of the children. That they should be well-born and properly reared is our chief concern and our only safety. How nearly we are realizing a "square deal" for every child one may judge for himself by observing the home, school, street, shop, amusement and church conditions in various parts of the city.

The child, then, quite unknown to himself, is the wager in a mighty battle. He figures largely in the effort of the wage earner to improve his lot and in the endeavor of the employer to increase his profits. On

the one hand the 700 churches of various faiths make some effort to bring him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and on the other, ten saloons to every church flaunt their gilded invitations to indulgence and debauchery. On the one hand the home, often restricted, hard-pressed and near its dissolution, tries pitifully to keep him still within its weakening embrace, while on the other hand, the sensational pictures and the vulgar vaudeville of three hundred and twenty-five nickel shows, offer excitement and a taste of life. And daily from 40,000 to 50,000 children of Chicago drink at these fountains of sensation.

The public schools—some two hundred and seventy-nine in number—make their noble and tireless fight for childhood, and the public dance halls, equal in number, cast in their lot with the saloon for the breaking down of morality and decency. As recruiting stations for the saloon and as schools in loafing, obscenity, and crime, nine hundred and thirty-six pool-rooms run night and day without limit, seven days a week. The law says that no minor under eighteen years shall even be permitted in such premises, but this law has been trampled into insensibility.

Orphaned with respect to any real homestead, exploited by insane industrialism, and dazed by the city's whirl and glitter, 3,889 of our Chicago children fell into the criminal class during the past year. These are under seventeen years of age. Under twenty years of age our annual product is 10,447, and under twenty-five, 25,549. We need to put up a fight for these children and for that vast number who, while not falling into criminality, nevertheless fall far short of their best development and their greatest social worth.

Probably the most significant crystallization of sentiment and effort for Chicago's children will be found in the Juvenile Protective Association, of which Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen is president. The work of this organization, which cared for 4,305 children's cases in 1910, and through its officers made 17,043 visits in behalf of children, is divided into three parts:—investigation, repression and construction. The following items characterize its most important work.

Under the head of investigation are included the personal histories of 200 department store girls, with the physical and moral conditions existing in most of the department stores in the city. This study was made primarily in order to find out what recreation was possible for shop girls, the home surroundings of 100 juvenile court children being studied in order to ascertain what home factors contributed to their delinquency.

The lake excursion boats were studied. The situation was most deplorable—hundreds of very young boys and girls crossing the lake bent on "sprees," indulged in orgies impossible to describe. The report of this investigation has aroused the interest of a number of business men and the task of changing these conditions has been taken up by a committee of the Union League Club. During the Grant Park encampment last summer it was found that dozens of very young girls, many of them under 14 years of age, were frequenting the camp and spending the night with the soldiers. Also that disorderly hotels and rooming houses were being patronized by soldiers accompanied by the same girls. Through the efforts of the association an order was given forbidding women in the park after 6 p. m.,—an order which was strictly enforced,—and a plain clothes man was stationed at the door of every disorderly hotel, who turned back all soldiers accompanied by young girls. A study of Riverview Park showed that there were a number of very objectionable features. Through the co-operation of the police the elimination of improper entertainment was obtained. The outlying beer gardens were investigated and were found to contain many young boys and girls. The working conditions of the girls in the news stands in elevated stations were frequently found to be dangerous to both health and morals.

The dance halls of the city—266 licensed and 100 not licensed are at the present time being investigated. When all of the data are collected an effort will be made to secure a city ordinance which will tend to prevent the sale of liquor and the elimination of other objectionable features.

Finding that two young girls were assaulted on a street at night, an investigation was made, which showed that numbers of young children were to be found on the streets between the hours of 2 and 4 in the morning. Many restaurants and all-night lunch rooms were giving away broken scraps of food at this time and needy parents were sending their children for this food. A visit was made to the various places and the hour of distribution changed to 7 o'clock.

The repressive work done during the year includes:

The formation of a censorship bureau resulted from reports made on the conditions existing in Chicago's 335 theaters.

An aggressive campaign is conducted against selling liquor to minors. Already 590 saloonkeepers have been prosecuted and the sale of tobacco to minors has been discouraged by 167 prosecutions.

Two and a half million obscene postal cards have been destroyed and 162 persons prosecuted for selling them.

The use of gambling slot-machines has been greatly reduced and many of those keeping such machines have been put out of business.

The waiting rooms of some of the department stores were found to be frequented by panderers. Twenty of these men and women have been prosecuted and convicted. Through the efforts of this organization nine of these waiting rooms have been supplied with more and better matrons.

Parents who have contributed to the delinquency of their children have been dealt with in 2,243 cases during the past year. Many of these parents have been awakened to a sense of their responsibilities.

Under the head of constructive work the following are representative of what the organization is trying to do:

The Chicago Girls' Club has been organized and meets every night in the office of the association. Each evening is devoted to a different purpose, one being industrial, another gymnastic dancing, another singing, etc.

Ten other girls' clubs and nine boys' clubs have been organized and are maintained by the local leagues.

The registered gardens supervised during the last season numbered 1,943.

A bathing beach was opened on the North Side with the co-operation of the Lincoln Park board, where 2,000 boys bathed the first day, and a study of the shore on the South Side was made and the agitation for proper access to Lake Michigan greatly strengthened.

The movement for the use of public school buildings as social and recreation centers outside of school hours was started by this organization. Last winter two schools were opened. Through the active interest of the school board there are a dozen or more schools being used at the present time. A boy's brass band of 40 pieces has been organized. A social center has been made out of a disused depot along the Illinois Central tracks. Another center is being maintained on Wentworth avenue. A number of churches have been induced to keep open house every evening in the week. Several reading rooms have been opened in various parts of the city and are kept supplied with books and magazines. A girls' rest room is maintained in South Chicago. Last summer a house was maintained in the country which was kept filled with working girls. Hiking parties were organized for tramps into the country and many groups of boys were taken to base-ball games as rewards of merit.

The organization has brought about several reforms in the municipal court—has secured a rule barring boys and girls under 17 from attendance in court rooms during the trials of criminal cases and provided that girls acting as witnesses should be attended by a matron when interviewed by the prosecuting attorney. The new court of Domestic Relations has been established as a direct result of the efforts of this organization. Other matters under consideration at the present time include the appointment of a woman city physician, the provision of a hospital room at the criminal court building and 12 assistant police matrons, who will take children to and from institutions and the juvenile court.

Maps showing the destructive and constructive agencies of Chicago affecting the welfare of children have been made, so that when there is a complaint regarding a family it is only necessary to look at the map in order to see by what influences it has been surrounded. A manual of the laws pertaining to children and a list of institutions dealing with children has

been published. Recognizing the fact that newly arrived immigrants are ignorant of our city ordinances, the association has had cards printed in various languages warning parents not to allow their children on the railroad tracks; warning junk dealers not to buy things from children; warning poolroom keepers that minors must be excluded; likewise tobacconists and saloonkeepers against operating in violation of the law. The ambition of the Juvenile Protective Association is that there should not be a single child in the city of Chicago in need of help or protection who is compelled to go without it. With the hearty support of interested citizens this ambition will be realized.

But the most earnest co-operation of the churches is needed. Each church should have a Juvenile Protective Committee to promote the work of child welfare, and all church members should be trained to report promptly all conditions or offenses that menace childhood to Mrs. James A. Britton, superintendent, 816 South Halsted street. Telephone, Monroe 5788. For the guidance of such committees a Manual of Juvenile Laws will be furnished by the Association, and for the instruction of the churches speakers will be provided when requested.

ALLAN HOBEN, *Field Secretary.*

The Point of View

One of our own poets has a line about seeing things steadily and seeing them whole. A great deal of mischief is done when we shirk the duty of seeing things whole. Occasionally our fellow man vexes us by listening to half of our remark and confining his discussion to the selected half. There is no gainsaying the fact that we uttered it, but we claim to be misrepresented. What we meant was to be found in the whole, not in the part. The half of our loaf, we discover, was worse than none. University lecturers insist that the student shall take continuous notes, for they have had dire experiences with students who appropriate from a book or a lecture only what agrees with the learner's incomplete frame of mind. While the treatise and the lecture course aim to build up an orderly and systematic presentation of the organized knowledge produced by the concerted labors of many men in many generations, the vain student has an eye and an ear only for something that seems important to him in his still imperfect state of appreciation. His note book or his memory contain in the end only certain shreds and patches that happened to be congenial to his limited culture and limited sympathy. Since a lack of humility and docility made him establish his own rawness as the standard of value, he seldom discovers that what he has thus put together is but a sorry caricature of the real science.

We who censure such a student are too often guilty of the same crude error in receiving the divine instruction. The whole vast world is pouring its influences upon us and signaling to us its infinitely rich meanings, yet we select as significant only particular things that make our keener pleasure or our keener pain and rashly deem that the sum of these fragments is a true version of life and the world. We proceed then to formulate problems concerning nature or God and pass judgment upon the universe without a suspicion that the problems may exist only because of our scrappy attention and our piecemeal selective interest. It is difficult for us to be as humble as St. Paul and frankly admit that we know in part and prophesy in part.

A certain work on the Philosophy of Religion was characterized by a Catholic priest as the speech of the city man ignorant of country life; he knew nothing of the peasant's Easter song. Certainly from slum life in Whitechapel or the dingy facts of the Bowery one can frame generalizations about the universe that seem wholly baseless in green country lanes. The fearful misery made by a small group of greedy men in a corner of industrial life is undeniable and fearful fact, but after all it is a poor starting point for theories about God and God's world. Beyond this man-made sordidness lie the springtime meadows and the ecstasy of birds singing in the morning sunshine. When the sting of village gossip begins to shape our interpretation of life and of the scene of life, it is time to lift up our eyes to the silent and solemn hills and let their calm nobility enter into our mood or to win the secret of the sandy desert's austere beauty or feel the incalculable majesty of the unconfined ocean.

Possibly our village disappointments and scanty income have made us feel like a worm of the dust and indulge in the worm's philosophy, but it is also possible by travel or imagination to see ourselves in the wonderful whole, and cry,

> "What a thing for a worm of the dust
> To be in the plan at all!"

We have all heard large statements about the universe that have come out of chemical laboratories and we have been much impressed until we have remembered that chemists select only certain bits and processes out of the rich totality and ignore the rest. A lover's feeling about life is something very different. A small real estate speculator who is also a ward politician may be quite confident that the universe is unmoral, but perhaps it is safer to listen to men of wider views, like Socrates or Kant or Emerson. In our own day philosophy as an interpretation of the whole universe sometimes talks in terms of the modern industrial difficulties and selects those values and aspects of the world-marvel that can be related to capital and labor, strikes and lock-outs, frenzied finance and bad housing. These are all real elements, but we can all think of forgotten data. The power of the capitalist or of the labor union may seem so great that we leave the divine power out of the reckoning. The sordidness of man's luxury or penury may make us bitter against Providence. Then it is time to recall our defective student with his selective attention and humbly resolve to look at a number of other things, beautiful and inspiring things, spiritual facts and natural facts, vast and thrilling values in the divine creation. The interpretation and the faith shaped by this larger reckoning will be very different from that of the industrial pragmatist.

There is bitter sorrow in the world and tribulation and death. When the moment of anguish comes, the sufferer wavers with doubt—the goodness of God is no longer clear to him. But the sufferer finds after a while that the pain has revealed to him the infinitude of his own human love, the spirituality of his own nature, the irresistible power of deeper yearnings unfelt before. Sorrow revealed him to himself as a spiritual being with a need and a capacity for the spiritual infinite. The very sor-

row made him aware of his relations to a divine order. The man who for the moment felt so blighted by his pain begins to dimly discern that God communes with man through sorrow—and that suffering is a sacrament provided by divine goodness. He will not profess even then to know the why and wherefore of every lot of man, but he has won the meek and teachable spirit that can have faith in the wisdom of the whole order—an order of which we have but fragmentary apprehensions. It is another blessed hour when some shabby or commonplace object becomes the means of our seeing the beauty that is everywhere, a revelation of the unity that shimmers through all the dull, disordered things and recreates them in higher values. Even if we cannot make that intuition into a knowledge serviceable for logic, it is still substantial and secure for our certainty of a whole that is eternal and complete and satisfying to the deepest and most intimate craving.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

Standing Up for Jesus

Precision in the interpretation of scripture is perhaps less important than it was in other days when scripture was the infallible word of God and had to be written with a capital "S," but happily there remains with us an inclination to stand by the "old masters" when we can. Mr. West, in UNITY of March 16, seems to overlook the fact that the saying, "To him that hath will be given," etc., was uttered with reference to the power to comprehend things. In that application the saying is obviously sound. The well-stored mind is the mind into which something more is always being taken, while the empty head is the hardest head of all to get anything into, makes the poorest use of what it does hold, and so is apt to lose even that. Thus of all intellectual and spiritual attainments the saying is unquestionably true. Not unlikely it was used illustratively as applying to material things in the then existing and still existing social order, where it is equally true. No one needs to be told that riches flow freely to the rich, while the poor are often deprived of what little they have. Certainly, if the saying is illustrative, Jesus is drawing the illustration from things as they are, not from things as they ought to be, not from conditions in his ideal kingdom. The auxiliary "shall," so often used where "will" would do better, is misleading, as it seems to imply a compulsory law.

Mr. West, I trust, will excuse me for wishing to "stand up for Jesus."

Kenosha, March 27, 1911. NEWTON MANN.

In recent years the cry has been rising for a simpler life. It is a voice in the wilderness; in the din and clatter of our complex civilization it seems faint and far off, but it is making itself heard. In these artificialities and extravagances the soul is enfeebled and belittled, and the national vigor is lost. If we want to save our nation from decay we must learn to live a simpler life. And this change will not be wrought out by evolutionary processes; it means revolution rather; not by violence, we may trust, but certainly by choice, by effort, by struggle and resistance we shall turn back these tides of materialism, and lead the current of our national life into safer channels.—*Washington Gladden.*

The Coon-Hunter's Revenge

Everybody in town knew Sam Crocker and loved him too, for beneath his old broad-brimmed hat and behind his long grizzled beard was one of the truest men that ever lived. Sam, who was a prosperous country merchant, passionately loved out-of-door life. He would work on his store books far into the night in order to leave his business for a day's hunting or fishing.

One morning Sam rose long before daylight, ate a hearty breakfast of ham, coffee, etc., and by sunrise was ready for action. Taking his gun and dogs, our hero started for the woods. The dogs were not so trusty as the gun. They were young and impulsive, and were as anxious to follow a back track as to run in the right direction.

On this particular morning fortune favored Sam. A scent was almost immediately picked up and, with eager barks, the dogs bounded away into the forest. After awhile the trail led to an old dead tree, at the foot of which the dogs leaped and yelped. Looking up into the hollow trunk, Sam could see two glowing eyes, and the old hunter congratulated himself that he had treed a coon and that the prey was within his grasp.

The best tactics seemed to be to smoke the animal out. Sam therefore started a fire on which he piled wet leaves in order to produce a dense smoke. But in spite of the suffocating fumes which poured up through the hollow tree, his coonship seemed to be unmoved. Sam could see the bright eyes always in the same place as at first. So, after wasting half an hour in this vain endeavor, the besieger was obliged to abandon this plan of attack.

From not far away the sound of axes came ringing through the forest. Leaving the dogs to guard the tree, Sam went in the direction of the noise, and soon spied some wood-choppers hard at work. He struck a bargain with these men to cut down the coon tree. It was only after fully a quarter of an hour of brisk assault with sharp axes that the giant stub surrendered to the woodsmen and came toppling over. As it fell, the hollow trunk crashed against a rock and broke. Then, to the amazement of Sam Crocker, who stood with gun ready to shoot, no coon was to be seen. But instead, at the place where the glowing eyes had been, there were two small knot-holes through which the sun-light had been streaming into the dark interior of the trunk.

In some way the local newspapers got hold of the incident and published an account of Sam Crocker's famous coon hunt. Thereafter Sam's friends never tired of solemnly consulting him as to the best method of capturing coons. And at every public banquet some sly allusion was sure to be made to coon-hunting and coon-hunters.

Even the young parson, who was one of Sam's closest friends, could not refrain from taking a hand in hunting the coon-hunter. The irresistible temptation came one day when the young minister saw on a soap-counter a cake of black soap that was an exact imitation of a negro baby. The dominie bought this, wrapped the little "coon" in tissue paper and packed it carefully in cotton in a jewel-case. The jewel-case was placed in a pasteboard box, this box in a second, the second in a third, and so on, until the nested boxes

filled a huge box that was obtained from a florist. This, with some hay for filling, was packed in a dry-goods case.

On Christmas day the parson expressed the box to Sam, instructing the expressman to deliver it just before the dinner hour when a large number of relatives and friends would be assembled at Sam's home for Christmas festivities. The expressman faithfully carried out his instructions. Sam decided to unpack the case at once. Boards were pried off and box after box opened until, at last, the jewel-case was reached.

By this time everybody was on tip-toe with excitement. What could it be that was in this mysterious case which had been packed with such infinite care? Sam carefully opened the jewel-case, took out the cotton, unwrapped the tissue paper and found—the soap pickaninny! Accompanying it was a card on which was written, "Santa Claus's gift to the mighty coon-hunter,—the long lost coon! Merry Christmas to Sam Crocker! And may his friends be merry also!" And they were. A roar of laughter went up in which Sam joined as merrily as the merriest. It was indeed a "Merry Christmas" in that house. All through the dinner and until the party broke up late in the evening, the "long lost coon" was the ever-recurring subject of conversation and of numberless jokes, while the soap "coon" grinned backed unceasingly from his post of honor on the table.

The next morning Sam and the parson arose "before breakfast" and started early on a fox hunt. As soon as they were tucked snugly into the old sleigh, Sam said: "Say, John Robbins played a mighty good joke on me yesterday." And then he narrated the whole story, graphically describing the opening of the Christmas box and the hilarity which followed. "Yes, that was a mighty good joke on me, but I'll get even with John. You wait." "It surely was a good joke, and it was just like John to hatch up such a scheme," admitted the parson innocently.

On the second morning after Christmas, Sam and the parson again started forth. When the hunters were well rolled up in buffalo, and old Daisy was headed for Moose Hill, Sam ejaculated, "Say, do you know it wasn't John Robbins that sent me that Christmas coon after all?" "Is that so?" said the parson with interest. "How did you find out that it wasn't John?" "Well," replied Sam, "I spoke to him about it and told him that he had played it well on me, but that I would try to pay my debts in full. And the joke was, that was the first John had heard of it, and I had to go and tell him all about my Christmas scrape. It wasn't John Robbins at all, it was Harry Bill who was the culprit . Just wait till I tackle Harry this afternoon."

Sam did tackle Harry. But Harry proved as innocent and ignorant as had John; and Sam had to tell his Christmas experience to him also. Sam next tried old Mr. Post, another hunting crony. Post had not even heard of Sam's latest coon experiences, but laughed hilariously at the victim's narration. Jack Shepard was next charged by Sam with being the sender of the Christmas box. But that was the first Jack had heard of it, and he rendered his opinion that the Christmas coon hunt was an even richer joke than Sam's experience at the coon tree.

In this way Sam went the rounds of his hunting mates, and, by a process of elimination, the mystified victim finally began to direct his suspicions towards the dominie. Moreover, he did a little detective work. He interrogated the expressman, who probably weakened, since a substantial little sum is said to have changed owners about this time. Of course the result was that Sam's suspicions were confirmed. The dominie was the culprit and the fact that he had allowed Sam to pour out each new tale of woe to him only added to the turpitude of his crime. Such a betrayal of friendship merited the direst vengeance, and Sam deliberately plotted his revenge.

On New Year's day, just as Rev. and Mrs. Dominie were sitting down to dinner, the same expressman who had done his work so faithfully on Christmas day rang the parsonage door-bell and, with a suggestive smile, left the same dry-goods case in which the Christmas coon had been shipped. "It's my turn now," exclaimed the dominie, "but let's see what joke Sam Crocker has played on me. Anyway, I've had some good laughs in my sleeve when poor Sam was charging first John Robbins, then Harry Hill, then old Post, then Jack Shepard, and then all the rest, with having 'done' him on Christmas. Boards were once more pried off, familiar pasteboard boxes one by one were unnested and opened, until, at length, a tissue paper package, about fifteen inches long was reached. "Here's Sam's revenge," grimly remarked the parson. "It feels like a dead cat or perhaps it is a pole cat," he continued. But as the paper was unrolled, a magnificent pair of fur driving gloves, with great deep gauntlets, appeared. Accompanying the gloves was a card which bore these lines:

"The days and weeks have passed too soon
While hunting for that 'long lost coon;'
But now we've bagged the little cur,
And here we have the genuine fur.

"Loving you the better for the good joke you played on me, trusting that these gloves will help a little to make the New Year 'Happy,' and hoping that all the years may bring their wholesome fun and happiness, I remain, as ever, only more and more so, "SAM CROCKER."

"Yours,

Thus did the coon-hunter take his revenge.

CHARLES A. BEALS.

A PRAYER

Lord God, Thou lettest the green things start
A new life every year;
Out of their sunken selves they rise.
Erect and sweet and clear.
Behold the lily's pure, white leaves
Unfolding by each mere!

Again the sap mounts in the fir
Thro' every swelling vein;
Again the clover stirs and thrills,
Responsive to the rain;
Again the tender grass makes green
The lone breast of the plain.

Hear the new, golden flood of song,
The lark pours to the blue!
Behold the strong, undaunted shoot
Pushing its brave front through
The fallen tree . . . Lord God, Lord God,
Let me begin anew!

Out of my own self let me rise!
For, God, if it can be
A new and noble growth may spring
From yon decaying tree—
Surely a strong, pure life may mount
Out of this life of me.

—*Ella Higginson.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, Janu ary 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES IN AMERICA

It is noteworthy and highly significant that two of the greatest leaders of the international movement in Europe should visit the United States this year almost at the same time to present to the people of many of our great cities the argument for the supplanting of the present war system of nations by the system of law and co-operation. Count Apponyi had hardly left our shores before Baron D'Estournelles arrived from Paris. He comes for a much more extended campaign that that of Count Apponyi. He will be here three months and his itinerary covers almost the whole country. He will go as far south as New Orleans, as far west as San Francisco, as far north as St. Paul; and on May 19 and the two or three days following he will give addresses in Boston and Cambridge. He is to be in Chicago at the end of April. He will attend the National Peace Congress in Baltimore the first week in May, and the Mohonk Arbitration Conference the last week in May, returning to France early in June.

There is no statesman in Europe more thoroughly identified with the peace movement than Baron D'Estournelles. Perhaps there is no other who has worked so untiringly in its behalf. Not an orator like Count Apponyi, he is a most persuasive speaker, with an easy command of our English speech; and his services for the cause have been distinctly greater than those of Count Apponyi. He is the head of the Arbitration Group in the French Assembly, and he was one of the French delegates at both of the Hague Conferences, and was one of the most useful members of those conferences. He is already emphasizing everywhere the importance of concentration of thought upon the program for the Third Conference, that the nations may enter upon the deliberations of that Conference thoroughly prepared, as they were not prepared in 1907.

No man in public life arraigns more sharply or convincingly the irrationality of the war-system. He appeals to history to show that the great majority of wars have been needless, and as bad for the conquerors as for the conquered; and today he holds that war has become an anachronism, solving nothing, leading nowhere, and with race degeneracy in its track. Especially severe is Baron D'Estournelles upon the present burdensome armaments and mad naval rivalries of the nations. It is this extravagance and obsession which he feels to stand chiefly in the way of advance today; and to the cardinal problem of the limitation of armaments he has addressed himself more persistently and with greater power than almost any other man of our time. He prepared the report upon the subject for the Interparliamentary Union at its London Conference in 1906, and he returned to the subject at the New York Peace Congress in 1907. There is no other recent discussion of the limitation of armaments more comprehensive or cogent than that in his report to the Interparliamentary Union. There is an English edition of the report; and it ought to be read anew in America at this time when Congress has authorized the president to create a special commission to deal with the subject, and when Sir Edward Gray, in England, is also taking it up so boldly.

"The question of the limitation of armaments," he said in this report, "is one of the most pressing which governments are called upon to consider. It is put forward by the force of circumstances. As long as it remains unsolved, it bars the way to all kinds of reform and arrests the progress of civilization. The Interparliamentary Union will be upheld by the unanimous agreement of nations if it can contribute to put a stop, by the effort of reason, to a state of affairs which can no longer continue. Let us at least seek support in the force of public opinion. It will support us. It is ready and has been tested. The progress realized in the domain of arbitration within the last few years, with the assistance of public opinion, shows us what we can obtain in the domain of the limitation of armaments, which is infinitely more concrete and simple."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

(To be continued.)

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1911 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

EASTER

Beauty for ashes forever the planet puts on!
Blossoms and birdlings and brooks when the winter is gone!
Rise, O my soul, to the Easter without and within;
Flee from life's bareness and weakness and selfhood and sin.
Live with the lavish forthspending of Nature at play;
Fling on the path of thy brothers some luminous ray.
Sleep not while war and oppression hold nations in woe;
Wide in the Furrows of Man seed regenerate sow.
Listen! the song of Humanity's springtime is near!
Join in the chorus sublime which the race yet shall hear.
Laugh like the sun, sound the bobolink's jubilant cry:
This shall be Easter full-bloom, fit for earth or for sky.

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1911. NUMBER 7.

A SONG OF THE FUTURE

Sail fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past.
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.
Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea;
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste:
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;
Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

Easter is not only a nature festival celebrating the coming of the flowers and the nesting time of the birds, but it is the tenderest festival of the human heart, reminding us of the vacant chairs around the hearthstone and the altar. It is a custom as beautiful as it is inevitable to express our reverence for those gone, by free-will offerings to the causes they loved in life, and which in death they taught us to love. UNITY levies no Easter tax and makes no demands upon its readers, but it hopes that the inspirations of the day will be witnessed by love offerings to the many noble causes it represents. It is an occasion where it is best that one hand should not know what the other hand doeth. Give out of the abundance of the heart if you give at all.

The itinerary of the Senior Editor is at an end and once more he is back in the sanctum at the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago with a joy that increases with years in the way that his absence redounds to the advantage of UNITY readers and to the increasing potency of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. All the wheels have not only been kept going during his absence, but most of them have been burnished and lubricated and are working the better for the five weeks of non-interference on the part of the Senior, whose indebtedness to the associates, resident and non-resident, is keenly felt and hereby cordially acknowledged. We hope that our readers will reciprocate the confidence with which they have been treated during the month of March. This little weekly has now entered upon its thirty-third year. With growing confidence in the future as in the past it will wear its heart upon its sleeve, confident that no daws will peck at it, but that brothers and sisters will reciprocate the confidence and will loyally support it in the future as in the past. Everybody can do something, many of our readers can do much, much more than has already been done towards extending the circulation, strengthening the ministry and prolonging the career of UNITY.

Of all those who have written about Jesus, only one man leaves us with a vivid sense of him as a living human being. The "Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan, written on the mud floor of a Syrian hut, quite apart from its theories, which we need not accept, does show him to us in the vibrating air of the East, with warmth, color and reality, as he walked in Galilee and Judea. Saint-Gaudens confesses that when he meditated his statue of Phillips Brooks, he drew his suggestion from Renan, who had learned, with Turgenev, that Jesus had "a face that looked like the face of all other men, just a common human face." When the statue was unveiled,—showing the Master just behind the great preacher, as if whispering a message into his ear,—it was criticised because it brought Jesus too near. A relic of this feeling may be seen even in the Kennedy drama, where "the Servant in the House" wears the garb of the far East, as though he had come on a visit from that distant and mystical land. Far truer is the portrayal of the Christ-life in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome, in which the Stranger appears in the dress of today, as a man among men, restoring equality between laborer and master, doing away with the false artifices which divide and estrange men. He is tender but candid, gentle but searching, with a certain sweet, half-humorous sagacity which sees through the sins and shams of men and women to the good below, which, by his faith in it, he evokes. Some seem not to know the Christ-spirit when it wears an humble shape, as the beggar in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was not recognized as the Master by the knight until at last he stood forth "tall and straight, as the pillar that stands by the Beautiful Gate." Not yet has been fulfilled the prayer of Whittier:

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

Cast down our idols,—overturn
Our bloody altars,—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity.

Why Merriam Was Not Elected

Because he was 17,000 votes short. Because there were not independent, single-minded, progressive Republicans enough to elect him. Because there were several times 17,000 Republicans who really had no use for such a candidate and who, next to the cohorts of the Mayor-elect Harrison, rejoiced in his defeat. All the Republicans who had party debts to pay or party hopes to lure them, knew that Merriam was not their man. All the boss leaders of the Republican party knew that their machines were made for other purposes than to elect a non-partisan Mayor. They knew that their mills were set to grind another kind of grist.

Professor Merriam's defeat was anticipated by the far-seeing ones. He himself should have known, and the generous backers who aided him with time, money and brains must realize now what they ought to have realized all along,—that they were not playing an ingenuous game. In trying to inject a little "practical politics" into the campaign and get the advantage of "Republican Organization," "Republican Enthusiasm" and "Republican Momentum," they were caught at it and "hoisted by their own petard." In short they were found out, and now they ought to realize that it doesn't pay to compromise with the devil of expedience, and that they should work for principle and elect a man on the sheer strength of principle.

"But you can't elect an independent man in Chicago!" was the knock-out argument of three months ago. Now the knock-out retort is, "Well, you didn't elect your man anyhow!" and you have wasted much of your money and much of your enthusiasm that ought to be stock in trade for future independencies, and have confirmed the cowardice and imbecility that through these many, many years have dominated or disgusted thousands and thousands of independent voters in the city of Chicago, who at each municipal election have been compelled to hold their noses at the polls while they did "the best thing that could be done under the circumstances," with a sorry emphasis on the *circumstances*, knowing that they were playing into the hands sometimes of bad men, always of vicious methods.

How long, O how long will it be before men will live up to their intelligence in the municipal activities of a great city, and break once and for all with the tyranny of national political parties when municipal servants are sought for?

"Chicago has thrown away the best chance it has had for many a year," is the verdict of one independent and disgusted voter. The truth is, Chicago missed it, did not have a chance to express itself, even now. We believe now, as we believed four months ago, that if all the money, brains, time and attendant enthusiasm had been centered upon Professor Merriam or his equivalent, or a better man, before either of the parties began to organize their primaries, he might have been elected Mayor of Chicago. If he had been defeated it would have been nothing but what has already happened in this case and there would have been a beginning made that would lead the way to sure victories farther on; and thousands and thousands of voters were clearly persuaded that there is no redemption for the modern city through the manipulation of national partisan politics.

Now that the election is over there is a commendable purpose manifested by the young men and others who caught a vision of what a competent, academic, single-minded administration might do for Chicago, to save the pieces and conserve something of the energy and, to use their phrase, "Keep up the fight."

So the Young Mens' Progressive Republican League is being fostered, but the title itself contains the seeds of its own dissolution, it bargains beforehand for defeat and one more disappointment. A Young Men's Progressive League is a title to conjure by, it represents forces that could and will redeem the city, but a Young Men's Progressive Republican League is a misnomer, a self-limiting fallacy, although of course a Young Men's Progressive Democratic League would be as much so or more. Anyway, so far as municipalities are concerned, both Republican and Democratic parties are impotent if not pernicious elements in the future life of American municipalities.

There are other reasons why Professor Merriam was not elected Mayor of the City of Chicago on April 4th, as it seems to the present writer, but these reasons will keep, and perhaps they may be noted in future editorials.

J. H. Jowett: A Welcome

With joy and fervent good wishes UNITY welcomes Doctor Jowett to our shores, and bespeaks for him a fruitful and notable ministry among us. He comes not unknown, for his books and his fame have preceded him, and it is believed that he will prove to be a worthy successor to John Hall, of Fifth Avenue, as he did to R. W. Dale, of Carr Lane. Better is it for a city than shops and ships, than skyscrapers and subways, that it have given to it an authentic teacher of the things of the spirit. Not only New York but the whole nation needs a sweet, far-echoing voice, speaking in behalf of the highest faith.

Just now a neat little book, entitled "J. H. Jowett: A Character Study," comes opportunely to hand,

confirming what must have been the impression of all who read his printed sermons, that there is something in the man that does not get into type. He is, beyond doubt, a master of the homiletic art, and his books show that he excels in "the imaginative treatment of the commonplace," in superlatively apt and abundant illustrations, in a tonic quality of wholesome and calm optimism, in sympathetic skill as a physician of souls, and in a seer-like divination of the unasked questions of the human heart. He is, besides, a master of simple, lucid, finished diction, ever seeking, as Stevenson did, to win himself into the music of words. Says Mr. Morrison:

His style is not by any means the simple gift it may appear. The apparent ease in the pulpit is the result of long-continued and laborious study. He leaves nothing to chance. In important passages every word is studied and carefully selected for its appropriate use. His sermons are written in full, and delivered substantially in the same form. Thus his utterances abound in literary artifices which would be quite impossible in extemporaneous speech. . . . The soft and modulated voice; the wealth of illustration, both in thought and gesture; the novel and colloquial treatment; the frequent epigram; the rapid flow of succinct and highly compressed thought,—these are the qualities that go to make up the subtle thing we call Style. . . . Dr. Jowett's style does not consist so much in the substance of his sermons as in the manner of their delivery. Not a little of his wonderful influence over audiences is due to the almost hypnotic effect of his personality. He has a kind of psychological power of thought-projection which creates an atmosphere congenial to him. You soon discover that his personality is even more eloquent than his voice. . . . When you have once heard this gray-haired young man, humbly, yet with conscious dignity, supplicating on behalf of erring men before the invisible Throne of Grace, you have gained a new vision of the poetry of English speech and a new consciousness of the majesty of things useen.

Surely that is high praise, fulfilling the thesis of Cardinal Newman, "Personality, the Means of Propagating Truth;" but we venture to say that, so far as the printed record is concerned, Dr. Jowett is excelled in the literary quality of his sermons by S. A. Tipple, whose "Sunday Mornings at Norwood" is one of the classics of the later English pulpit. But as a spiritual personality, winning men by the lure of a unique and compelling charm, he is no doubt the greatest living preacher. A writer in the *British Weekly* thus describes the impression of that personality, and as a tribute at once to the man and the minister it is worthy of a wide reading:

His preaching is more than oratory, more than eloquence. It is the spiritual force issuing from a clear soul and igniting the imagination. It is the inner life made audible and visible. It is the best in one man appealing to the best in all men. Few preachers are able to make us feel their sincerity, their reality. In the pulpit Jowett casts down the barriers that separate soul from soul. He admits us into the secret places of his sacred strivings after goodness. He lifts us out of the tumult and traffic and carries us into the serenity of a dedicated will. Men are not easily moved by didactic exhortations and theological harangues, but they are instinctively responsive to the radiance of manifest spirituality. They are unconsciously aware of its veracity. Its magic is not wholly intellectual nor wholly emotional, but rather a blend and fusion of all the qualities of noble living, noble thinking, and noble feeling. A man might reject every theological system and yet nourish his soul at Jowett's feet.

Here is his power. He has the spiritual insight of a poet who can suddenly make life for us in the loftiest meaning and widest promise. He fills us with a sense of our personal value and the waste that eats out our hidden riches. He makes men feel the supremacy of good and beautiful things. He creates a new atmosphere and makes all men one with his own intense emotional yearning and desire. He forgets that he is a man with a name and an isolated soul, and becomes an embodiment of human longing and human need and human pain. And so mighty is his vision of life that he fuses the hearts of men and uplifts them in a supreme democracy of aspiration. This is more than eloquence. It is life.

Such a man is welcome to our land, as an example to the ministry of plain thinking and high spiritual living, of literary grace and religious power; and as an inspiration to men who long to hear, amid the din and hum and litter of their labor, amid the giddy pace and vexing cares of our hurrying life, a clear, sweet voice speaking the simple truth with lips of magnetic fire. Long may he live and bear witness among us, and may his ministry be an apostolate.

JOSEPH NEWTON.

The Initiative and Referendum

Last year, 1910, out of 447,908 voters of Illinois, a majority of 319,510 voted for a constitutional amendment, legalizing the Initiative and Referendum.

A bill to that effect is now before the State Legislature. Attempts are being made to defeat the plainly expressed will of the people. Every citizen ought to know about the matter and fight for this bill.

What is the Initiative and Referendum?

First, the Initiative is a method whereby the voters may enact needed legislation if the legislature for any reason refuses to give the people the laws they require. A proposed law presented to the voters and receiving a majority vote becomes a law in spite of the legislature.

Second, the Referendum establishes a method by which, if the legislature passes bad laws, they can be referred to the voters and defeated by a majority popular vote.

Who oppose the Initiative and Referendum?

First, well meaning but timid people who are afraid to trust the people. Their method of thought is aristocratic. Theoretically they believe in Democracy, practically they are afraid of it. Unconsciously they are aristocrats, and in limiting the political opportunities of the people they stand for an aristocratic form of government while maintaining the theory of Democracy.

Second, corrupt corporations and individuals desiring to control legislation for their own selfish interests. It is comparatively easy to purchase a purchasable majority of a legislature, but not so easy to bribe a whole electorate. A hundred thousand dollar "Jack-pot" may do at Springfield, but the buying of a majority of the entire electorate is a practical impossibility. Hence corrupt corporations and individuals are fighting the Initiative and Referendum.

Third, corrupt and purchasable legislators who are in politics for revenue only. With the Initiative in force it will be useless to pay legislators to prevent legislation, because the people can ignore a corrupt or a shiftless legislature and pass their own laws. On the other hand, it will be of no use to bribe legislators to pass corrupt legislation, because the people can demand its reference to themselves before it can become a law and thus defeat it. The "Jack-pot" ring is against it. The legislator who is in the pay of corruption or special interests is against it. With the Initiative and Referendum the purchasable legislator is out of a job.

What are their arguments against it?

First, its opponents say it is un-American. Ours is representative government. The Initiative and Referendum places government directly in the hands of the people. What is the fundamental thing in our American government? The rule of the majority. Representative form of government was supposed to give the majority the power to rule and make laws. Practically, government by representation has become a means for defeating the rule of the majority. A political campaign is fought out on some virile issue and the voters elect officials who presumably will carry out the wishes of the majority at the polls. Once elected your officials proceed to do as they choose or to sell themselves to the highest bidder. Great aggregations of conscienceless wealth have, again and again, proven, with officials of all kinds, more powerful than the majority votes of the people, and the people have been betrayed.

Second, it is said the Initiative and Referendum supplants the legislature. Its purpose is only to supplant a corrupt or a shiftless legislature which refuses to do the will of the people.

How much we need the Initiative and Referendum to protect ourselves and really establish democracy in our government is shown,

First, by the fact that the people voted by a large majority to have a certain man elected Senator. A hundred thousand dollar "Jack-pot," contributed by corporate and private interests, defeated the will of the people.

That was not Americanism.

Second, in 1902, or nine years ago, the people of Illinois voted 428,469 votes and, with only 87,654 votes against instructing the State Legislature to submit a constitutional amendment for the Initiative and Referendum, the State Legislature for nine years has deliberately refused to obey the expressed will of an overwhelming majority.

That is not Americanism.

And now in the face of another overwhelming majority, our State Legislature is again seeking, and selfish and corrupt interests are seeking through it to thwart again the will of the people.

That, I submit, is not Americanism, but anarchy.

The Initiative and Referendum, instead of being un-American, is, merely a return to the most fundamental principles of our American Democracy, the right of majority to rule and not have their wishes thwarted again and again by corrupt legislatures or corrupt corporations and selfish interests. The people of Illinois are getting increasingly tired of having the form of Democracy without the substance. Shall the people or the aristocratic few rule Illinois? More than that, shall the people rule or shall corrupt corporations and purchasable legislators rule our great State? Every man who can reach a member of either House of the Legislature ought to do what he can to influence a reluctant member to vote for the pending bill and give government back to the people where it belongs. R. A. WHITE, D. D.

Peoples' Liberal Church, Chicago.

National Faith in Spiritual Laws

There are but six nations in the world, mighty in all-round fighting power, latent or developed; four in Europe,—England, Germany, France and Russia; our own United States of America; and add for Asia now the startling, little, old-young Empire of Japan. Two of these have just experienced that thrill of joy prophetic which Lowell describes:

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west."

But today the thrill has followed, not a deed for Freedom, but a word for Peace; or, rather, the echo of a word,—the belated welcome given by an English statesman to a simple, common-sense proposal, twice made by President Taft last year, that all disputes of whatsoever kind between the two nations, even those involving "honor," should henceforth be settled by a Court of Arbitration. "Let our two nations," the English statesman virtually hinted, "make such a pact and keep it, and other nations might follow suit, and the world's peace be at last secured." He spoke cautiously, as statesmen do; but all this seemed to lie within the horizon of his thought. What lies within its horizon, that is, the outcome of the plan, rather than the plan itself, is the important thing; for even without the formal pact England and America will be very slow to ever lock their arms in fight. Taken with its large horizon, then, is the statesman's thought mere dream? Many will answer, "Yes." Promptly the German Chancellor has answered, "Yes, for us; ideal, but impracticable." France, on the other hand, has lifted eager head to listen, and seems to say, "Me, next!" Let us put our question thus: Suppose that the pact becomes a fact, but *tri*partite, between America, England and France, and between each Power with the other two, *then* would the states-

man's vision of a world-peace seem but an enthusiast's dream? Doubtful, it must be confessed, is such a pact as yet between the two Channel nations. But the world has reached the point when such a covenant between the three great War-powers named appears to be at least a possibility, perhaps a probability.

True it is, we live in bristling days. The British naval budget provides for five new Dreadnoughts, we are told. Hammer-clang on rival steel-clads never stills in Germany. What means the permanent unrest of Turkey and her neighbors? What are Russia and Japan about in Chinese lands,—and canny Japan, perhaps, in lands nearer to our own? And we,—are we not using yesterday's victor ship as a target to try guns on, and planning a new battle-ship to beat all records for destructive power, and filling up our regiments, and playing a great war-game on our borders? Certainly we live in bristling days.

Yet, as truly, right in these bristling days, new strong influences are undermining war. The perfecting of agents of destruction into agents of annihilation; the apparition of the air-ship, suggesting antiquation of much in our present system of defense, and change in warfare as momentous as that which gunpowder wrought five hundred years ago; the bankrupting of the nations by the enormous cost of modern armed peace; the growing sense of the absurdity of the whole business,—the absurdity of this frantic, panting competition in armaments between the highest civilizations of the earth, all in order *not* to use the armaments when ready; the people's deepening pity and anger over the insane wastes of human welfare it involves,—wastes vital, economic, moral, that are making peace itself but a gloomy suburb of the "hell" of war; and,—more spiritual, subtile, potent than all these things, the rising good-will between the nations that is keeping pace with the rise of democracy within them; and the world's growing faith that moral forces are supreme in a nation's as in an individual's life,—these several influences, most of them evoked by war itself, are warring against war every day that the sun now shines upon the foolish circle of quiescent but embattled nations.

This last influence, the rising faith that, within and over all laws geographic, physical and economic, it is *moral laws* that shape the destiny of nations and dominate in history as in the individual life, is itself enough to make us realize that, however days may bristle, we are living in a *moral resurrection-season.* So will our later nineteenth and the early twentieth century yet be named. The opening, just ten years ago this month, of a Court of Arbitration for the nations was an act of faith in spiritual laws. It signalized a widespread recognition, reached at last, of principles like these: that right is might; that reason's victories last best; that justice between lands is as protective as frontier forts; that good-will between nations is a substitute for war-ships; that national generosity is a national life-insurance. It meant that the maxim, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, and by justice the state is established," is passing from a scripture ideal into a national consciousness. Jingo editors of the press, and Hobsons of the navy and the army, and cow-boy statesmen are still dreaming last night's dream of war's necessity and benefit and glory; but the peoples as a whole are waking from that dream. It is a bit of the irony of history that a Theodore Roosevelt should have received the Nobel peace-prize—and deserved it! But the fact that he did deserve it, and that the nobler *non*-cowboy elements in him have helped immensely in our waking from that war-dream that he loves so well,—witness his return of the surplus indemnity to China—shows the depth of the upstir that is today rousing the world from the nightmare of the ages.

The opening of that Hague Court of Arbitration was one expression of the rising faith in moral law as operative between nations. President Taft's recent proposal, the novelty of which lies in the one word, "whatsoever,"—arbitration for all quarrels whatsoever, even those involving "honor,"—and Sir Edward Grey's welcome to the daring novelty, and the thrill "trembling on from east to west" as the peoples heard the welcome, are a new expression of the rising faith. The United States has it at this moment in her power to achieve two other acts of faith, that might set the world's peace-movement forward by a hundred years. One would be,—to neutralize her Panama Canal, and invite the nations who are to enjoy its benefits to join hands in its perpetual protection. Protection it must have; could joined hands not give it? Such trust as *that* in moral forces would to-day require high courage. Yet planned wisely,—the whole world looking on, while the great Powers pledged their honor to the sacred task,—that act of generosity and trust would probably protect our canal *more* effectively through the years to come, and with far less of danger, of anxiety, of cost, than any attempt by its builders to appropriate its benefits and maintain their rights by force against hostile comers. Because it would give America the world's good-will, and a world's good-will is walls against attack. Picture the results in world-welfare that might follow a Convention representing the great nations, summoned by America to counsel together that the wedding of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans should mean jubilee to all the earth!

And our country has it at this moment in her power to perform another great act of faith—by neutralizing those new semi-possessions of ours, the Philippines, and placing them also under the joint protectorate of the strong World-powers. Danger, again, in that; but is our present occupancy there devoid of danger? Are not those distant islands our weakest

point, and the most inviting to attack? Some repentance and self-mastery and self-sacrifice it would, no doubt, involve, with total abandonment of the barbaric conqueror's claim that we "own" those islands. Good things all! And higher reaches of statesmanship than any yet attained might be needed to accomplish the neutrality successfully. That very need of a higher statesmanship would be part of the resulting good; for demand brings supply,—and we have use for higher statesmanship today! Another good would be the greater security thenceforth for all other little peoples of the earth against oppression by the strong; for the act would raise the standard everywhere of international justice. And still another good would be greater security for the nation that did the just and generous deed. It would confirm to us again, the world's good-will, its trust in America. It would key up our own national conscience, too; and strengthen us for leadership in other movements making for righteousness and peace on earth. To every such movement our privileged position and our history pledge us, and we ought to lead in them.

One consequence of national acts of faith like these would be the gradual transformation of a portion of the armies and navies of the world into an international police. Even Sir Edward Grey ventured to predict this transformation. A hundred or five hundred policemen, with three or four courts and a jail, are enough to represent the whole *force*-element necessary to maintain justice in huge communities of hundreds of thousands of citizens. Peace rules between them, order is kept, the rogues are awed, the criminals are held at bay, and measures for the common good are carried out, because the whole community is back of the tiny blue-coat army that wears the buttons and carries the night-stick of authority. A small army, a small navy, made up of American, English, French constituents,—others, too, as the nations join the league,—with the united strength of the great Powers behind them, would ensure their own protection and the world's peace more effectively, and with incomparably less cost to humanity, than the rival armies and navies that now strut and sidle and growl at each other across the boundary lines.

Who will may call this but a dream, a fair mirage, a far-off prophecy at best,—and not be fool. But *all* bettering things have, in their unripe season, and often in fast ripening seasons, been pronounced "ideal, but impracticable,"—and then come true! One strong, imperious, selfish nation, twirling its mustachioed "honor," and with its secret thirst for conquest not yet quenched,—one such nation, by refusing to co-operate in arbitration, as we refused in 1897, or by multiplying Dreadnoughts on the seas, may put off the day of unarmed peace for years,—and earn the execration of the world! May the Senate of our United States at home, may Germany abroad, think well before they earn that execration! And still that day is nearing. The "dreams" of peace are already turning into accomplishment and fact. Spring sometimes has a way of maturing with a rush:

> "On move the resurrection hours,
> The Easter heralds throng,—
> Till sudden bursts the miracle
> Of blossom and of song!"

So human Springs, through centuries prepared, long prayed and waited for, sometimes culminate with a rush. Surely the preparation for *this* Spring has been slow and long. It began before the angel-song of Christmas legend floated from the skies. And the lingering of the Winter is now earth's chiefest tragedy. We shall see somewhat, our children will see more, our grandchildren may perhaps see all, of a resurrection process whose story will unfold the latent meanings in five pregnant terms,—Arbitration, Neutralization, International Police, Disarmament, and Intervention:

Arbitration of national disputes of all kinds whatsoever before International Tribunals;

Neutralization of the little peoples of the earth under joint protectorates of the strong;

An International Police, more efficient in maintaining peace than our rival armies and navies, and at cost of men and treasure vastly less;

Progressive National Disarmaments;

Intervention by the public opinion of the United Nations against oppression and injustice attempted by any single nation,—as today by Russia, with her iron heel set on Finland and the Jews; by Turkey, with her periodic massacres of Christians; by England, forcing her opium trade on China; in Africa, the Congo atrocities; by America, in any possible exploitation of the Philippines, or white-man meanness towards the race that we, in our slave-hunting days not far away, brought bound to our "free" land,—our negro fellow-citizens. Intervention more and more by the public opinion of the United Nations to end such wrongs as these.

Five stages in the resurrection process now well begun: and each successive stage new witness to the nations' rising faith in the supremacy of Moral Law.

W. C. GANNETT.

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, which moves
> To the mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
>
> —*William Cullen Bryant.*

> Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
>
> —*James Russell Lowell.*

THE PULPIT

Jesus

An Easter Sermon by J. T. Sunderland

Long ago—nineteen hundred years—there arose among the Jewish people of Palestine a singularly strong, wise, tender and heroic soul, devout toward God and on fire with love to men, one fit to be called of the line of those great prophet souls who, appearing from age to age, had made the history of Israel glorious.

Reared in a quiet village in rural, picturesque Galilee, and the son of a humble artisan, he had spent his childhood and youth at home with his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, working with his father at the bench, attending the village synagogue with his parents, learning to read, studying and committing to memory the law of his people, and, not less important, learning the lessons which the hills and the fields, the birds and the flowers and the skies, the simple life around him, and his own heart had to teach. Thus he grew up to manhood, natural, thoughtful, reverent, earnest, his nature unspoiled by the artificialities of the world, his devotion to truth, duty and love spontaneous and perfect.

But a nature so genuine and sincere could not fail early to discover, and to be moved by, the sad side of human life; and a peculiarly burdened, troubled and anxious time it was into which he had been born. His nation had lost its liberty. The foot of Rome was heavy on the neck of his countrymen, crushing down their national spirit and extorting from them the most burdensome and cruel taxes.

Religion, too, was at a low ebb. Public worship, in the hands of an ecclesiastical class, had hardened into a formalism devoid of moral or spiritual life. The fires of the old national Messianic hope, the hope that God would raise up a great deliverer, burned up fitfully from time to time and then died out in deeper darkness than ever. Outside the ecclesiastical class a materialistic and money-worshiping spirit was in the ascendant. The poor and the unfortunate had few to befriend them. The people were as sheep having no shepherd. Truly, the skies were dark.

Of all this the young Jesus grew gradually conscious. And as he came to understand it, the iron of it all entered deep into his soul. He pondered and prayed and pondered again. Was there no hope? Could he do nothing to help his stricken countrymen? At last the conviction arose in his mind, like the dawning of a morning light, and, as the months and years went on, it grew steadily clearer, that there was help for them, but that it did not lie in the direction in which they were looking; indeed, that it did not lie in any mere change of outward conditions, important as such changes might be. It lay in something deeper. It lay in themselves. It lay in God. If they could have heaven within their own souls, it would matter little that Rome had stolen their national scepter or that the exactions of the tax gatherers were heavy.

From those years of thoughtful communion with his own thoughts and with God, in the home, the workshop, the synagogue and the fields, he had learned that heaven is trust and love; he who can feel that above the dark and troubled scenes of life there is a Divine Wisdom and Goodness directing all, has found a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Add to this the spirit of self-forgetting love, the love which sees all men as brothers, and the conditions of heaven are fulfilled. He who has these conditions within his own soul can defy all external things; he is superior to the pains and afflictions of earth.

This was Jesus' gospel. Summed up in a word it was, "Oh suffering, sinning men, God is your Father; love and trust him. You are all brothers; love one another."

The prophets before him had caught dim, far away glimpses of this gospel. But to Jesus it was given to see it clearly, full-orbed, and to realize its mighty regenerating, uplifting and saving power. more and more this gospel burned within his heart. More and more he longed to give it to his suffering, down-trodden countrymen, and to the world.

At last the conviction grew so strong that he could hesitate no longer; he must set out upon the mission of definitely preaching the gospel which he felt that God had given him.

He began in the villages of his own neighborhood, in Galilee. Wherever he went, multitudes came to hear his gracious and inspiring words. Everywhere his message stirred the hearts of men, awakening in all classes new hope and desires for a better life. He went to the larger towns. He made circuit after circuit among the principal cities and villages of all northern Palestine. For a time all went well. But it was not long before trouble began.

I have said that the religion of the country had largely hardened into a lifeless formalism, administered by the ecclesiastical class. Those in authority are not pleased with the young and ardent reformer. His message to the people, "God is your father, you are all brothers," seems to them a dangerous doctrine. They begin to put obstacles in his path; to stir up popular prejudice against him, and to plot for his destruction. He sees it all and determines to go up to Jerusalem, the seat of ecclesiastical authority, and face his enemies in the very stronghold of their power. There the crisis soon arrives. He must either close his lips and abandon his mission or else he must pay the penalty, which will be arrest and trial, and probably death.

What does he do? He believes his Gospel to be truth, and truth of the highest possible importance to his countrymen and to the world. He would gladly save his life; yet what is life compared with duty, and service compared with obedience to the voice of God in his soul, compared with the salvation of men from selfishness, sorrow and sin? Perhaps if he dies for the truth he has to teach his death may add impressiveness to his message. Thus if they will not let him preach it he can at least give his life for it.

So, in the face of danger and death, he goes straight forward, turning neither to the right nor the left. The arrest comes; he does not falter. Sentence to the most cruel and ignominious of deaths—that by crucifixion and between two common malefactors—comes; still he does not falter. He dies for truth. He dies for duty. He dies for love. He

dies to give to the world his gospel, "Oh, suffering, sinning men, God is your Father; love and trust him. You are all brothers; love one another." He sacrifices himself that others may be saved.

Can any one fail to see how tragic it all is, how heroic, how noble beyond words?

Do we wonder that it stirred his disciples and filled them with a passionate earnestness to give to the world the gospel for which their beloved master had lived and died? Do we wonder that such a death, crowning such a life, added an almost superhuman impressiveness to those teachings which before had been so winning and so powerful? Do we wonder that such a gospel, supplemented, re-enforced, set on fire by such a life and such a death, has spread, and still is spreading with resistless power up and down the earth?

EASTER

"Oh keep Thy servant from presumptuous sin,"
Help us to know that Thou art Lord of all,
That every race has felt Thy gracious power,
That unto Thee doth every nation call.
As brave is he who in the conflict falls,
As he who finally shall the victory win,
Be this our prayer, amid the Easter joy,
"Oh keep Thy servant from presumptuous sin."

The Miracle of each returning Spring,
Eternal promise of the breaking day,
Love that not age, nor sin, nor death can change,
These are Thy beacons on the long, dark way.
On broken fragments of some ancient tomb
Lives the faint hope that, freed from death's dark night,
Those who had loved and parted here below
May walk mid asphodels in fields of light.

At touch of Ostra's robe the world is fair,
In northern forests, Balder lights the gloom,
'Neath southern skies, Proserpina comes forth,
Egypt's Osiris rises from the tomb.
The common hope, the common heart-felt prayer,
The longing, cherished oft in doubt and pain,
Seeks at all times an answer to the cry,
"If a man die, shall he not live again?"

Faith answers, yes, through all the centuries,
Hope presses on, and knowledge points the way,
The savage prophet, and the Christian priest,
Each speaks the heavenly vision as he may.
All thanks to Thee, Lord of Eternity,
That the great leaders of our human race,
Are those who, like the Hebrew seer of old,
Have met Thee in the silence, face to face.

Through doubt and fear, through sorrow and through toil,
In distant climes, in ages far apart.
Thy children strove to push aside the veil,
To read the message graven on the heart.
Not to us, followers of the Nazarene
Alone, the Easter joy, the Easter light,
With clearer eyes we tread the ancient path
That leads beyond death's mystery and night.

EDITH E. KENNEDY.

How long, old builder Time, wilt bide
'Till at thy thrilling word
Life's crimson pride shall have to bride
The spirit's white accord,
Within that gate of good estate
Which thou must build us soon or late,
Hoar workman of the Lord?

—*William Vaughn Moody.*

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

—*Robert Burns.*

Religious Life in France

The casual traveler in France is likely to overlook the most wholesome and hopeful aspects of French life. Those who try to break into the gay and frivolous life of any city will naturally become cynical in respect to the deeper elements of the national life. Some there be who have found only the vicious and depraved side of Parisian conduct. Others think of the bright and charming capital simply as the home of art. Paris to them means the Louvre, Versailles, and the Luxembourg Gallery, or the Salon.

Some of us have had the privilege of becoming acquainted with representatives of the real France, the France of serious purpose, of plodding industry, of religious faith and fervor, of optimistic idealism, of sympathy with the Evangel. One who, on the Protestant side, represents the best traditions of the generous, liberal, and devout faith, illuminated by modern science and philosophy, is Francois de Witt-Guizot, grandson of the great historian of civilization and the able statesman. In a lecture given at Geneva, under the auspices of the Christian Association of Young Men, in November, 1910, M. de Witt-Guizot spoke of the Reformation and the modern man. It is not a sermon by a theologian, rather is it a fresh, simple, direct speech of a layman, who touches even the superstitions of the ancient church with reverence, knows how to appreciate its fundamental truths, and yet is stirred by the profound convictions of Protestantism. One can see how, while he respects the Roman Catholic faith, he could never himself be a Catholic.

Furthermore, we can see in this vigorous utterance the reason for the continued activity of the Protestants in France, side by side with the skeptical materialistic and mocking spirit about them. For example, he cites the saying that the pious man and the atheist both speak forever of religion, the one speaking of that which he loves, and the other of that which he fears. Many a man claims to be without faith, and deceives himself. "There is in the soul even in its depths a root of faith which never dries up," and again, "the passionate search for truth in liberty is even in its torments the essential nobility and force of the modern man." Science itself is a sublime act of faith, which the church has sometimes unfortunately forgotten. The Reformation places man face to face with God. The sigh concealed in the depths of the soul, of which the "Imitation" speaks, the Reformation has interpreted with the simplicity of the Gospel, the precision of Calvary and of the Redemption. The tragedy of salvation is enacted directly between God and us.

The organization of liberty in the individual and in society, the law of the Gospel as the Reformation teaches it, is not resolved into an anarchy of wills, nor in a syllabus of negations; it shows a splendid list of affirmations. It declares that man must achieve. Need of exchange of fellowship and co-operation is not alien to liberty. The man who proclaims himself an individualist has a singular fear of solitude. He flies from it in any way he can. Religion is social and organizes a churches.

We are not able to isolate ourselves here at the Rock of Calvary. When we have placed our feet there love surrounds us and binds us together. It is no longer a cell of our being which does not feel itself united by a thousand ties to the family, which divine

love unceasingly gives to us in its inexhaustible fecundity; we are constrained to go out of ourselves, to ask our part of the burdens under which sinks this army of the unknown which surrounds us, the gigantic army of the blind and of the paralytic, to which the same love is offered for the same healing; and so life is realized in the love of the true Church Universal living in the past, living in the present, living in the future, of which each one of us has his part and responsibilities. With a warmth of spirit which shows no sign of world-weariness, this representative of modern scholarship, this enlightened layman, pours forth a praise of charity and harmony which fills our minds with hope for a noble and generous people, who have only too long been torn by the contending factions of superstition and ecclesiasticism on the one side, and superficial skepticism on the other. Some day this earnest minority of constructive minds who have a message of positive content will have the ear and win the heart of a great people.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

Perversion of Scripture

Dear UNITY:

I think few readers of our admired paper would fail to discern with a smile the "smart writer's" intentional twist given (March 16) to the bit of Scripture to which Mr. Mann refers in his kindly and scholarly way April 6. There was no thought on my part that any reader would take the wilful perversion seriously. I did indeed query whether any such "smartness" might not be culpable, considering the origin of the text; but recalling the suggestion of early rhetoric that indisputable wit has place even in serious discourse, and remembering also that in his marvelous monologues (if we may rightly credit him with them all), the man of Nazareth, whose sententious wisdom I wantonly misapplied, himself not infrequently played with the significance of words and phrases, I dared step into the snare,—and was justly caught.

Since that March wickedness of mine, a further excellent "Capitalistic" text, and again from Jesus, has been called to my attention,—by the Hon. Victor L. Berger, the new Congressman from Milwaukee. Its appropriation is sad, even terrible, for such ruthless application; yet we can but enjoy intellectually, and even morally, the keenness of its perverted use in this biting and fearlessly scornful sense. Writes Mr. Berger, speaking of a certain current political committee *organized to oppose reform.* (I use only dashes where he prints names in full):

"Who is the president [of that committee]? —— ——, one of the fiercest and most dangerous labor-exploiters in the United States. . . . . Who is the vice-president? —— ——, a fleecer who made his 'barrel' out of the sweat and blood of little boys and girls in the tin factory. His motto always was: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' He is, of course, opposed to all child-labor laws.

"And not being satisfied with having made a 'barrel' out of the living, he is now selling lots in the Union cemetery,—thus catching them in the factory while they are alive and then catching them in the cemetery after they are dead."

Dear UNITY, would not any just God, and any "Saviour" worthy of the name,—"humbling himself, and being found in fashion as a man"—forgive serenely a bit of writer's "wit" in perverting even "sacred Scripture" to damn (in the restrained fashion of Jesus) a such egregiously evil social system as we today complacently permit to exist?

Boston JAMES HARCOURT WEST

Winter Homes in the South

An increasing number of Northern farmers are learning that they can spend seven months at work in Florida or California and the rest at work in their Northern homes. The effort to make this a mere annual migration has not proved successful. It is profitable, however, to have a quiet homestead at each end of the route, and while you grow corn and apples at the North you can grow oranges or peaches at the South. Bee-keepers find it profitable to have an apiary in Ohio or Pennsylvania and another among the pines. Keeping hens and raising chickens can be carried on as a profession in the same way. Hens lay all winter in Florida and bees work every month in the year.

What I emphasize is that merely racing back and forth to escape the winter's cold cannot be carried on except by very wealthy people. The tourist should become a home-seeker, and should build a home at each end of the route. In most cases a family may be able to carry on the two establishments with a pretty good degree of success. The companies organized for establishing colonies are in a few cases doing good work, but the large majority of them are either fraudulent or themselves ignorant of the real conditions which are to be faced by settlers. The rule should be to buy not one acre before it has been seen by the purchaser. In many cases swamp land is sold for city lots, and everglades that have only been cut through with canals must be worked for years, cutting ditches and fighting mosquitoes before the farmer can even begin his crops.

At present it may be said in general terms that central Florida includes about all the available land for a Northern home-maker to repeat himself, in this state. This includes a strip up and down the center of the state, of high land, finely rolling, with the hollows filled with lakes. These lakes are from half a mile to five or ten miles in diameter. The water is clear and sweet and soft. Those that are deep enough to endure drought constitute fine homes for fishes; and no one can go amiss who secures one of these small lakes and the surrounding land for a home and a farm. The lake border is generally very rich and deep muck, which having been aerated and treated with lime makes magnificent garden land. The higher rolls are less rich in nitrogenous soil, but are just the proper home for peaches and oranges and whatever other fruit you choose to grow. Melons take to the high lands and Irish potatoes to the low lands. Among the fruits that can be grown most readily beside the citrus fruits are the loquats, plums, figs and quinces, while peaches thrive exceedingly well on new soil.

The key to success in fruit-growing is a very liberal mulching with plenty of lime. As a rule Southern orchards are stimulated with commercial fertilizers and not mulched at all. The result is that the soil is soon whipped of its strength, and the trees will not respond to any sort of fertilizer treatment. Strawberries, raspberries and blackberries do exceedingly well with mulches. This mulch, made of all sorts of grass and weeds and waste, can be plowed under after being used for one or two years, and makes the humus, or incipient soil. Florida soil, to begin with, is little else than sand, but treated as I have suggested it is easily filled with nitrogen, phosphates and potash.

Tourists know little or nothing of central Florida, their visits being confined almost entirely to the coast counties. The result is that most of them return North with the conviction that Florida is a flat country, and in a wet season too wet. The truck-growers make use of these level lands, especially in the St. Johns valley, for successive crops of lettuce and celery, as well as cabbage and potatoes. Where the land can be drained well and also irrigated these crops are very sure. They are also exceedingly profitable until the business is overdone in some direction and the Northern markets refuse to accept the products. It has been true very recently of celery that the crop could not find sale and must be mowed and plowed under.

The Northern farmer who seeks to create a home in Florida will look at once for clovers and alfalfa, and will be disappointed at not finding them. A large part of the inhabitants buy Northern hay, of inferior quality, at extortionate prices. This is entirely unnecessary. The state affords a large number of grasses around the lakes that will make just as good hay as red top and timothy. We have the beggar-weed also, which is the delight of horses, cows, hens, sheep, and all other animals and fowls. This should be cut twice in a year, while our velvet bean grows 40 to 50 feet in a season, requiring three clips. Cow-peas and soy-beans make both excellent hay and the best of fodder. This only touches the border of the legumes, which can be used for hay or be plowed under, or both. They add to the nitrogen of the soil, make immense quantities of humus, and feed the cattle in the bargain. The resources of the state are hardly touched as yet, while the annual burning over of all the wild land in the state destroys hundreds of thousands of tons that ought to be added to the soil.

The climate is simply delightful. A gentle breeze is almost continually blowing from either the gulf or the Atlantic coast. In midwinter we can work as freely as in midsummer, making garden or picking oranges. There are no coal bills to pay, but we surely should have a plenty of fireplaces, every night being cool and more enjoyable for the burning of a few pine knots. By the first of March we are awakened every morning by mocking-birds, while the cardinal birds tip the branches of loquats with a flame of fire. With our coats off we can nearly every day occupy our verandas or swing in our hammocks.

I can honestly say to every farmer who is breaking down under the severity of the climate, Go to Florida and create a winter home. Do not go, however, to grumble because you cannot find exactly the conditions that rule in the North. Do not go to waste your money on show hotels or boarding-houses, but rent or buy or build a small cottage, and have your own garden as soon as possible. Hens pay their way very quickly. With 20 acres and common sense you can soon have fodder and hay enough for a horse and a cow. You can furnish your own milk and eggs and chickens and honey, certainly inside three or four years. You can also grow your own vegetables, including potatoes and sweet potatoes. You will find an occasional frost, possibly two or three in the course of each winter. You will have to use just as much discretion about such things as you do about Northern troubles. I have never seen the thermometer mark below 27 above zero. With a moderate capital and reasonable health, and some ability at studying things for yourself, you can soon create a successful home.

When you build be sure to have a well constructed house and a good Northern barn. A shack is as much out of place here as it is in New England. In the rolling lands of central Florida be sure that you have a cellar, thoroughly ventilated on all sides, although public opinion is against it. Around your house have verandas not less than ten feet in depth. The pine trees are not the best for shade, and it is well to begin at once with planting maples, basswoods and catalpas, as well as the more distinctly Southern magnolias, china-berries and water-oaks.

Come to Florida as soon as you can get your crops stored in the North and your apples sold. Get here as early in November as possible. Plan to stay until the first of April, and, if possible, until May. The climate is an absolute cure for catarrhs and similar ailments. We know nothing here of grippe, and on an average I should say that Florida should add fifteen or twenty years to an average life. It does not, however, stand true that you can be at all careless or reckless of the laws of wholesome living. We can eat oranges every day in the winter, with sweet potatoes, and we can very easily dispense with meat, or nearly so. The butcher shop is a rare sight in the South outside of the larger cities.

E. P. POWELL.

VOICE OF EASTER

The soul is calling,—Be!—
This Easter day.
And thou wilt come and see
The Vision and the way,—
The glory of the free,
This Easter day?

And thou wilt come, O Heart,—
This Easter day,
To play thy nobler part
Through toil, through good, to stay
With joy,—bid Death depart,—
This Easter day?

And thou wilt break thy thrall?—
The Easter cries,—
Eternal life for all
Whene'er the soul bids rise,
And sense obeys the call!
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Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.
—*Goldsmith.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES IN AMERICA

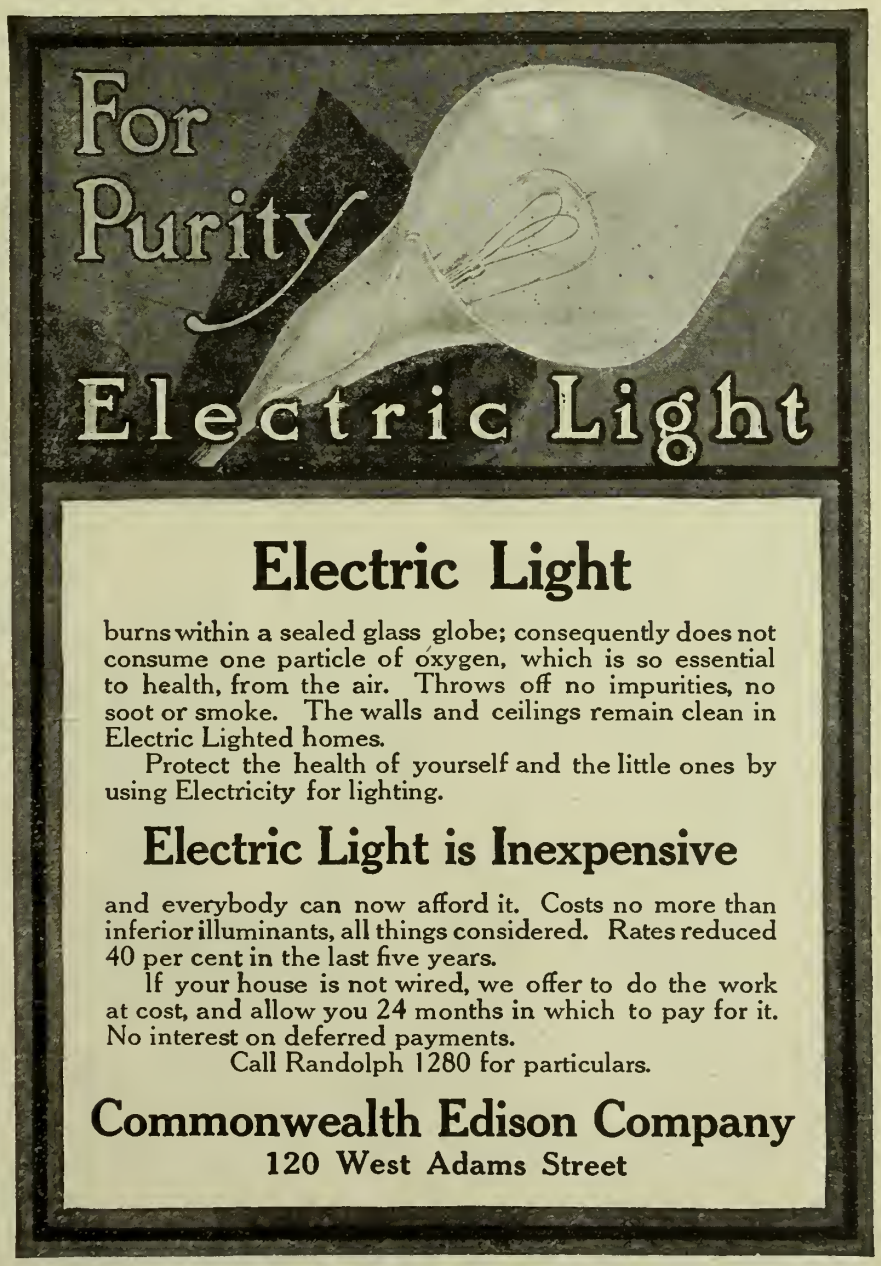
(Continued.)

The creation of public opinion in the several nations was, according to Baron D'Estournelles, the efficient preparation for international action. Nowhere had the propositions both for arbitration and limitation of armaments been more strenuously opposed than in France; but the objections had been effectually met, and, said M. D'Estournelles, "you may be sure that, if we, in France, have been able to answer them to the satisfaction of our consciences, you will easily succeed in overcoming them everywhere else. Referring to the hesitancy of the nations heretofore to grapple with the question in earnest, "what," he asks, "will future generations, who will have to bear the burden of our debts, think of such incapacity? The whole procedure of the powers shows the absurdity of our general tendency. Each increases its sacrifices at the same time, in order not to allow itself to be surpassed; therefore, the distance between all the rival powers remains the same, the proportion does not vary. None of them will emerge strengthened by this rivalry, and ruin awaits them all. One shudders at thinking that, if during the past ten years the powers had come to an understanding to moderate their pace, they would have saved milliards, from which progress would have benefited, without any modification of their respective positions." "It will suffice to discredit governments," is the solemn warning of Baron D'Estournelles, "if they persist in maintaining such an armed peace as now exists, in spite of its unpopularity. An opposition will be formed in all countries against their inaction." "It is not by blind resistance," he says again, "that governments will preserve their authority. It is by their intelligence, by their promptitude in understanding popular aspirations. The question is urgent."

Everybody recognizes that the limitation of armaments will gradually have as a corollary the reduction of the hours of labor, the reduction of the price of goods, the development of the country, the improvement of transport, of public instruction, of hygiene, and the adoption of social reforms. People calculate what a country might do in the way of constructing railways, bridges, ports, machinery, schools, and museums with merely a part of the money which is devoted to naval and military budgets. Let us not forget that until three years ago all the world laughed at our arbitration treaties, and that today they are being signed on all hands. Why should it not be the same in the case of limitation?"

Such were the drastic words of our distinguished French guest five years ago. In the same spirit and to the same purport was his first word as he landed in New York a few weeks ago; and it is a striking coincidence that the British Foreign Secretary was speaking in the same strain at almost the same moment that Baron D'Estournelles arrived here for his campaign in America at a time when the serious attention of our own people is focussed upon the question of the limitations of armaments as perhaps never before.

EDWIN D. MEAD.



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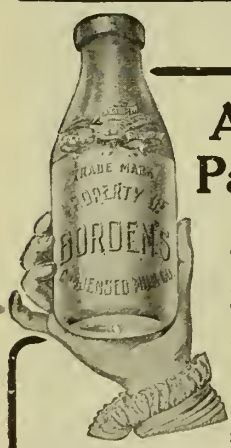

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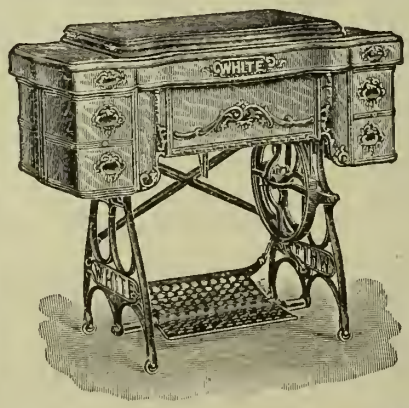

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1911 Number 8

UNITY

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

By Dark or Light

Nature, by dark or light thy life I drink!
  The midnight stars behold me as I gaze,
  And smile in answer, hinting that the days
Are but eternity's half-lumined brink.
The night is opportunity to think;
  And soul's own inner orbs expand and blaze
  When round the shepherd Pole the star-flocks graze
And fires of boreal Vulcans glow and shrink.

Yet when in eastern skies the steeds uprear
  Which Phoebus urges to celestial flight,
    The day brings eloquence night's lustre bars:
The sheen of dewy meadows far and near,
  The opal hills, the ocean's purple might,—
    And human faces lovelier than all stars.

Boston. JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1911. NUMBER 8.

IN THE DAY OF THE HARVEST

Ye have plowed, ye have sowed, and the harvest
shall be of its kind;
What ye sowed ye shall gather and grind;
What ye grind ye shall bake, saith the Lord, and,
or bitter or sweet,
In the days that shall be ye shall eat.

I am He that looks over the fence. I see, saith
the Lord,
How ye gather the fruits for your board.
And the mills of my patience run down. I will
come, I will come,
And the mirth of your feast shall be dumb.

Did ye deem that the Lord was far off? I have
seen how for gain
Ye have dammed up my rivers of grain
Till the poor in the cities have moaned. I have
heard me the cry
That for justice hath come up the sky.

And a patter of feet hath come up through the
roar of your mills,
Where childhood hath gone to your tills.
Ye shall be as the hiss of the foam that hath died
on the sand;
Ye shall be no more in the land.

Did ye deem that my wrath was a cloud that had
thundered and gone,
Swallowed up in the smile of the dawn?
Clouds return, saith the Lord. Have ye heard,
when I called over France,
How the Terror joined hands in her dance?

In the day that ye eat I will pour ye the wine,
saith the Lord;
I will come in the night with a sword.
And your towers shall be as a reed in the breath
of my might
When I come, when I come in the night.

And ye that have drained off the laugh from the
mouths of the poor,
Ye shall know that my coming is sure.
And ye that have poisoned the strength of the
children of men,
What caverns will cover ye then?

I will come with a roar, saith the Lord. I will
rouse up the slave
Till he win back the soul that I gave.
I will toss with a shout into battle the rich and
the poor.
Ye shall know that my laws they endure.

—*Edwin Davies Schoonmaker.*

In the death of William Henry Fish, the Unitarian ministry has lost a gentle soul. He will be mourned as a tender pastor and diligent leader by parishioners on both sides of the water. It was a strong Harvard class that in 1869 gave to progressive religion such teachers as George A. Thayer, Frederick L. Hosmer, B. F. McDaniel, C. W. Wendte, and the lofty-minded William Henry Fish.

The *Survey* epitomizes the work of the Chicago Vice Commission this way:

> The investigation covered fifty-two of the larger cities of the United States. In many conditions were found to be worse than they are in Chicago, while in some they are better. The commission has refrained from unnecessary criticism of city officials, and says that conditions in respect to open vice are better now than for years. "As a whole, Chicago is a better city morally than most of the cities of the United States that are in its class, yet the report, which aims to avoid criticism and to set forth its facts scientifically and dispassionately, shows that Chicago spends $15,000,000 annually for vice and that the traffic in women each year to keep up the supply for disorderly places, consumes 5,000 young girls. The commission has not scrupled to tell the whole truth, and by placing the facts before the public appeals to the conscience of Chicago.

Under the heading of "Let us Have Peace," the *Dial* for April 16 contains a review of three more books on war: "The Great Illusion," by Norman Angell, published by Putnam's Sons; "War and Its Alleged Benefits," by Jane Novicow, published by the Henry Holt House, and General Hiram M. Chittenden's "War or Peace," published by the McClurg House. The appearance of these books is encouraging. It is indicative of the spirit of the times. Any book that dwells upon the awful atrocity of war is welcome, and no statesman, editor or preacher who attempts to deal with the problems of public welfare can afford to be indifferent to or ignorant of this high literature.

The "Christ Myth," by Professor Drews, has been receiving more attention on the other side of the water than this. Professors von Soden, Weniel and Johannes Weiss, in Germany, have each answered this last attempt to eliminate the "Man of Nazareth" from the pages of history and the *Enquirer* (London) announces the appearance of a book entitled "Did Jesus Really Live?" by Herbert J. Rossington. Fascinating as is this mythological theory concerning an antique and mysterious personage, it cannot eliminate by any critical process the personal element in the gospel message. The very processes by which this elimination of miracle and myth is brought about leaves more clearly the historical residuum of a man with a message.

A Recreational Board

Wednesday, April 12, was a Field Day for the Wisconsin Legislature, which, by the way is a legislature that is doing things. Two bills in the hands of the Educational Committee of much initiative significance were set for a public hearing in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday evening last. Senator Viebahn, chairman of the Senatorial Educational Committee, occupied the chair. The legislative body was largely represented and manifested much interest through a long session, while the visitors' galleries on either side were crowded with the best citizens of Madison.

The first bill was an Enabling Act permitting school boards, or other bodies having charge of school-houses or other public buildings or grounds, to permit the use of the same without charge, upon the application of three or more reputable citizens. At these meetings public questions of a non-partisan character and other civic, social and recreational activities were to be allowed. This bill is already unanimously recommended for passage by the Educational Committee.

The second bill is, so far as we know, a unique movement authorizing the creation of "Boards of Public Recreation." The common council of any city, or the town board of any town, may create such a board, to have charge of

"The work of developing the civic, social and recreational resources of the city, town or village through promoting, aiding, organizing and directing the wider use of existing public buildings and grounds, such as public school houses and public school grounds, public park buildings and public park grounds, public market places and public squares, and other public buildings and grounds which may be more widely used for civic, social and recreational activities, to the public advantage.

"This board of public recreation is to co-operate with the existing departments in the town.

"When a petition, signed by ten per centum of the qualified voters of such city, town or village, is presented to the mayor, chairman or president of city, town or village, he shall proceed to create such a board. In cities of the first class this board of public recreation shall consist of nine members, consisting of the mayor, the commissioner of the department of public works, and seven others, selected by the mayor, one from the board of school directors, one from the board of park commissioners, one from the library and museum board, and one from the board of fire and police commissioners, and three from the citizens at large.

"In all the smaller towns and villages, the board shall consist of five members, consisting of the mayor, the chairman or the president, and four others selected by the mayor, one from the board of school directors and three from the citizens at large."

At this public hearing representatives of the Playground Activities of Milwaukee were heard and Professor Ward, of the Extension Staff of Wisconsin University, presented a graphic stereopticon exhibition of what has already been accomplished and what is now being done by the use of public property for organized recreational purposes.

The leading address of the evening was given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. He spoke for an hour in the interest of the rural districts and the small villages, which he said are in as dire need of *social centers* as the more congested territories of the city. He argued that the cry "Back to the land" is a fruitless one until the land is so far urbanized as to direct the leisure as well as the industry of the community. The boys and girls who "rush to the city" are often much misunderstood and unkindly maligned, for they are driven there not for selfish but for cultural and social reasons. Mr. Jones drew largely from his country experiences and boyhood life on the farm, and gave graphic illustrations of the inane life on the farm outside the laboring hours. He pleaded for the imprisoned farmer's wife, and for the farmer, the man overburdened with details. Leisure is of little value, oftentimes a great menace, unless it be organized and directed on cultural and social lines. He said that the old landmarks of the country were the taverns, which have now wholly disappeared. Their place was taken for a time by the country beer saloon, largely disappearing. Now the traveler on country roads is directed from one creamery or cheese factory to another. He pictured the time when the "Social Centers of the Country" will be conspicuous landmarks. There will be the baseball grounds for summer time and skating grounds for winter, water troughs for horses, the "Liberty pole" and the flag on occasions. This is but returning to the high uses of the old original schoolhouse, which was the theatre, assembly hall and rallying ground for patriotism in the early settlements.

He deplored the exclusion in the bill of *partisan* meetings. Is it not safe to assume that in respectable places party issues can be discussed in respectable ways? If the partisan is to be heard, he had better be heard in the school-house than in a hall over a saloon or an improvised beer-garden.

Mr. Jones pleaded for an additional provision in the bill by which towns or a group of towns, counties or a group of counties, might secure, under an adequate enabling act, spots of exceptional historic interest or of surpassing beauty. He spoke of the disgrace of Wisconsin, that allows its old territorial Capitol to be used as a stable, while the stalwart timbers, capable of enduring, like some of the old churches of New England, for two hundred years more, are now besmeared with hog-wallow.

He spoke of having led a party of three wagonloads of people forty miles across the country for the sake of seeing the marvelous view from the top of Platte Mound in Southwestern Wisconsin, one of the rarest views in this or any other country for extent of rural beauty and prosperity. The party arrived there only to find all access nailed down—wired down, with barbed wire at that, with the conspicuous notice: "All Trespassers will be Punished by Law." The hill had been given over to a colony of steers, who resented the intrusion. He wanted a law that would enable the town, county, or a group of towns and

villages to secure control of the summit of this mound and build a commodious roadway to the top, just for a view. He insisted that Wisconsin's greatest asset today, financially speaking, lies in its scenery. He remembered the time when Lake Geneva was a favored rallying-ground of public-spirited citizens from the three or more adjoining counties, a place where they went in great numbers to discuss public questions, social, moral, religious and patriotic. But now every foot of that beautiful shore has passed into the possession of Chicago millionaires, and the beautiful lake is a part of the back-door embellishment of private and, a large part of the year, non-resident owners. A citizen of Wisconsin cannot wash his feet in Lake Geneva, except as a trespasser or a humiliated recipient of favors.

It is to be hoped that these bills, and more like them, will enable Wisconsin to lead on these lines as it has on so many others.

A Psychic Autobiography

Probably no book since the appearance of Robert Dale Owens' "Foot-prints on the Borderland of Another World" has contained more confident, continuous testimony to the availability, practicability and actual intimacy of disembodied spirits with embodied mortals than this book of over 450 pages, by Amanda T. Jones, published by the Greaves Publishing Co., Tribune Building, New York. This "psychic" biography covers seventy years of life, all of which has been touched with luminous spots of communications, revelations and impressions which the author believes to have been directly given from friends in the spirit world.

To one whose attitude is that of respectful agnosticism in this matter, the book contains a large amount of sane insanity or insane sanity, as the case may be. One thing is as sure, namely, that Miss Amanda T. Jones is a woman of parts on her own account. The present reviewer took great pleasure some time ago in commending in these columns her poetry, a collected edition of which has been published by a standard Eastern house. Her "Atlantis," "Prairie Idol" and "The Rubaiyat of Solomon" have commanded the approbation of poets and critics whose opinions are well-nigh authoritative, among whom are Whittier, J. G. Holland, Richard Henry Stoddard, Austin Dobson, Stedman, Gilder and Markham.

In addition to her contributions to poetry, Miss Jones is the owner of important patents showing her triumph in fields seldom entered by women, ranging from a process of preserving fruit *in vacuo* without cooking, to some valuable devices for the use of petroleum as fuel for the generating of steam.

It is true that Miss Jones generously ascribes her triumphs in all these directions to the immediate good offices of a host of very good friends who have gone on, some of whom she knew in the flesh but most of whom were acquaintances made from beyond the veil. The book is full of "spooks" but is not at all "spooky," and the spirits here are characterized with an exceptional amount of good hard sense, practical advice and timely help. Miss Jones is evidently in her own proper person a good all-around crank, such as UNITY readers have much in common with. She has outgrown her Methodism, has a lifelong distrust of drugs and "dopes," is enamoured of baths and Graham gems, is committed to freedom, stirred with high patriotism, a hater of war and lover of peace. The present writer is so unheavenly that he would prefer to give Miss Amanda Jones direct credit for all these things rather than divide the claims and place a large part of the credit, as she does, to the account of the disembodied.

What shall we say of the book? What this present writer has always had to say, that it deals largely with matter beyond the range of his experience and does not seem to fill a felt want in his soul. The book is certainly a splendid enforcement of the great Shakespearean dictum, that there are "more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of." We believe in the integrity and veracity of this witness. She impresses us as an interesting reporter. Doubtless many will find comfort in her argument. There is little wonder that she should be so disrespectful to many of the words that touch the mysterious, such as "telepathy," "hypnotism," the "subconscious self," etc., etc. These she dismisses as "lingo," while she herself has ready at hand an elaborate vocabulary about "auras," "presciences," "premonitions," and still more mystical words which she uses glibly and confidently, ignoring the fact that the honest and intelligent reader will hesitate and inquire concerning these also.

However it may be about the ghosts in this book, which, we repeat, are of that kind that command our respect, the book has a lively human interest and it leaves us anxious for the sequel, wondering whether, after all these promises and mystic leadings, the fruit-canning process and the oil fuel contrivance are at last to bring the larger employment for women, a home for unfortunate women and various other benefactions which Miss Jones and her spirit friends have so persistently sought these many, many years.

J. LL. J.

He who suppresses his conscience just a little, enough to take the road of expediency into the citadel of success, has taken the left hand road that leads direct to all the miseries. J. LL. J.

Emerson, the Individualist

Democracy in American letters involves a study of our great essayists, not as litterateurs, but as democrats. They help us to see that democracy is more than "government of the people, by the people and for the people." It is more adequately defined by Havelock Ellis as "A state in which every man shall be a freeman, neither in economic nor intellectual nor moral subjection."

The new era in life and letters in America dates from the romantic movement, which had swept Europe and was finding expression in America, by disturbing conventional conditions, as it had abroad. The movement which is responsible for the Wesleyan revival, the Gothic revival, the French and American political revolutions, the English industrial revolution and the wonderful output of literature in Western Europe, could not be without influence on American letters and thought. The prophets of Swedenborgianism, Unitarianism, and Universalism established the belief in the Unity of God, as against the refined polytheism of popular belief; the excellence of human nature, as contrasted with its traditional perverseness; and the inner light of conscience, in opposition to external authority.

In politics, statesmen like Clay, Webster and Calhoun were laying the foundations for a similar, if more superficial faith. The unity of the State, as distinguished from colonial antagonism, the excellence of Americans, in contrast with submission to European standards, and the inner light of political instinct, naively assumed by the enthusiastic patriot, were rapidly becoming articles of faith. In literature, the pleasant prose of Irving and Cooper and the beautiful but aimless poetry of Bryant and Poe, were giving way to purposeful literature.

The pioneer to incorporate this ferment into a philosophy, as Carlyle had done in England, was Emerson. Born of the aristocracy of Unitarian divines, he had the conventional restricted experience of the Puritan youth, who was graduated without distinction from Harvard and attended perfunctorily the Divinity School. He was a frail, undistinguished student, but an omnivorous reader and persistent thinker. He was never thorough, but assiduous and fearless; an austere man, who would have liked to relax, but his temperament precluded the liberties which his mind took. He early saw the hypocrisies of the New England religion and society, and worked out a philosophy of life the most wholesome of his time. He was not a specialist, but revealed himself, doing impersonally that service for humanity which he could not do personally.

Emerson's philosophy of the private man demanded that he be not in economic, intellectual or moral subjection. It was too soon to develop the constructive democracy of today, but he pointed out the foibles of the multitude of petty reformers of his period. He asserted that the independence which was popular in the acquisition of property was little appreciated in the development of individuality. He was afraid of the tyranny of society, thinking "no society can ever be so large as one man." Yet he mourned over the inability to enter harmoniously into the life of the multitude: "We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them." He thought people were in subjection to things and that a cultivated man would be ashamed of his property: "Whilst one man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is itself vitiated." This economic subjection might be removed if there were no intellectual subjection: "The virtue in most request is conformity. . . . A sect or party is an elegant incognito devised to save a man from the vexation of thinking." In his protest against moral subjection, he failed to see the means by which intellectual freedom might bring economic freedom: "Let there be no control and no interference in the administration of affairs of this kingdom of me . . . The world is governed too much."

Emerson's distrust of organized society was not so great as his moral enthusiasm. So, like the other honest men of his time, he was drawn into the anti-slavery agitation. Such a movement was utterly repugnant to his retiring nature and the assertiveness of society seemed to violate some of his ideas of freedom, but the necessity of action for freeing man from economic bondage, enlarged his conception of moral freedom: "The good, the illuminated sit apart from the rest, censuring their dulness and vices, as if they thought that, by sitting very grand in their chairs, the very brokers, attorneys and congressmen would see the error of their ways, and flock to them. But the good and wise learn to act, and carry salvation to the combatants and demagogues in the dusty arena below."

Emerson's philosophy was so good for his time that it has been largely assimilated. We want today not Emersonians, but democrats with the faith and courage of Emerson.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

"THE LIGHT LIES ON THE FARTHER HILLS"

The clouds upon the mountains rest;
A gloom is on the autumn day;
But down the valley, in the west,
The hidden sunlight breaks its way,—
A light lies on the farther hills.

Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine!
Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,
Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine;
The power that sent can heal thy grief;
And light lies on the farther hills.

Thou would'st not with the world be one
If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong;
Take comfort, though the darkened sun
Never again bring gleam or song,—
The light lies on the farther hills.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

"In the years that have been I have bound man closer to man
And closer woman to woman;
And the stranger hath seen in a stranger his brother at last
And a sister in eyes that were strange.
In the years that shall be I will bind me nation to nation
And shore unto shore," saith our God.
"Lo! I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of barriers,
I am he that shall free," saith the Lord.
"For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending,
And victory followeth me.

—*Stephen Phillips.*

THE PULPIT

A Sermon From the South

PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, APRIL 9, 1911, BEFORE ALL SOULS CHURCH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

(Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson)

As has been my habit for more years than I care to count, I return from my southern itinerary, which through your courtesy occurs every March. This year, as perhaps never before, my vacation has been more than a search for sunlight and a rest for voice and brain; it has been a trip into the land of memories, an excursion into the country of dreams, for such seem at this distance the hard physical experiences that came to me from '62 to '65.

Through the enterprise of the *Daily News* and other papers, you are invited, fifty years afterward, to read day by day the progress of that war. I am glad to note that Mrs. Ella Flagg Young commends this deliberate narrative of facts fifty years old as good collateral history reading for our boys and girls. It is not well that a nation should forget its annals.

This very week comes the fiftieth anniversary of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the semi-centennial of the firing of the "first shot" at the flag, to be promptly followed a few days later by the humiliation that lowered the flag and surrendered its defenders.

I go back in memory to the farm home in Wisconsin beyond whose limits I had scarcely ever passed more than the length of a single daylight. I recall the night when the family were aroused at an unheard-of late hour by the older brothers, who had come from the station where they had been listening for news by telegraph, and the word came, "They have fired on the flag in South Carolina." I was not a precocious boy, such as we raise nowadays, but I was out of bed and listened to the news that night, and I feel now, as I could not feel then, the premonitory thrills that went through that emigrant home. The father, who had sought a home under the flag in the forties, resented the shot as a personal injury.

My itinerary this year began where the Rebellion began. My hospitable hosts at Charleston escorted me behind the grim guns at Sumter when on my way to what the Charlestonians are so proud of, their great playground and parade of fashion, their famous summer beach, the resort of the wealthy and those who need soft sea breezes to recreate and to strengthen,—their Garden of Palms,—and over in the city I walked the "Battery" where a medley of ladies and gentlemen promenaded carelessly and idly in front of monster mortars and savage war dogs that poured their hot shot into Fort Sumter, filling it with the smoke and menacing the powder magazines where the starving defenders were gathered.

My itinerary ended in Missouri on the border ruffian grounds where armed men went over the line to capture Kansas for slavery, and where the Kansas "jayhawkers" sallied out and retaliated. On ground where personal bitterness and neighborhood venom once reached perhaps its high water mark, I read every page of that monumental work on John Brown by Oswald Garrison Villard. Nothing extenuated, nothing kept back, the whole story is told in its grimness and its power, and it helped me to live over again in memory that other night of gloom in the Wisconsin farm home, when John Brown was hung. His execution was justified by law and his career seemed to have ended in the defeat and disgrace that belonged to a lawbreaker. And still, within eighteen months of that humiliation, young men from Massachusetts to Minnesota were rallying in growing columns, singing:

> "John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
> But his soul is marching on."

In due time I fell in and kept step to the same tune for three years. On this dark and bloody ground in Missouri I gave my lecture this March on "Robert E. Lee, the Man Who Conquered Defeat," under the auspices of the great university of the state. They said it was the largest audience that had gathered in that place for many a month, and the grizzly veterans who had marched under the stars and bars, as well as those who marched under the stars and stripes, came up from the town to hear. Some of the Colonels who had followed the beloved leadership of Robert E. Lee were there to listen attentively to the words of appreciation from the man of the North, and one spokesman out of the army of Virginia said, "If you had given that other lecture of yours on the 'Sad Humorist of the Sangamon,' we would have come out and listened as cordially."

All this in one lifetime? All this in fifty years? This horrible story of carnage and fire, the varied happenings of war, and now the crowded campus of open-hearted boys and girls with their faces turned to the future.

Violent, romantic, almost inconceivable as is this story of a patriotic disruption and reconstruction to the student of history, to one reading on long lines, there is another transition almost as surprising. At Charleston, South Carolina, I found a little group of nine ministers; they call themselves the Philo Club. These ministers took particular pains to make my visit there very pleasant; they treated me as a guest of honor; and these nine ministers included the pastors of the leading Presbyterian and Baptist churches of Charleston, an Episcopalian Rector, the Unitarian Minister and the Jewish Rabbi. And it was simply my inability to make the circuit that prevented my occupying a Presbyterian minister's pulpit in the university town of the State of Mississippi; the invitation was most cordial.

Here was this heretic, whose Wisconsin boyhood home was under the ban of the preachers because his father and mother bore the dreaded name of "Socinians." And these courtesies came not as a matter of personal favor, for this Charleston club represented a transition and growth in religious thought and feeling as surprising and startling as the growth in politics and statecraft. This growth was indicated in many other experiences. Columbia, Missouri, is the seat of the State University which is forging forward with great rapidity, tak-

ing its place among the conspicuous universities of the West. Its student body numbers over three thousand young men and women, and, in spite of the old conservatism in politics and in religion, it presents a surprisingly cosmopolitan company. The President of the University is Canada born, trained at Cornell, with a Wisconsin experience, the Dean of Agriculture is a Michigan man, the heads of the Chemistry, Athletic and Animal Husbandry departments are from Wisconsin, the head of the Teachers' College from Canada, the Geology man, I think, from Kansas, the Physics man from Indiana, and the head of the Engineering Department came from Maine by way of North Carolina. It seems but poetic justice that Kansas, the bitter antagonist in the old border ruffian days, should have recently crossed the line and captured one of the many "best men" in the University of Missouri and carried him off to place him in a more responsible position in the University of Kansas. There was no blood spilled, but much loving strife and happy rivalry.

Let me not paint too fancy a picture. Every word I have said is true and I think every inference justified, and still there remain many regrettable things and sad facts. It is a surprise and a disappointment to find the cities of the South that have suffered so much from the evils of war and have struggled so heroically to recover from the blight of war, still holding the military man in the limelight. The boastful city of Savannah, beautiful for situation, with prosperity unparalleled, has five military companies and no public library. It has armories and arsenals in abundance, but no free reading room worthy the city. At the very heart of the city it has a proud military parade ground of many acres, and its broad walks swarm with children of all colors and shades. "Why don't you have some out-of-door apparatus for the children to play with and a physical director in these splendid spaces?" "Oh, the military companies are jealous of these grounds, they would not have such a thing as that interfere with their parade ground."

Charleston is still proud of its Navy Yard. I was taken to see the most horrible contrivance of human ingenuity I have ever looked upon; it must be the most ghastly triumph of modern science. The long heard of "Devil-fish" was at last found. I mean that infernal contrivance known as a submarine boat. It will take eight or more human souls down into the deeps and keep them there four or five hours, while they steal around seeking the vulnerable breasts of ships bearing human freight under which they can explode their devilish bombs and blow life and property into oblivion. And this is the pride, one of the show pieces of an American Navy Yard. The docks were lined during my visit with the pride of the American Navy, the torpedo fleet, a swarm of mosquitoes expressed in iron, to whose malignity science has given permanency and power. Charleston was on the *qui vive* over the mobilizing of the American troops on the Mexican border line, soldiers had been hurried away, sweethearts had been kissed, departing lieutenants and sergeants and corporals had left their girls in tears. When I deplored this misdirection of energy and of capital a sagacious business man said, "Never mind, it can't always last. We are finding out that we cannot maintain these five military companies. It is hard to keep up the muster roll. I notice that none of the companies are more than half full." "But," the enthusiastic young daughter said, "Father, you are not counting on the Boy Scout Movement. You ought to have seen them parade yesterday. They will fill out the ranks of the military companies. There will be no lack of heroes while they are in training." This is one side of the Boy Scout Movement, another evidence of its danger, and another reason why, in spite of the many things in its favor, I must still distrust it and withhold from it my confidence,—it is so easy to arouse fine enthusiasm on deplorable lines.

I have sometimes said, half in jest, that if there are any unreconstructed sections in the South they are to be found among the "Daughters of the Confederacy." The veterans have had enough of war, they have seen behind the glamour, they know of that which was neither patriotism nor valor, that followed in the wake of war. In some of the cities of the South I find "War Museums" collected and arranged by the patriotic women, sustained by their devotion. Here is gathered a lot of old junk of the Confederacy, memorials of bitter days. These Museums of old relics are well maintained. The fair sisters would fain make these the rallying point of the new South, an inspiration to the young women and young men. In one city I found the "Daughters" offering a ten-dollar gold piece as a prize for the best High School essay on the topic, "The Confederate Cruisers, Were They Privateers?" A legitimate subject for historic research, perhaps a subject proper for that latitude for High School investigation, but the specifications under which the investigation was to be pursued went further, indicating the standpoint which the essayist was to assume. He was to furnish the best argument to prove that they were not privateers; and appended to the specification was a list of authorities these High School boys and girls were to consult, a list in which I looked in vain for any of the standard historians of the period, such as are recommended by scholars, some of them by men of the South like Woodrow Wilson, Eggleston and others. There were other money prizes offered to the Grammar grade students along similar lines with a view of awakening patriotism and generating the spirit of loyalty. In another city I found a program of a winter's study on the part of the "Daughters,"—the Campaign of the Union Army from Chattanooga to Atlanta,—all to be studied carefully with maps and charts. Here again is a legitimate field of inquiry, but I wondered whether these young mothers and wives could not find subjects for their weekly study more helpful to their homemaking. I wished I could put into the hands of these "Daughters" a copy of Frederick Robertson's great sermon, entitled "Progress by Oblivion of the Past." I would like to suggest to the pastor of these women a fitting text for a sermon: "Forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before." I recognize the sweetness and tenderness, the beauty and enthusiasm of these women. They are not wrong-headed

but they are in danger of being narrow-minded. Their instincts are right, but their minds need to be open to the light.

Some of these surprises would be humorous were they not sad. A bright Virginia school-teacher on vacation like myself, offered delightful companionship for several hours on the train. We shared our enthusiasm for Thomas Jefferson, our love for Monticello and the sacred grave. She agreed with me that the homes of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson should be sacred shrines under the immediate charge and ownership of the Government, and I suggested that there is one other spot in the United States that ought to be brought under such guardianship: three shrines toward which the feet of the loving and the loyal of all nations may be directed increasingly on pilgrimages of love and honor. I would not tell where the third shrine lay but she made several guesses, and I left her guessing. The birthplace of Abraham Lincoln never occurred to her as being such a shrine. In a reading room for boys which I visited, recently equipped and promptly used, though it was a dark basement room, the librarian pointed with pride to the only two pictures on the wall, the faces of George Washington and Robert E. Lee. "Well!" I said, "very well, but I wish you had one more face." "Whose is that?" "I leave you to guess." "I hope it is not Lincoln," she said. "Why should you say that? Don't you remember the saying of Jefferson Davis, that next to the day when the South had to lay down its arms, the day when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated was the darkest day in its history?" "Yes, I know he said that, but what did Lincoln do, anyhow? O he went and got himself shot, I know,"—and this from a librarian. When I bemoaned the absence of public libraries in these fine and growing cities, one retort was from a librarian: "We don't want your public libraries. We don't want them because if we have them we will have to let the darkies in, and we don't want them. When they read they become useless." Of course it was not a debatable question then and there. A bright little boy in the High School with the audacity of the American lad was not at all intimidated by the presence of the grey-beard, but fresh from the tuition of the school broke in with,—"They had a right to secede all right. I have read the Constitution." This boy was acquainted with the text book which Robert E. Lee studied when he was a boy in school. I liked the boy's vigilance. He has a mind that will serve him well, but to such a mind under proper training even the Constitution will become a growth, a living and not a dead letter. And a young lady, highly accomplished, well acquainted with the musical achievements of Chicago,—better than I am,—reminded me of the "well known fact" that much of the fighting at Gettysburg on the northern side was done by hireling soldiers. Colonel Somebody of the Confederate Army said that he had found many such regiments of Germans who could not talk a word of English and had no idea what it was all about.

But I must pass to the two superstitions one encounters in the South wherever he goes. Like all superstitions, they grow by frequent repetition. Perhaps this is a good definition: A superstition is a thing approved on account of being uttered so often.

The first superstition that one encounters is that "prohibition does not prohibit," that notwithstanding the extent of the dry territory and the fact that saloons have disappeared in a marvelous way, yet there is as much liquor sold as ever. That one can get a drink wherever he pleases, etc., etc.

Without going into the statistics of it, or caring for them, but as a result of my annual inspection for eighteen years or more, I come back to say to you that there is a mighty change in appearances, at least. I walked the streets of Savannah, a city of 75,000, for a week, and failed to see any signs of the old time debauchery or the ruffianism of the old régime. The shameful list of drunks and the attendant shootings and assassinations which appeared in the daily papers of the old order are not now to be found. The saloon as a center of debauchery, coarseness and brawls is gone. In my week's stay in the city I saw but two drunken men, both of them manifestly gentlemen of the higher order. The saloon as a center of degradation is gone. The Mississippi river, under the sanction of the United States Government, still carries on the humiliating trade. The passenger boat is a floating saloon, and at its landing it takes on customers who, once in midstream, lay in their stock of fire-water, then go ashore at the next landing and walk back. Still decency is on the increase and the illicit drinking is at least subject to good manners. I was interested in the diagnosing of the situation by the boat steward. He loudly condemned the existing Legislature. "It doesn't do any good," he said, but he also testified that the drinking habit was going. "No drinking allowed among the employes of the boat, have cut it out myself. People have simply got tired of drinking; it is going out of fashion, and they would quit it anyhow." Let us be cheered by the fact that drunkenness is getting to be disreputable. When we make it shameful we will probably run the business out. The South is a mighty temperance lecture today, as all intelligent citizens of the South testify. Of course it has its stories of "blind tigers," and I had an experience with these, but that is another story. Perhaps some other time I will tell it.

I turn now to the second superstition which is found everywhere in the South. It prevails among business men, it is found in the drawing room where ladies, daughters and wives congregate. This is that education has done the colored man no good. "You certainly will agree with us that education has been a detriment thus far to the colored man," is the way a pretty young lady put it. "I can prove it," says a business man. Notwithstanding this, all the way through the South, in and out of the streets, in country, village and town, you meet everywhere colored porters, letter carriers, expressmen, deliverymen, giving and receiving receipts, taking and paying money, performing services which would be absolutely impossible were it not for the degree of expert knowledge that enables them to read, write and figure, thus making of them immediate, direct and indispensable factors in the wealth-producing industries of the South. That the negro is necessary to do the hard manual labor is admitted by all, that he is necessary as a factor in the exchanges of the work of the South is equally true.

One of the most intelligent and sympathetic students of the cotton-mill industry in the South explained that the reason they could not use negro help in many departments was because the white people would go out, and yet he complained that the white operative constituency in the Georgia mills, the men who had been brought down from the mountains by the lure of good pay and regular work were sickly, tubercular, underpaid, underfed, unintelligent, breeding large families of children to die young or to grow up anemic, while on the other hand I saw colored men climbing up and down in places of danger, walking like squirrels on the steel ledges of sky-scraping structures, handling the ropes at the other end of which hung white men's lives. They had reached the realm of expert labor and were dealing with expert workers.

Several interesting things happened while I was in the South. At Savannah a Jewish Rabbi was "mine host" and advance agent, arranging for me my itinerary. At his synagogue I gave a course of lectures on "Prophets of Modern Literature." Gentile men and women who were interested in Browning, Tolstoy, Ibsen and others were found for the first time inside the walls of a Jewish temple, and no harm was done either to Jew or Gentile. During the week the Rabbi was asked by telephone if he thought my services were available for a Sunday afternoon address before the Georgia State Agricultural School for Colored People, which is located at Thunderbolt, a suburb of Savannah. Naturally enough the Rabbi thought it altogether likely, but he suggested to the President of the School that he come in that evening to my lecture and arrange with me directly. The southern Rabbi's wife was somewhat appalled at the prospect of a colored man sitting in the Synagogue on the white people's floor, there being no negro gallery or need of one in a Jewish Synagogue. But President Wright and one of his professors came and were courteously shown a seat and cordially greeted by many of the pillars at the close of the service, and no calamity befell on either side. Furthermore, in making the arrangements for the Sunday afternoon lecture, the Rabbi undertook to escort me, and in due time was asked to present me to the bright audience of three or four hundred colored boys and girls, and nothing happened again. Here where once was a stately homestead of the old régime, a great lawn forming a noble campus, the problems of agriculture and the new farming are being discussed by prospective directors of farm industries. Everywhere colored schools were in evidence and colored children were to be seen going and coming therefrom.

I have some vivid pictures in memory. Here is one of a bright lad, well clothed, coming down the street, beating a tattoo with heel and toe, and keeping time to the music of his whistling, which seemed to be a whole fife and drum band in his mouth, turning square corners, soldier fashion, maching, head up, whistling to beat the band, and there was a bunch of school-books on his shoulder. He was on his way to school and on his way to a future career, though as he approached me I found he was inked by Providence. His color was beyond his control, but there was a superabundance of energy that made of him a corps in the army of life all by himself.

Here is another picture. Stopping at one of the numerous landings on the Louisiana side one morning, there was the usual old-time fringe of curious spectators studying the one event of the day. On the high levee beyond was a fringe of small children in gay dresses, well kempt and well shod, when suddenly a bell rang from beyond the levee and the children scurried and disappeared so promptly that I turned to the mate for an explanation: "That's the school bell. The pickaninnies don't propose to be late," was his reply. It was a sight to delight the student of sociological problems.

I used to talk, after my March returns, of a Shoe String Sociology, and used to comment upon the bare legs, bare heads, bare feet and untied shoes. I have watched as closely this year as ever before. I tell you the people in the South, black and white, are learning to tie their shoes, and the old half-naked squalor is disappearing. The black man of the South is not only well shod but he is comfortably clothed, and there is evidence everywhere that he is proving not only a profitable but a congenial citizen to his white neighbor. There are 5,000 more colored people in Savannah than white, one-half of the population of Charleston is colored, and there are two colored persons to every white one in Vicksburg. A correspondent in the Charleston *Courier* wrote in a current number of the situation on St. Helena Island, Beaufort County, that shoe-string county where Professor William Allen during the war gathered his negro melodies, where William C. Gannett, "When I was young and Harry was strong" found his "Aunt Phillis, who lived by herself with Jesus." This writer says that island now contains 7,000 or 8,000 colored people and only fifty whites, and still the white people live securely, peaceably and happily with their colored neighbors. In all these places the colored people are, in the main, happy and prosperous, and the white neighbors are increasingly adapting themselves to the inevitable order.

All this is indisputable evidence that the superstition that education hurts any man, black or white, orthodox or heterodox, pagan or Christian, is on the face of it an absurdity, a transparent absurdity. The spelling-book is not the gospel, but first, last and all the time it is allied to any gospel that has in it any saving power.

Notwithstanding the horrible counteractions and reactions, and so many horrible facts which have not yet been adequately studied, the trend of things is hopefully onward and upward in the South.

It is not the inferior race but the theory of the inferiority that is working such damaging results, not upon the black man but upon the white man. It is the white man's theory of the inferiority of the black woman that makes her to him a source of degradation, and he becomes the degenerate in the community. Said an open-minded white man of the South, "I tell you, white men of the South become color blind after night." The would-be Christian white man is outraged at the suggestion of an insult from a black man to a white woman. What about the almost universal debauchery of the black woman by the white man? This is a subject that has never been frankly dealt with. Not until a Commission like that

which has just reported in Chicago on the vice of this city shall report on the sex problem of the white man's relation to the black woman in the South, giving the facts scientifically treated, can we realize how utterly damnable is the theory of an inferior race, not to the alleged inferior race, trying as it is, but to the bumptious representative of the would-be superior race. Witness the degradation of the English army in India and the American army in the Philippines.

Perhaps the most wretched people in the world are the children of illicit relationships between the proud English soldiery and the submissive Hindoo women, the product of which, the Eurasians, are for life, outcasts on both sides,—Heaven help them. To the credit of the Negro let it be said that he at least has been loyal to the children of his race. He has played the part of father and brother to the child of the white man, while the proud white man, defying all the laws of nature, refuses to accept in any degree the sacred responsibilities of the fatherhood which he has incurred. When the Southern chivalry shall enable a colored woman to claim the co-operation of the white father of her child in rearing the same, then an dnot until then will the ultimate matter of the colored problem be faced, and when once faced it will be solved.

In spite of all this I, who nearly fifty years ago went down and trudged as a private soldier following the flag, and who have been over the same ground with few interruptions annually, I am here to say again that I believe in the essential improvability of the black race, and that when the story is properly told and appreciated the spectacle of this enslaved people, brought to a country by violence against their will, and still possessed of vitality enough to rise alongside of and largely in co-operation with their old masters into intelligent citizenship, is such as to command the unlimited admiration of the student of the human race. The colored man is moving forward, climbing upward, becoming more and more a Democratic citizen of a republic, making of himself a welcome assistant in the industries of the land which enslaved him. Here is a spectacle so inspiring, so stupendous, that only one gifted with the emotions of a poet and the conscience of a prophet can satisfactorily or adequately tell the story.

I was moved to say to the students of the Georgia Agricultural College what I repeat with more deliberation here. The clock of destiny has a long pendulum, its stroke measures the centuries. Asia is for the past, England and America are for the present, and who dare say that when this clock of destiny strikes the full hour of high noon, Africa, the unexplored, the mystic, immeasurably dark continent, is not for the future?

Lanier, the poet of the South, looking back over the bitter, bitter past, saw the heavenly distilled dews fall in the darkness of the night and from his lips broke confidently the Song of the Future:

Sail fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past,
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.
Breaths of new buds from off some dying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea:
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste;
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;
Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long;
Thou'rt only a grey and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

On the Campus of the Missouri University the attention of the visitor is attracted by a splendid series of stately Grecian columns, splendid pillars that form an attractive foreground to the Campus, the grass at their feet being gracefully mounded and the severity of the pillars softened by growing vines. A quarter of a mile or more away is another series of Grecian pillars, not quite so splendid or stately, but still beautiful. They are found in the foreground of the Court House square. The visitor is curious to know the history of these columns, and he finds that the ones in the city once sustained the porch of the old Court House, a relic of the war. The more splendid columns on the Campus are all that is left of the original building of the old University of Missouri, which also was built before the war. The old University building and the old Court House are gone, but the Grecian pillars stand. Their defiance of time is now honored by the lover of the beautiful. The plan is suggested of boulevarding the distance between these pillars so that there will be a noble driveway reaching from these remains of an old Court House to the splendid monuments of an old University. These pillars have haunted my imagination ever since. I like to think they symbolize that whatever is conceived in truth under the old régime in the South is to stay, but that the unworthy and the unjust are to go. The permanent pillars stand on their own account. They serve civilization by their very being, justifying the poetic fancy that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Truth is indestructible.

There is a great sermon down South to the thoughtful student, and it has application in Chicago in these days of its civic humiliation, its convicted degradation in this belated report of the Vice Commission. We wonder why it was left all these years for the churches to demand, as they did last year, that the Mayor appoint such a commission as was appointed. Why were not these awful facts revealed before?

Let us try to make home application of this Sermon of the South and profit by it, for the sermon of the South is the sermon of history, the sermon of progress. May God keep us up to the times.

THE DANCERS OF THE FIELD

The wind went combing through the grass.
The tall white daisies rocked and bowed:
Such ecstasy as never was
Possessed the shining multitude.

They turned their faces to the sun.
And danced the radiant morn away;
Of all his brave eye looked upon,
His daughters of delight were they.

And when the round and yellow moon.
Like a pale petal of the dusk
Blown loose above the sea-rim shone,
They gave me no more need to ask

How immortality is named;
For I remember like a dream
How ages since my spirit flamed
To wear their guise and dance with them.

—*Bliss Carman.*

From Our Foreign Correspondent

Contrary to our first plans, the ship stopped at Algiers. A friend and I got permission to take a small boat and go ashore at 6:30 a. m. The other passengers left at 9 a. m. We walked all through the town before it was hardly astir, going through the fish market, seeing such a haul of fish as I never dreamed of. Going to the public square, we watched the veiled women and the white robed men. We found an intelligent French cabman and told him to take us to the old Arab city. I cannot begin to describe my feelings on finding myself in that underground world. There seems on first sight to be only squalor and discomfort, but I pulled myself together and realized that I was measuring everything by my own standards. Then I began seeing some of the advantages which they had over us. The white robed men—and they abounded—were clean compared to the ready-made clothing worn by the more civilized (?) people. Their religion makes it imperative that they shall wash themselves—we have no such rules, unhappily, therefore, while one does see much that is dirty, it is not so bad in many ways as with us. Their peculiar costumes and customs, however, seem to be confined to the older people for the younger ones discard every evidence of their habits and religion except the fez. We spent many hours in the old part of the city. We then ascended to the newer part with its beautiful villas and wonderful views of the sea from every point. One wonders, however, what the people do to keep the people alive when one views this clear landscape and even longs for a puff of smoke from the Illinois Central or from some objectionable chimney to assure him that at least some of the complexities of our civilized life are keeping the people alive and busy.

We remained until the last possible moment in this charming city and found ourselves the last ones to arrive at the boat. It was very interesting to hear the comments made by our fellow passengers, most of whom had refused to stay on shore more than an hour, and when questioned why, replied that the dirt was impossible to endure and that the people were too repulsive to look at! A few, like my companion and myself, found much to interest us and many things to commend, and some things that we really wished to impart.

Arriving in Naples, one sees a great change in the appearance of things in five years. Sanitary science has been at work, but again one must not begin by using the standards of newer countries. We are more and more impressed that the absolute cannot be expected and that everywhere we must keep in mind the relative. Especially is this true of cleanliness, and it is best to keep one's eyes raised toward the clouds, the sky and the mountains.

During the following week it was my privilege to see Naples as even few Neapolitans see it, and this was in the company of an Italian lawyer and a newspaper man. We saw the fish market on the first night of Lent,—each little stall or table was lighted up with a smoking torch and a little group of men, women and children were warming themselves around a brazier of coals. Everywhere the beautifully colored fish gleamed like jewels in the flickering light. We threaded our way along narrow streets where huge pots of maccaroni were being cooked in the open air and crowds of urchins and beggars were gathered, hoping for a supper. We bought several platesful for the old and the very young, and in less time than it takes to tell, it was devoured, with blessings showered on our future, or it was spilled in the scramble.

Naples must be seen at night to be appreciated, and night does not begin until 9:30 at this time of the year. The little shops which in the day time look like mere dug-outs, are all life and animation at night. Everywhere we are impressed with the lack of material comforts, and the slavery to old customs, and we can readily understand why the church is so well supported, not only because of the superstitious beliefs, but because of the relief it affords from this squalor. It at least gives a little poetry to life.

We saw the splendid possibilities of the moving pictures in the story of Paradise Lost. For one hour and a half, with hundreds of others, we watched this marvelous machine giving scenery and color to most that was worth while in the book. We marveled at the familiarity of the average Italian with the story, and we heard everywhere passages quoted as the picture appeared. One wonders, I say, until he learns that the tutors of these young men give them so many verses to commit to memory as a punishment for some misdemeanor! In another place we were given many Bible stories, with the verses from the Bible thrown upon the screen. Of course there are objectionable places when one does not wish to see the pictures, but it is always surprising to see the crowds which flock to see a really good thing.

The Italians are quick to approve or disapprove of music, and an orchestra must meet the approval of the audience or be hissed and hooted at. Two plays are given at every performance, one in the audience and the other on the stage. At the Dante pictures the music did not please and it was greeted with hisses. "This is the music of the Inferno," calls one. The next night there was a decided improvement in the music. The Neapolitan seems to be an omnivorous newspaper reader, although it is said that 67 per cent of the population of southern Italy cannot read or write. One wonders where this 67 per cent is when he sees every one greedily looking for the next edition. Following a tragedy in Rome, every night for a week we heard discussions of the subject from every standpoint among men who gathered in the little restaurants known to congenial spirits.

All of this constitutes my first impression of this unique city. Always it is the human element which interests and causes us to wonder. I expect to be able to go more deeply into some things as I get to know the people, who are always kindly, intelligent and ready to be helpful if approached in the proper spirit. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Naples, Italy.

American Homes and Gardens is about as good a suburban magazine as we now have. It reaches out into country life proper, but mainly deals with gardens and homesteads.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, Janu ary 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Mrs. Antoinette D. Leach has been chosen president of the Bar Association of Sullivan County, Ind. She is the only woman lawyer in her county.

Equal suffrage received the unanimous endorsement of 500 Methodist Episcopal ministers at their annual conference in Ocean City, N. J., a few days ago.

What is believed to be the first woman suffrage act North Carolina has had was enacted by the last State Legislature in a special act for Wrightsville Beach, a famous seaside resort. It provides that women who own property on the beach shall be allowed to vote.

Secretary MacVeagh has approved an order which will place a woman in direct charge of all the mints and assay offices in the United States for short intervals at various times in the year. She is Miss Margaret V. Kelly, of the Mint Bureau, one of the three highest paid women in the government service.

Mme. Lawrence Fielder has been sent to the United States by the French Government to study the school system, the fight against tuberculosis, the relations of labor and capital, our industrial training schools and the organization of our army and navy.

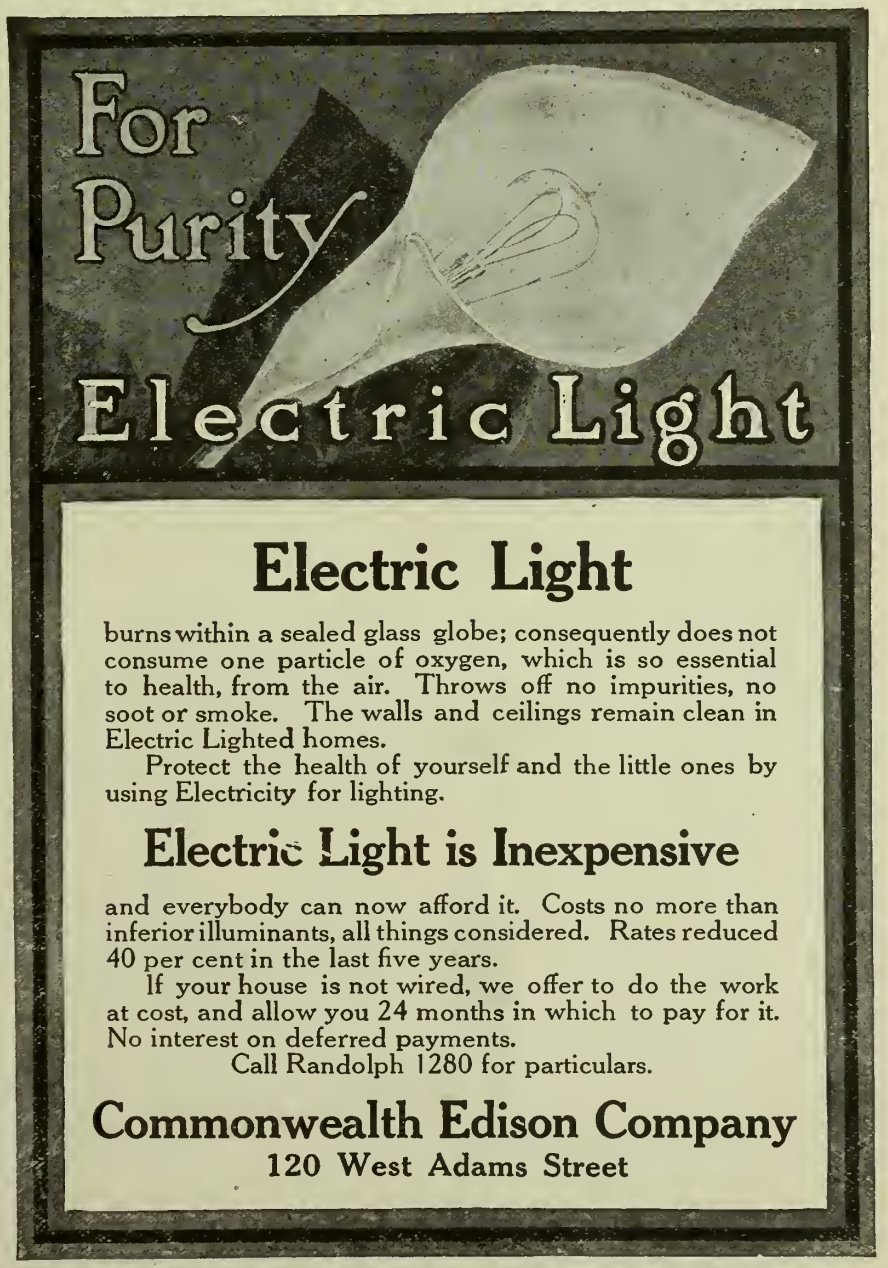
Since January 1, three cities in New York, Albany, Syracuse, and Utica, have created for the first time the position of paid woman probation officer. Four additional salaried women probation officers have been appointed also in courts in New York. There are now over thirty publicly paid women probation officers in the state.

Over thirty members of the Wisconsin State Legislature have signed a set of resolutions praising Miss Mary Swain Wagner and her co-laborers for the success of the Woman Suffrage Hearing of March 14.

Three hundred dollars in prizes was recently divided by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont among five members of the Artist League of the Political Equality Association, of which she is president. The prizes were awarded for the best posters and statuettes representing the "votes for women" cause and will be used for suffrage propaganda by her organization.

Mrs. Charles Park, of Boston, has received a letter from the Secretary of State of Colorado saying that 80 per cent of the women in his state register and about 73 per cent vote. The Secretary of State of Wyoming writes that 90 per cent of the women of Wyoming vote. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Idaho and all his Associate Justices have published a signed letter stating that the large vote polled by the women of their state proves that they take a lively interest in politics. In Australia at the recent elections more than 400,000 women voted as against 600,000 men. In New Zealand at the first election after the granting of equal suffrage 109,461 women out of a colony of 139,918 cast their ballot, and the proportion has been increasing ever since.—*National Woman's Press Bureau.*

Let the tiny yellow birds
Still repeat their shining words,
While across our senses steal
Hints of things no words reveal.
—*Bliss Carman.*



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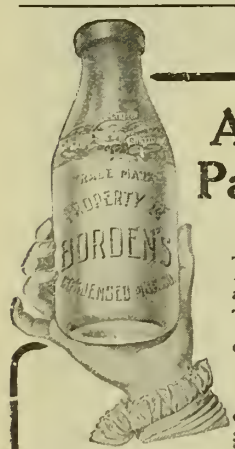

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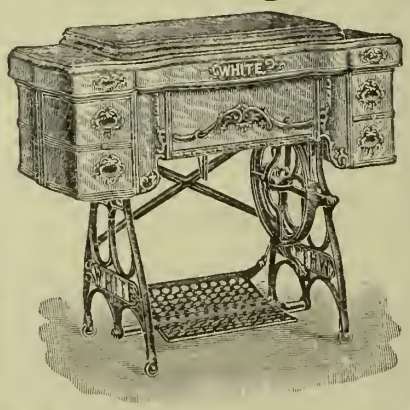

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UNITY

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The High Court of Nations

Tune, "Lyons"

(From the new "Unity Hymns and Chorals")

Hear, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of today!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns the new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-builded State.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled,
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my Country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good-will!

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1911. NUMBER 9.

NOON IN THE PRINTING SHOP

'Tis noontide. For an hour the workers rest
Amid the quiet where but now there rang
The fugue of type and planer, presses' clang,
And all the concords of the printer's quest.
Around me suddenly, in beauty drest,
Rise forest aisles! The notes of birds that sang
Long past, again I hear; the wild fruit's tang
Again I taste, in dewy coverts blest.

Imagination! power hast thou to take
From toil its sting, and unto age impart
The vanished fire of youth's first morning-glow!
Happy who learn thy simple law, and slake
Through charm of inner eye and loving heart
Earth's direst griefs in mind's rich overflow.

Boston. JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

UNITY extends its sincere sympathy to the readers of the *Reform Advocate* and its bereaved Editor, our neighbor and yoke-fellow, Dr. E. G. Hirsch. It was given to but few of us to know that the elder brother, Edward, has been these many years the silent Aaron to the eloquent and efficient younger brother, the Moses of Emil. Edward and Emil Hirsch were the sons of the learned Rabbi, Dr. Samuel Hirsch. They were German by birth and breeding, but American, all of them, by adoption and spiritual choice. Both boys received from the father a love of learning and an aptitude for the same. And now there is but one of the twain left. After a short but severe illness, Edward yielded last week to the dreadful scourge, pneumonia. He gave up the struggle at the Michael Reese Hospital. We borrow the words of the bereaved brother to indicate what not only the family, Sinai Congregation, and the Jewish fraternity have lost, but also the city of Chicago and the cause of religious progress in America.

Edward was a man of education, speaking fluently German, French and English, thoroughly versed in Latin and Hebrew, and eminently well fitted for the duties that fell to him as a member of the *Advocate's* staff. Most of the translations from foreign tongues which have appeared in its columns were by him. His modesty shrank from attaching his name to them. In other ways too he rendered services which deserved wider recognition then he permitted. But now that he has been taken away from us, we feel it a duty which should not be neglected to inform our readers of the fact that for many an hour of instructive reading they were indebted to him, as indeed the selections from our exchanges were invariably made by him. In his heart glowed a deep love for the religion taught by his father and as that illustrious teacher emphasized the concordance of genuine humanity with Judaism, so for Edward Hirsch, religion spelled the appeal and the consecration of all that genuinely human made for righteousness and honor. Not many knew him intimately enough to know of the rare qualities of mind and soul that distinguished him. Life had not always been kind to him . . . but he nevertheless retained his faith in the supreme value of goodness and fidelity.

We are glad to remind our readers that regular membership in the Audubon Society, referred to in other notes in this issue, can be acquired by the payment of twenty-five cents annually, active membership by the payment of one dollar, sustaining membership by the payment of twenty-five dollars. Miss Mary Drummond, whose address will be found elsewhere, will be glad to receive correspondence concerning this matter.

The Chicago Committee of the Tercentennial celebration of the King James translation of the English Bible has arranged a program for the week beginning April 30. On Thursday evening, May 4, at 8 o'clock, William Jennings Bryan is to deliver the principal address at a mass meeting to be held in Orchestra Hall. Bishop Anderson, of the Episcopal Church, and Dr. O. S. Davis, President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, are also to speak, and all the churches are invited to take note of the occasion on Sunday, April 30. Notable exhibits of rare and curious Bibles will be on exhibition at the Haskell Oriental Museum at the University of Chicago, and at the Newberry Library.

We have referred in another note to the Audubon Society leaflets concerning the "Horrors of the Plume Trade." Sweet ladies, please remember this, that the egret you covet and perhaps wear on your hat is obtained only during the breeding season. At any other time it is disheveled, ragged, and worthless for decoration. Remember, again, that the bird must be shot in order to obtain that plume, that the young birds in the nest will be starved on account of the death of that parent, that such plumes can never be manufactured and are never moulted by the bird when alive. Human skill cannot reproduce that feather. Who is responsible for the death of mother bird and birdlings?

Paul Selby, one of the few surviving comrades of Lincoln, one who knew him on the circuit and, as one of the prominent editors at the State Capitol, was a help in the promotion of "The Sad Humorist of the

Sangamon," has written the following as an added verse to "America," which he dedicates to the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. It is one more contribution towards that adequate National Hymn which, both in words and music, is yet unwritten.

Our Union banner waves
O'er freemen, not o'er slaves,
The patriot's pride;
In Freedom's fane, as one,
Are wreathed the names they sung,
Lincoln and Washington,
The Nation's guide.

With the return of Spring, the hearts of young and old as well as the trees and the fields, give green welcome to the birds. It is the time to teach the sanctity of life. the holiness inspired by the beauty in feathers and in song when alive. The Illinois Audubon Society furnishes a suggestive little leaflet to aid in the observance of Bird-Day by our schools, suggesting topics and recitations. Miss Mary Drummond, Secretary, Spring Lane, Lake Forest, Ill., will be glad to send on request not only these leaflets but a sheaf of most attractive leaflets published by the National Association of Audubon Societies, containing sketches of the Mocking Bird, the Orchard Oriole, the Bobolink, the House Wren and the pathetic Egret that is being so cruelly annihiliated by "lovely women" because they are so enamored of "a love of a hat." These leaflets are accompanied by a colored sketch of the subject and the same sketch in outline black and white, inviting the color by the hand of the amateur student.

In the *Survey* for April 22 there is an interesting account of the final findings of the Arbitrators to whom the lamentable industrial war of the garment-makers in Chicago last fall surrendered. Clarence Darrow, as representative of the ten thousand garment workers, and Carl Meyer, representative of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx employers, were able to come to an amicable understanding without the help of the third arbitrator, who was available if necessary. The adjustment seemed simple and, in the main, in the line of the contentions of the strikers, and the prolonged agony, the awful suffering, the loss of money on the one hand and the loss of life and grace on the other, seem more than ever inexcusable. Why could not Messrs. Darrow and Meyer have been entrusted with the task at the beginning rather than at the end of the three-months' war? The fines grievances are abolished, rest and retiring rooms for female employees are provided, and a raise of wages amounting to $400,000 per year on a pay-roll of two million is provided for. A minimum weekly wage is established in several departments and, what is better than all, the conditions of handling future grievances are carefully set forth. Failing solutions in the preliminary steps, grievances on either side are to be promptly carried to the same board, consisting of Messrs. Darrow and Meyer, who for two years are to constitute the final Court of Appeals. This account notes also the findings of the State Senate Commission concerning the black-listing on the part of the employees in connection with the strike. This Senate Committee found conditions blameworthy and severely arraigned the officials of Cook County for their failure to prosecute under the law.

The Lake Mohonk Conference, which has done so much in the interests of International Arbitration, peace and our Indian wards, is to hold its Seventeenth Annual Meeting on the 24th, 25th and 26th of May next, and it is to be a Clergymen's Session. We print entire the outline program, not only because the program itself is so suggestive and inspiring but because it is an indirect witness to the virility of the clerical profession today. We do not know what a "molly-coddle" is, but we are pretty sure that it isn't the modern preacher. The conventional estimate of the modern minister in business and academic circles is, we believe, being revised in order to meet the facts in the case. The typical minister is no longer a "tea-sipping" adjunct to Ladies' Afternoons and a conventional interpreter of Jewish history and New Testament theology, but he is knee-deep in the work of the world, with his sleeves rolled up, battling for righteousness and throbbing with sympathy with those who are under the wheels, and with the no less pitiable sufferers, the haughty parties who are driving the machine, ignorant of or indifferent to the suffering of those under the wheels. Here is the program to be given:

The session of Thursday evening, May 25, will be devoted to addresses by distinguished clergymen from Great Britain, Germany and the United States, in furtherance of a movement to interest the clergy of all nations in support of the international peace movement. From England will come a distinguished party, including the Dean of Worcester, Rev. John Clifford, D. D., of London; J. Allen Baker, M. P., W. H. Dickerson, M. P., and Alfred J. King, Esq., formerly member of Parliament. The German party will include Herr Prediger, F. W. Simoleit, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Berlin; Rev. Lic. F. Siegmund-Schultz, of Potsdam, a court preacher to the emperor; and, probably, Rechtenwalt Dr. von Simson of Berlin and Court-preacher Hoffman of Stuttgart. Many of these gentlemen will deliver addresses. The session will include a number of short addresses by distinguished American clergymen; and in addition to the formal proceedings, there will be arranged one or more special meetings for consideration of methods by which the clergy can most effectively co-operate in the promotion of international peace. All denominations are expected to be represented. It is earnestly hoped that each clergymen invited to attend will make a special effort to do so.

The accompanying pamphlet entitled "The Christian Churches' Visit to Germany," gives an account of the interesting beginning of a movement which has resulted in the establishment in both England and Germany of national councils united under the title, "The Associated Councils of Churches in the British and German Empires for Fostering Friendly Relations between the two Peoples." The Council of each nation includes most of the highest church officials and many men eminent in public life.

In 1910, The Dean of Worcester addressed the Lake Mohonk Conference urging the churches of America to join with those of England and Germany in a movement to promote inter-

national peace. As a result, there was later formed in New York City an important committee, consisting of Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder, D. D., Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Rev. David J. Burrell, D. D., Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., and Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D. This committee arranged a great meeting of clergy in New York last November and has since been active in promoting similar meetings. Several official church bodies, including the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and individual clergymen in many parts of the country, are also rendering valuable service in the general movement. To pave the way for organized co-operation is one of the purposes of the coming discussion at the Lake Mohonk Conference.

More Reasons Why Professor Merriam Was Not Elected Mayor of Chicago

UNITY has already deplored Professor Merriam's entanglements with the Republican party and has avowed the conviction that he might have been elected had he and his backers concentrated the money and strength devoted to the nomination and election of a Mayor as a partisan candidate in promoting his interests as an independent candidate, one who sought to serve the city, independently of and, when need be, in antagonism to, any partisan interests. At least he would have made a splendid beginning and laid the foundation for the success of himself or a better man the next time. UNITY does not believe that the local politics of a great city can be remedied by either one of the two dominant parties, with their organized greed for "patronage," which is another word for graft.

But there is something more to be said concerning Professor Merriam's candidacy and its value. He was too good a man to succeed as a partisan candidate; perhaps he was not a good enough man to succeed as an Independent candidate.

Professor Merriam's battle cry was honesty in the administration of public funds and economy in promoting the city's business. As chairman of an Investigation Commission appointed by the Common Council, he unearthed scandalous conditions and exposed unscrupulous waste and unnecessary expenditure. He pleaded for honest business methods in the administration of the business of Chicago. In all this contention he was justified by the independent voter and the honorable business man. There is much to be done in this direction, and the Professor's researches indicated a way to do it.

But Professor Merriam left a confusion in the minds of a large class of worthy citizens who would have been glad to throw their energies into the campaign if they could have been sure of his position on the questions of the suppression of vice, the enforcement of law against the demoralizing saloon,—the "One-o'clock Closing Act," and the enforcement of the Sunday laws. "The United Societies" is the ambiguous title of a mighty organization in Chicago which are banded together to protect the interests of the brewer, the distiller, the saloon-keeper and all the social functions that further the interests of these fell forces, and the slogan of this society is "Personal Liberty" and "Home Government."

Now, for political or other reasons, Professor Merriam left his position on these questions ambiguous, perhaps studiously so. "The United Societies" claimed him as a champion of "Personal Liberty" and "Home Government," and the friends of law-enforcement, who believe that a "good business administration" must necessarily involve a virtuous administration, an administration committed to the integrity of the statutes until they are repealed, were left in uncertainty and went to the polls hesitatingly.

The truth of it is, the church constituency of Chicago has been a negligible quantity in the estimation of political candidates and committees, and the preachers of Chicago have been considered still more a negligible element, while the truth is that the preachers of Chicago and the churches back of them are intelligently and profoundly interested in civics and municipal problems studied from scientific standpoints. They are intelligent on present questions and up-to-date students of living problems; they believe that the cry of "Personal Liberty" as mouthed by "The United Societies" is more an Eighteenth Century than a Twentieth Century cry. In the Twentieth Century the individual liberty of one citizen ends where that of the other begins, and the community life over-rules personal whims and tastes. In Emerson's phrase, "That cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the swarm," and on this test the power of the saloon must be broken and a just administration of city laws must clear itself primarily with the constabulary that will enforce the ordinances and maintain the virtues, the sobrieties of the city.

The principle of "Home Government" has been and is a catch-word in the politics of Chicago which has not been sufficiently scrutinized and driven home to its last resort. In the two recent attempts to submit some phases of the liquor question on its own merits without entanglement of parties or of candidates, the cleanest and highest form of home government has been violently opposed by the saloon-keepers and their friends.

It is also well known that these defenders of "Home Government" are bitterly opposed to a homogeneous city. They want one government for the First Ward and quite a different one for the Sixth and Seventh. They want a different administration of city ordinances for the Twenty-second Street district from that which they demand for the Lake Shore Drive and the Kenwood and Woodlawn sections, and the difference of administration is for the benefit of the individuals who want to rear respectable families in the last-mentioned districts but want also to be protected in their dissoluteness in the first.

We believe that Professor Merriam is right-minded

on these questions, but that his promoters thought it best to keep these issues in the background in order to win the election. The sequel shows that the election was not won, and we believe a mighty backing was lost. The churches and the preachers of Chicago are no longer negligible quantities in city politics, and the candidate that will enlist at once the friends of honest politics, of non-partisan administrations and, above all, of an administration that will throw itself profoundly into the war against vice, and ally itself first, last, and all times with the forces that make for sobriety, a candidate that will from the start avow his purpose to fulfill his inauguration vows and enforce all the laws of city, state and nation so far as lies in his power, will be elected or will pave the way for an election further along.

We are among those who believe that Professor Merriam would have risen to such a program, but we regret that the fight could not have been made all around the circle and persisted in, believing that only in such a fight can Chicago or any other great city hope to find the Mayor it deserves.

Coit's "State and Church"

The average person who feels inclined to leave the church of his childhood or choice, is disinclined to unite with any corresponding organization. He is either indifferent to religion or he feels himself emancipated from dependence on it. This lack of religious fellowship is largely responsible for the absence of sympathy with the problems and advantages of the common life. The church has stimulated this reliance on self by excluding its best minds as fast as they become heretical. The fact remains that great thinkers in religion have gained their inspiration not from within themselves, but from the religious organization in which they were educated. The self-made man in religion is as mythical as the self-made man in science, art or literature.

A great fountain of inspiration overlooked by people within and without the church is the nation. Is the nation harder to conceive than God? People have thought themselves able to express the idea of the infinite better than the universal, or even the national. According to Doctor Coit, the two great hindrances to national religious life are supernaturalism and individualism. The dependence on a power beyond society, or on the individual himself, is said to be illusory. The unit of religious life is not the individual, or sect, or state, or Catholic Church, but the nation. This fact "identifies the church with each nation as a society believing in applying certain standards of civilization and culture, of duty and responsibility, of right and liberty."

No organization can be completely democratic except the nation. Churches have generally been oligarchic, but when they have had self-government within the body, they have kept aloof from other organizations. Democratic government not only employs the co-operation of all the people in any geographical area, but is constantly responsive to the people or their representatives. Therefore the churches and states in this country are even less democratic than state and church in England. We have tried to settle religious differences by forgetting them. Dr. Coit thinks we shall serve religion only by discussing and teaching them, organizing individuals into parties instead of sects, and giving each person free formulation of his faith, trying to express it through the state. A growing ritual, constantly suggestive of the developing faith of the people, would be a bond greater than preaching, as both the historic churches and the fraternal organizations prove. All the sects die; the great churches exclude modern ideas in favor of creeds which are not adapted to contemporary life, and the state is itself impoverished.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

The Constitution of the United States Cannot be Surpassed

Carlyle was averse to written constitutions because they did not march, and Professor Charles Zueblin agreed with him when he said, "A political constitution, like a religious creed, can only meet the needs of succeeding periods by constant revision." But both of them erred in not saying that a constitution not written to meet the needs of succeeding periods is like a religious creed which is not so worded. As regards civil and religious liberty, the constitution of the United States is so worded that the people have to march up to it, and that is why Mr. W. E. Gladstone said: "It is the grandest document ever struck off by the mind and heart of man." The people have to march away from narrow, bigoted, religious creeds, but they will have to march up to the liberal and just principles of the Constitution of the United States, and they can never get beyond them. A constitution based upon justice and liberty for all nationalities and beliefs, for the maintenance of a republican form of government in every state in the union, for keeping the states united and granting the people in all the states "the same privileges and immunities," cannot be surpassed. Alexander Hamilton was right, therefore, when he said: "The fundamental purpose of the national constitution is the establishment of a Republican government on a safe and solid basis;" and George Washington was right when he begged that no party should rule. What do we now see? We see that by letting down the constitutional barrier the states are disrupted and the way is open, by the false doctrine of majority rule, to set up any kind of class government in the states, thus paving the way for the destruction of our republic, which was conceived in civic and religious liberty and wisely dedicated to it. As the people are so different, our republic is safe only upon the righteous principles which our federal government is commanded to maintain, but does not. To protect all the people in their various beliefs, in their different modes of pursuing happiness, temperately, and in their respective trades and callings, is the only safe and just way. Any other way is class despotism.

Minneapolis, Minn. JOHN MADDOCK.

THE PULPIT

From Egoism to Altruism

Sermon Preached March 12, 1911, at the First Unitarian Church, Des Moines, Iowa, by Everett Dean Martin

Once on the southern slope of a hillside where the first warm rays of the returning sun awoke the life of spring, there was an old-fashioned garden. Here all the flowers of springtime were at home. Hyacinths were never more fragrant, and the violets, narcissus, lilacs, lilies of the valley, and roses, each in their proper place and time added their beauty and fragrance to that garden and seemed to become the lovelier in the sweetness of all the rest. Then in the long summer days, the marigold and phlox might be seen, poppies danced in the sunshine, and hollyhocks grew tall by the garden wall. Here many quaint, old-fashioned species were remembered and preserved, for an old gardener might be seen bending tenderly over each one. He moved slowly and apparently made little progress, and seemed himself to incarnate the calm spirit of the garden, where each lived for the good of all and all belonged to each.

At last one day the old man was absent from the scene of his labors. He never came any more. Many days went by, and one dark night an evil spirit passing that way breathed upon the garden and said, "You are losing your opportunities. Each one of you is missing his success in life. You might be the tallest in the garden. Don't let the others put you in the shade. Life is a game of the survival of the fittest. Let everyone see how tall he can grow. There is plenty of room at the top."

Then a miracle happened inside those garden walls. All grew up as in a night. A new spirit of enterprise had taken possession of everything. Even the grass understood and grew long and tangled and tough. All the plants sent up their stocks tall and strong; they sought to spread their leaves over one anothers' heads; their branches grappled one another in a life and death struggle for light. And the sunshine that had once flooded all the garden was now at a premium. They crowded so close together that the little spring flowers grew faint and soon languished and died. Even the stronger summer flowers forgot to bloom. Then the weeds, who were not encumbered with flowers, knew that their day had come. They pushed to the wall all who did not adopt their methods. And now the struggle became more sordid still. The weeds began a battle among themselves. They had a less delicate sense of honor than the former occupants. They resorted to many cunning, underground devices to gain advantage. With dark deeds they undermined each other's strength and made each other hideous. Their ugly, deformed stems scraped and sawed one another when the wind blew. The birds and butterflies and bees became frightened and visited the place no more. Instead, the spiders made their webs and awaited their prey among the ragged, faded stocks. Only the top leaves were now green, and before the summer was done they drank up all the moisture from the ground, and they all died together.

Thus ends the philosophy of egoism. The spirit had promised a survival of the fittest, but it was only the survival of the rankest. The true survival of the fittest was the garden in the days of the gardener. He saw to it that each fitted into its proper place instead of crowding out its neighbors. The flowers were fittest because they were most worthy of life. The man had seen certain tendencies in nature that had value. He had seized upon them, cultivated them, developed them until they gave a new meaning to the existence of the plant. What had been a matter of secondary concern in the wild state now became primary. The margin of the plant's life had become wonderfully extended under domestication until it came to carry a whole new system of values. If the plant were forced again into a struggle with the weeds, these marginal values it was carrying would be of no advantage to it, and it must lose them and revert to its original type or die. So the hoe was constantly busy. To say that the weeds ought by right to possess the garden because they could push the flowers to the wall if let alone, is to say that the gardener was only a meddler and that all the labors of domestication had been misspent. For domestication means that the struggle for existence has been superseded by a struggle for values.

Man is a self-domesticated animal. On the margin of his life, around a center of the merest animal existence, he has, through countless generations of self-discipline, developed an almost infinite world of values, which have come to impart their meaning to his entire existence. The law of the jungle, the survival of the rankest, gives way before the struggle for values and the survival of the most worthy. Life is no longer a mere "will to power;" the age of the dynosaur is past. The life of the individual is seen to exist for the service of some ideal end. It may be an unseen good whose existence alone is real and permanent. Or it may be a life larger than our own, of which our individual existence is but a fragment,—the life of humanity, a mysterious goal of evolution in the triumph of man upon the earth, of which the universe itself may as yet be only half aware. Then our lives have meaning only as they enhance those half guessed ends of conduct. And we can feel that in humanity's long process of groping its way toward that destiny our mortal instincts have been thrown out and conserved as "advantageous variations," and that, in the final consummation, actions based upon them shall have their vindication. In such case we can serve, we can love, we can deny self for the general good, we can spurn the material values of life, for in so doing we are partaking of the Eternal Reality, the true meaning of existence. And the words of Jesus, put into the mouth of the Divine, come to be true in a very real sense, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least one of these my brothers ye have done it unto me." Evolution is a development from egoism to altruism.

But right here is where practical atheism shows itself. It is no longer a metaphysical speculation as to whether, outside experience, there is a Being corresponding to the God-symbol. There is noth-

ing very dangerous or wicked in that sort of academic unbelief. For it is like the corresponding academic theism, it may not touch the actualities of life either for good or bad.

But there is an atheism seen sometimes even among church members, who may be willing enough to accept a "simple gospel" of long past miracles and dead issues and an atonement made by another's sacrifice. It consists in a negation of the practicability of the ethics of Jesus, a denial of the ideal end of conduct, a repudiation of the marginal values gained through domestication, a return to the law of the jungle as a practical rule of life, "the Survival of the Fittest."

In these days this misapplied Darwinian principle has become an obsession with many people. It sounds scientific, and on the surface looks plausible. All nature manifests a merciless struggle, and there is much in our present industrialism quite analagous to it. Then much of the cruelty, the low cunning, the materialism and greed under which modern life suffers may be justified according to the "survival of the fittest." Between this philosophy and the values for which Christianity has for centuries been struggling there can be no compromise. It is well for us to state the issue squarely.

Egoism would mean the end of morality as we understand it. The great egoists admit this, indeed it is their glory that they advocate what they call a transvaluation of values, by which they mean that what we call good is bad and what we call evil good. Max Stirner said, "Right is a delusion bestowed by a ghost. You can get farther with a handful of might than with a whole bagful of right." Nietzsche says, "To speak of right and wrong in itself is void of significance." He says there are two opposite standards of morality, "Master Morality," which is exploitation, oppression, pride, simply the self glorification of the successful individual in the struggle for power, "which is right," and second a "Slave Morality," of which the Christian religion is the most hateful example of weakness, patience, sympathy, love,—which is simply a self-deception, a self-consolation of the impotent, "who speak of their weakness as if it were something willed and chosen, a deed of merit."

He says that the weak should be mercilessly pushed to the wall, eliminated, so as not to breed and lower the human type. This would put an end to all the charitable activity and sociological uplift that distinguish modern times from the mercilessness of pagan civilization. But the difficulty is that instead of lessening the number of the weak, that sort of universal downward pressure throughout the social organism would increase it. Where there is neglect and strife, the unwholesome environment produced thereby prevnts the normal development of child life. Wherever in all history the Nietzschean philosophy has been practiced, it has simply amounted to a conspiracy on part of the strong against those who have a divine right to be weak, the children. Women and children have to bear the weight of all oppression. Lives that would otherwise be normal are mortgaged to old tyrannies before birth, and their right to a selfhood is snatched away before their little hands can defend it.

But let us not be deceived. Egoism has no serious intention of eliminating the poor. This society needs them, for it is only upon their sunken, broken lives that the privileges of the "higher men" can rest. So, after all, master and slave are linked together in a common destiny. For the privileges of the few can mount no higher than the wretched, shriveling lives of the "unfit" will support. Here is repeated again the story of France before the Revolution, "universal bankruptcy." It is the story of the parasite exhausting the vitality of the organism on which it feeds until both starve to death. This Nietzschean society, pushing its unfit down into the mire and creating others by the same process, is a volcanic island whose base is slowly being submerged, and whose summit, however small and select, however far it is placed above the sinking rocks below, is made of the same stuff, bound to the lowest by the inexorable law of gravitation; its own weight upon the rest of the body is inevitably hastening the process of ruin. By no possible means can it sever itself from its base, it must travel in the same direction,—to a common doom. We are all bound together in a common destiny and you can no more divide humanity into the fit and unfit than you can into the saved and the damned. Nietzscheanism is a tower of Babel; only savages would attempt to reach heaven by piling either bricks or human lives on top of one another.

The truth of the matter is that the attempt to thus apply the "Survival of the Fittest" to the life of civilized man is a misunderstanding of Darwinism. What do naturalists mean by the term "survival?" They mean that those suited to their environment because possessed of some advantageous congenital variation will have the best chances of reaching maturity and become the ones through whom the species propagates itself. Aside from bequeathing their superiority to the largest possible number of the best equipped offspring, "survival of the fittest" is meaningless. But applied to human society this principle strikes a blow at the home. A family is a disadvantage to one in the struggle for place and wealth. Marriage is postponed by the ambitious. Childbearing is often discouraged until those who would like to call themselves "the fittest" are hardly, if at all, perpetuating their numbers. It ought to be clear, then, that this brief social supremacy lasting for one generation is in no sense an instance of the Darwinian principle. For a few isolated individuals to live at the expense of others and at the expense of the future, to be a little better dressed, better fed, better entertained than the rest, to grow fat and then be sloughed off without issue, is in reality to put themselves in the class of the "unfit," as the scientists would use the term, whose lives have added nothing to the evolutionary process.

The misunderstanding of this principle shows itself in another way. The struggle in which the fittest survive is not directly a struggle of all against all within the same species. It becomes in nature greatly modified by the gregarious instinct. Early in the history of evolution it became

an advantage for individuals, instead of struggling against one another or even living as isolated individuals, to club together. The swarm, herd, pack, tribe, were produced. The struggle became a struggle, not primarily of individuals, but of contending groups. The individual in order to survive was subjected to the welfare of his society. Those groups in which the gregarious or social instinct was most strongly developed, with its modifications of courage, fidelity, fraternity, sympathy, had the best chance to survive. Darwin claimed that this was the basis of all morality, and so the virtues which the Egoist despises are really written in the cosmic order of things, and are both a means and goal of organic evolution. Darwin, in the fourth chapter of the Descent of Man, says, "The social instincts, the principle of man's moral constitution, with the active aid of intellectual powers, and the effects of habit, naturally lead to the Golden Rule, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye likewise unto them.' And this lies at the foundation of all morality."

Altruism has its biological basis. It is not oppression, exploitation, will to power, in which the life of a man consists, but in the joy of mutual service and understanding, the achievement of the ideal, the experience of the intrinsic worth of goodness and beauty, the mystery of love.

From Our Foreign Correspondent

In any foreign land one is thankful for every word of the language which he can command. Especially is this true in Naples. The ordinary visitor comes with many prejudices against the people, and these may be well founded, but from my own experience, with a little knowledge of the language, I can only say that one can usually find what he is looking for and if he will take a little pains to make himself understood he will meet with at least a spirit of fairness, especially if he has some idea of the value of manufactured things himself. When a merchant offers you a piece of goods of good quality thirty-six inches wide for sixty cents, you know that such goods cannot be produced for less than that at living wages, then why haggle over the price, as I am ashamed to say I have seen my compatriots do? My plan is to say, "I am accustomed to pay a certain price. If your price is more than I can afford I will not pay it." Invariably I am met in the same spirit of fairness and I doubt if I have been overcharged. Not long since a friend and myself decided to ascend Vesuvius, which we did by means of the funicular railroad. When we reached the top we induced the guide to permit us to go around the mouth of the crater farther than is usually allowed. It was an impressive sight looking into that steaming cavity and feeling the heat at our feet from those internal fires. The guide, seeing our enthusiasm for adventure, suggested that we walk to Boscatrecase, a little village about three miles distant. We began our descent on foot. We could not understand why we were not permitted to follow a fairly well-made path, but we continued, although footsore and weary, until we reached the foot of the mountain, when we were suddenly surrounded by three as brigand-like looking persons as one is likely to meet off the operatic stage. My companion and I withdrew a little from the men to try to understand from a safe distance what it was all about, and in order to appear more at our ease, we took out our luncheon and began to eat it while the pantomine proceeded. We discovered that the guide had taken us a round-about-way in order to avoid the road-tax and was trying to convince the officers, as they proved to be, that as we had not used the road we should not pay the tax. He did not succeed, however, especially as we insisted upon obeying the law as soon as we were able to understand what it was all about. We insisted, however, upon having a receipt for our two francs, which was produced with great difficulty. The next day occurred the great landslide in exactly the path which we took, starting from the place where at the top of the mountain we insisted upon being taken. The new funicular road had just been in operation a month. Now the station is out of use, probably for the season. We were the last persons to make the ascent and are filled with gratitude that the catastrophe did not occur sooner. And now we are wondering how much we did to disturb the rocks and stones on the top, which has so changed the outline of Vesuvius that old travelers say they would hardly recognize it.

One cannot appreciate what the terrible force of hot lava is until he has followed the course of it,—as we did, on foot—to the little town of Boscatrecase and seen it filling houses and churches up to the fourth story and pouring forth from windows and doors. Now it is a solid mass and has to be cut like granite. It is an appalling sight to see an entire section of a city inundated with this solid mass of stone and to realize that once it was a boiling, seething river, and one wonders at the courage of the people to begin cutting away and rebuilding again in the shadow of this ever threatening destruction. One does not wonder that because of such physical conditions and consequent poverty, generations of mendicants have arisen whom nothing but a pestilence can sweep away. We were overawed with the force and the hopelessness of all these people and gave our little mite freely to the poor wretches who crowded about while we blessed the fate that had placed us in more favorable surroundings where we are not subject to discouragement consequent upon such devastation.

Naples, Italy. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

"Truth is a point; the subtlest and finest; harder than adamant; never to be broken, worn away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is, that it is sure to hurt those who touch it; and likely to draw blood, perhaps the life-blood, of those who press earnestly upon it."

The hell that a lie would keep any man out of is doubtless the very best place for him to go to. It is truth, yes, the Truth that saves the world.—*George MacDonald.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Latin American Notes

Merida, Venezuela.—A complaint lies before me. In my note upon the centennial anniversary of the University of the Andes, the population of Merida, Venezuela, was stated at 6,000. It appears that it is really 17,000. The correction gives opportunity for two observations. (1) The city has a lovely situation in the midst of a splendid and exuberant tropical nature; to the east lies the magnificent Sierra Nevada, with five peaks eternally snow-clad—think of it! Mexico has but two. Not only is Merida the seat of the University of the Andes, but it is an Episcopal city with a cathedral. (2) How difficult it is to secure reliable and exact information regarding Latin America. My source for Merida's population was the recent, carefully compiled Foreign Commercial Guide of South America issued by the Philadelphia Commercial Museum in 1906. There is nothing better, yet when we seek information on a specific point, it fails us. The commemorative medal of the University's Centennial has lately come to hand. It is of purpled bronze; on the obverse it bears the bust of Bolivar in uniform facing left and the inscription Centenarium Universitatis *Andinensis Venetiolae MCMX;* on the reverse is Minerva seated holding palm branch and olive crown and the words *Patriae Fides erecta Anno MDCCCX A Bolivar confirmata Anno MDCCCXIII emeritae.*

A Latin American Galaxy.—Agustin Aragon, editor of the *Revista Positivista,* gave an important address in the City of Mexico, in January, upon the contribution of Mexico and Latin America to the world's civilization. The address was afterward printed in full in his Revista. Scattered through the discourse or mentioned in footnotes are names of Latin Americans, mostly living, who are of international reputation in the fields of science and letters. It has seemed worth while to extract these names and print the list as a Latin American galaxy. It would be easy to add many names, in fact to double or treble the list. Aragon was discriminating and each and all mentioned are notable and worthy. But how many of them do *you* know? And why do we not know them? Better keep the list for reference; check it and add to it. We arrange under nations alphabetically.

Argentina. Valentin Balbin (mathematics); Carlos Calvo (international law); J. Alfredo Ferreira (sociology); Queseda—father and son (history, diplomacy).

Bolivia. M. V. Ballivian (archeology, hist.); Gabriel René Moreno (hist.).

Brazil. Dumont (aeronautics); Raimundo Teixeira Mendez (philosophy); Severo (aeron.).

Chili. Amunátegui (belles-lettres); Barros Arána (hist.); Lastarria (sociology); Valentin Leteller (education).

Columbia. Caldas (physics); Olarte Caemacho (jurisprudence); Florentino Gonzales (constitutional law); Restrepo (literature); S. Pérez Triana (juris.); Francisco Antonio Zea (botany).

Costa Rica. Anderson (juris.); Gangini (philology).

Cuba. Leopoldo Berriel (civil law); Antonio Gonzales Lanuza (penal law); Montane (anthropology); Poey (natural history); Enrique José Varona (philos.).

Eucador. Montalvo (literature); Carlos Tovar (philol.)

Guatemala. F. Contreras (grammar); M. A. Herrera (philos.); Juan Antonio Irisarri (philol.); Batres Jauregui (hist. philol.); Juan Rodriguez (zoology).

Haiti. Justin Devot; Casseus (grammar).

Honduras. Alberto Membreño (juris. philol.).

Mexico. José Antonio Alzates (science); Rafael Angel de la Reña (philol.); Gabino Barreda (educ.); Agustin M. Chavez (aeron.); Francisco Diaz Covarrubias (maths.); José Diaz Covarrubias (int. law); Rufino José Cuervo (philol.); Manuel Gargolla y Parra (maths.); Porfirio Parra (logic).

Nicaragua. Ayon (hist.).

Paraguay. Baes (sociol.); Dominguez (criticism).

Peru. Calderón (philos.); Ricardo Palma (philol.); Federico Villareal (maths.).

Puerto Rico. José Julian Acosta (hist.); Salvador Brau (hist.); Eugenio M. de Hostos (sociol.); Julio L. Vizcarrondo (slavery).

Salvador. David J. Guzman (botany).

Santo Domingo. Manuel de J. Galván (novel).

Uruguay. Trureta Goyena (penal law); Rodo (sociol. belles-lettres).

Venezuela. Andres Bello (poetry); Emilio Constantin Guerrero; Gonzalo Picon-Febres (literary hist.).

The Hispano-American University.—Certainly a most interesting movement, one which, if it develops, can greatly aid Latin America to worthy expression and make us better acquainted with the Latin American republics and their achievements is the international organization known as the *Universidad Hispano-Americana.* The moving spirit appears to be Dr. Tomas Ceron Camargo, a Columbian, now resident in New York City. Organization was effected at Bogotá, March 3, 1908. German Reyes is rector, Francis C. Nicholas, secretary, and Tomás Ceron Camargo is general delegate. The university motto is *Libertad, Ciencia, Paz* (Liberty, Science, Peace). International in scope; organized with the idea of indefinite expansion; humanitarian, benevolent, making for peace and civilization; the university has legal authority to impart instruction, to spread information, to grant degrees and to award decorations. The actual work of the organization largely remains to be developed. In general it aims to foment education of the Latin American republics in the direction of unity and harmony and at the same time to develop them politically and to act toward resisting encroachment. The idea has been so heartily welcomed in the Central American republic of Salvador that a full organization has been effected there and the present location of the Supreme Council of the institution is located at the capital city, San Salvador. Under the direction of J. Dols. Corpeño, the first number of the *Anales de la Universidad Hispano-Americana* has been issued. It contains the official documents relative to the founding, portraits of those participating, and the addresses made at the public session held on July 3 of last year. There is now a supreme council of twenty-one members in the city of San Salvador, a general delegate for international affairs, and twenty special delegates—one in each Latin American Republic and one in Spain—forty-two persons in all. The special delegates will be *ex officio* members of the

local councils to be later developed in each country organized upon the pattern of the one at San Salvador. While there will be difficulties in putting the plan into general operation and while the organization appears unwieldy, the idea is a great one. If such an organization could be perfected and put to running, it might not only serve an important educational influence, but would exercise weight in world politics.

FREDERICK STARR.

The Apocalypse Unsealed

This is the title of a book sumptuously made by John M. Pryse, 9 Murray street, New York, and effectively illustrated by Professor James M. Pryse, brother of the publisher. This book is, at least to the present reviewer, a unique interpretation of the last book in the New Testament. He calls it "An Esoteric Interpretation of the Initiation of Joannes." The first seventy-five pages are given to the unfolding of his interesting theory as to the nature of the book, and the remaining one hundred and forty-seven pages to a new, fresh, and apparently skillful translation of the text from the original Greek, with elaborate commentary upon the same.

In order to escape the impossibilities involved in an attempt to accept this book as an infallible record of the Divine Will, scholars have been prone to regard it as a poem full of cryptic significance, and as such it lends itself admirably to symbolic and parabolic interpretations. But this writer rejects the poetic theory with its cryptic and prophetic implications, and making of it a subtle handbook of the Philonic philosophy of the time. In order to carry out this theory, the author must needs call to his aid the Zodiac and its signs, the symbolic fertility of the Greek language, and the tri-partite philosophy of Paul,—all of which and much more he renders into something of an exact science. He assumes that the author of the Apocalypse is doubtless the author of the Johannine Gospel, and that it involves that mystic, not to say secret, philosophy of the Chrystos which was lost early in the development of Christian theology and unfortunately supplanted by a dogmatic literalism, which ripened into the dogma of the Trinity. The whole handling is scholastic. As to the ultimate soundness of the theory the present reviewer is incompetent to pronounce. The interpretation certainly carries us far afield from the orthodox theories of Biblical infallibility and puts the early Christian movement in touch with the subtle Orientalism and Neo-platonism that so effectively and promptly transformed the simple ethical message of the Nazarene prophet into a system of dogma and ceremonies and gave rise to the un-Jesus-like thing known as "historic Christianity," which grew into a stately tyranny and almost reached universality in the Middle Ages, and which it has taken centuries of scientific investigation and intellectual independence to disintegrate, enabling the modern man to catch again a clear vision of the simplicity of the religion of the Beatitudes, the Golden Rule and the Parables.

This is a book for preachers, but we suspect it will spoil the availability of the Book of Revelation for sermon purposes for a while at least. Perhaps deeper study will enable one to read between these metaphysical subtleties of John the spiritual outreachings and the devout attitudes which make beautiful the religious life of man everywhere, and the scriptural statement of it in all Bibles.

J. LL. J.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Correction

To the Editor of Unity:

In the April issue of "The Unitarian Advance," there appears over my signature the following statement: "Sixteen out of the twenty-seven students at the Meadville Theological School this year belong to the Socialist Pary. They carry the red card in their pockets, and have organized a local branch of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society."

May I ask the courtesy of your columns to retract this statement in toto? Information has come to me that I have made the blunder of confusing the number of Socialists in the student body of the school with the number of men who belong to the local Intercollegiate Socialist Society. My statement was inexcusably inaccurate and never should have appeared.

I desire herewith to apologize to the students and faculty of Meadville, especially to the members of the Intercollegiate, for the grave injustice which I have done them; and to assure them that I stand ready to make any reparation, public or private, in my power.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Chuch of the Messiah, New York City.

TWO HEROES

Two heroes do the world's insistent work:
One rushes in the battle's blood and murk.
And, knowing the foeman flies,
In one rich moment dies.

The other, on a path he long has feared,
By bugle-blast and drum-beat all uncheered,
At duty's chill behest
Gives life to want and waste.

For him, the battle hero, high we pile
The sculptured stone; his ringing name, the while,
In praises and in songs
Its lyric life prolongs.

For the other, we fashion a heaven of late reward;
His life, all dark, and desolate, and hard,
Down to oblivion goes,—
Unless some great God knows!

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

There can be no public prosperity without public virtue, and no public virtue without private virtue. But private cannot become public except by organization. Our attempts at control, regulation, are but the agitations of the Gracchi, evidencing the wrong, but not rising to the cure. We are waiting for some genius of good who will generalize into one body of doctrine our partial truths of reform, and will help us live the generalization.—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

We are struggling toward better things, a happier country, a more perfect civilization. We may never arrive, but, whatever the end, the aim is worth the agony. Let us struggle. Let us hope.—*Judge Lindsey.*

Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, Mohonk Lake, Ulster County, New York

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 24th-26th, 1911.

(FIRST PROVISIONAL PROGRAM)
(Mar. 27th)

FIRST SESSION—Wednesday, May 24th, 10 a. m. Speakers:

Mr. Albert K. Smiley (Remarks of welcome).

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, President American Association for International Conciliation, Presiding Officer of the Conference (Opening address).

Hon. James Brown Scott, Washington, Secretary of the Carnegie Peace Endowment. Subject: The Present Opportunity to Aid the International Peace Movement.

Hon. Robert Lansing, Watertown, N. Y. Subject: The North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration.

Frederick D. McKenney, Esq., Washington. Subject: The Orinoco Steamship Arbitration Between the United States and Venezuela.

Report of Committee on the Establishment of a National Council for Arbitration and Peace.

Discussion.

SECOND SESSION—Wednesday, May 24, 8 p. m. (International in character). Speakers:

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Paris, Member French Senate, Member Hague Court, Founder and French President Association for International Conciliation. Subject: "Patriotism and Peace."

Senor Don Carlos Pereyra, First Secretary and Charge d'Affaires of the Mexican Legation.

His Excellency, Senor Don Ignacio Calderon, Minister of Bolivia.

Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Charge d'Affaires of the Persian Legation.

His Excellency, Senor Don P. Ezequiel Rojas, Minister of Venezuela.

Hon. Charlemagne Tower, Philadelphia, formerly Ambassador to Germany.

Lic. J. R. Aspe, Mexico City, Mex.

THIRD SESSION—Thursday, May 25, 10 a. m. Topic 1. An International Court. Speakers:

Hon. J. R. Clark, Solicitor for the Department of State.

Hon. Jackson H. Ralston, Washington, D. C.

Frederick N. Judson, Esq., St. Louis.

Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, Ph. D., Madison, Wis.

Thomas Rafburn White, Esq., Philadelphia.

Discussion.

Topic 2. An Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. Speakers:

Hon. John W. Foster, Washington, D. C., Ex-Secretary of State.

Hon. Raoul Dandurand, Montreal, Member Canadian Senate.

Mr. Henri Bourassa, Montreal, Member Quebec Legislature, Editor "Le Devoir."

Report of Committee on the Celebration of a Century of Peace Between Great Britain and the United States.

Discussion.

FOURTH SESSION—Thursday, May 25, 8 p. m. Topic: The Churches and International Arbitration. Speakers:

Rev. John Clifford, D. D., London, President Baptist World Alliance.

The Dean of Worcester, England.

Rev. Lic. F. Siegmund-Schultze, Berlin, a Court Preacher to the German Emperor.

Several prominent American and Canadian clergymen to be announced later.

FIFTH SESSION—Friday, May 26, 10 a. m. Topic 1. Business and International Arbitration. Speakers:

Hon. Oscar S. Straus, formerly Ambassador to Turkey.

Mr. George W. Perkins, of New York, and others to be announced.

Report of Committee on Business Organizations.

Topic 2. General. Speakers:

Hon. Charles P. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor.

Report of Committee on the question of the Enforcement by the United States of its Treaty Obligations.

Discussion.

SIXTH SESSION—Friday, May 26, 8 p. m. Topic: General. Speakers:

Hon. William A. Weir, Justice Supreme Court of the Province of Quebec. Subject: "The Progress of Spirit."

Hon. Richard Bartholdt, M. C., St. Louis, American President of the Interparliamentary Union. Subject: "Human Instincts versus Law."

Hon. Arthur L. Bates, M. C., Meadville, Pa.

Mr. Walter H. Page, New York, Editor *The World's Work.*

George E. MacLean, LL. D., President State University of Iowa.

Thomas Willing Balch, Esq., Philadelphia.

Presentation of Pugsley Prize for best Essay on International Arbitration by a College Student.

Among others who have accepted invitations to attend are:

His Excellency, Jonkheer J. Loudon, Minister of the Netherlands; His Excellency, Dr. Paul Ritter, Minister of Switzerland; His Excellency, Count Albert Ehrensvard, Minister of Sweden; Herr Eduard de Neufville, Frankfort, Germany; J. Allen Baker, M. P., London; Chief Justice Sir William Mulock and Justice J. J. Maclaren of Ontario; Hon. Charles S. Francis, Troy, former Ambassador to Austria-Hungary; Hon. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education; Dr. Cyrus Northrop, President Emeritus University of Minnesota; President Charles R. Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin; and

Acceptances subject to official duties include those of:

Senators Elihu Root of New York and T. E. Burton of Ohio; Hon. David J. Foster, M. C.; Hon. George Gray, Wilmington; Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor the *Review of Reviews;* and the Governors of Minnesota, Maryland, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE PEACE CRUSADE IN THE ENGLISH CHURCHES

The response of the English churches to the recent peace utterances of President Taft and Sir Edward Grey has been something almost unexampled in its pervasiveness and enthusiasm. The strong words of the Archbishop of Canterbury and other leaders in the Church of England have been widely noticed; but the wave of feeling which has swept over the free churches has been yet more impressive. Three striking expressions of it appear in the last papers received from London, from perhaps the three leading men in English Nonconformity at this time, all of them well known in America through sermons or addresses here in recent years,—Rev. Silvester Horne, Rev. John Clifford, and Rev. R. J. Campbell. Two of these famous London preachers, Dr. Clifford and Mr. Horne, are to visit this country this year. Dr. Clifford, who is the president of the Baptist World Alliance, is to be one of the speakers at the Mohonk Conference next month, where one entire session is to be devoted to the subject of "The Churches and International Arbitration." Mr. Horne is the minister of the Whitefield Chapel in London, and is also a member of Parliament, an advanced liberal, we think the only Nonconformist clergyman in Parliament. His London pulpit this summer, during his visit to the United States, will be occupied by Rev. Charles R. Brown, whose preaching at the Old South Church in Boston during these last weeks has made so profound an impression, and whose peace sermon there on Palm Sunday morning was certainly as stirring as any of the utterances of his English brothers in their present peace crusade.

Mr. Horne, in his article upon "God's New Messiah," dwells upon the consternation which the increasing navy estimates were spreading among all serious English people, and implies that it was the alarm and almost resentment created in the ranks of the progressive party by the Admiralty's demands which was in great measure at the bottom of the overwhelming response to Sir Edward Grey's noteworthy speech. He pays impressive tribute to the four men to whom the clearing of the air is due,—President Taft, Mr. Bryce, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour. "First and foremost stands President Taft, whose courageous advancing of the idea brought it down from heaven to earth, materialized it and gave it practical shape." His final appeal is to the Christian Church in England, to which he puts the question, "Has Sir Edward Grey held out his torch to the cold embers of what was once an altar fire?" "We are," he says, "at one of those crises that try and test our Christianity. 'Some great cause, God's new Messiah' is verily sifting out the hearts of men, and the next few months must show whether the church lives, or whether she has only a name that she liveth and is dead."

The utterances of Dr. Clifford and Mr. Campbell are in similar strain. Both reflect the remarkable volume of the peace sentiment which has been evoked in England. "Labor men," says Dr. Clifford, "see in the proposal for peace and good will a promise of materializing their Utopia. All parties in the House of Commons, and out of it, are one in backing the measure. The churches speak with one voice, the leaders of our municipal life are unanimous in their support and eager in hope. There is not a shadow of doubt about the 'backing'. President Taft, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour may be assured that they are not moving without the people, or before the people. The vote of the people is for peace. The soldier has ruled us too long."

All three of the distinguished preachers touch upon the Anglo-German problems, Mr. Horne, referring to Mr. McKenna's speeches upon the navy estimates, and observes, "Liberals listened in vain for any really handsome acknowledgment of the injustice and injury done to Germany by the misrepresentation of her program." Both Dr. Clifford and Mr. Campbell dwell upon the hopeful relation of the movement to the German situation and upon the certainty that the treaty which President Taft is negotiating with Great Britain must prove the first of many such treaties. "The movement," says Dr. Clifford, "is already opening the way for a settlement with Germany that will, speedily let us hope, stop the mad race in armaments;" and Mr. Campbell says: "Surely it would only be a question of time before such an example would be followed by other nations. Would it be possible that the night-mare of menace and misunderstanding which has beset civilization for the past decade, owing to the rivalry and suspicion existing between England and Germany, may be dispelled forever? If Germany can be persuaded to enter into this League of Peace, the time cannot be far distant when these three great powers will be in a position to insist that no other nation shall be permitted to draw the sword." Can Germany be thus persuaded? That is indeed the question.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

THIRD NATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS TO BE HELD IN JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, MD., MAY 3-5, 1911.

The Congress will deal with the two leading lines of peace work, namely, (1) the awakening of the public conscience by addresses directed against the folly and the injustice which flow from war, together with the economic waste of universal armaments, and (2) the practical means of making war difficult by establishing institutions which will take away the excuse for war.

The First National Peace Congress was held in New York City, 1907, and the second in Chicago, 1909. Both Congresses were significant in point of the vast numbers that attended them from all over the country and of the interest taken in them. The printed proceedings of these Congresses constitute important volumes of reference in the peace movement.

The coming Congress is expected to be one of the notable gatherings in the history of the country, because of the active and influential men who will take part in it, and because of the very marked growth of public sentiment on the question with which the Congress will deal.

Independently of the regular sessions of the Congress, the school-teachers will be assembled to hear addresses directed especially to them.

The holding of the Congress in Maryland, which is one of the Southern States, will give opportunity, it is thought, to draw the South actively into the movement. Canada will likewise be organized into the Congress as far as possible. The President of the United States will open the Congress on Wednesday afternoon, May 3, at two o'clock. Among others who will address the Congress are: James Cardinal Gibbons, Lyman Abbott, John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, Theodore E. Burton, the Belgian Minister, Hamilton Holt, Andrew Carnegie, Huntington Wilson, Assistant Secretary of State, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Senator of France and a member of the First and Second Hague Conferences, Price Collier and Albert Shaw. The Congress will close with a banquet (to which ladies also may subscribe) limited to 350, on Friday evening, May 5, at seven o'clock. Remittance ($5 per plate) should be made to Richard J. White, Treasurer, 10 South Street, Baltimore, but no subscriptions will be received after April 15. Address inquiries to Tunstall Smith, Executive Secretary, The Preston, Baltimore.

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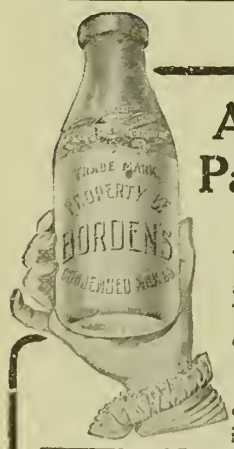

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, MAY 4, 1911 Number 10

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—*Joseph Henry Crooker, in "The Church of Tomorrow."*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1911. NUMBER 10.

Each bud unfolding to the light
God makes a resurrection flower,
A fresh awakening from the night
To covenant the morning hour.

Seek in the soul with eager care,
And loving, reverential mood,
To find the new life springing there
In larger hope of nobler good.

We bow before the Power that suns
A glorious beauty from the sod;
Through all the universe it runs,
This vital, wakening touch of God.

MARY S. SAVAGE.

W. J. Bryan, in the *Commoner,* finds three fundamental influences at work in the world undermining plutocracy, viz: 1. The spread of intelligence. 2. The steady movement towards popular government. 3. The world growing better, moral standards rising. Ethical rules are being applied and the conscience condemns plutocracy.

Martha Bensley Bruère, in a spirited article entitled "Chance *vs.* the Budget," published in *Collier's* for April 29, writes brilliantly of how the farmer's wife, co-operating with her husband, can manage to keep out of debt and get along if she has been to college and is able to apply the wisdom of the college to the problems of the farm. But the author was a city girl and is a city wife. We wish the enterprising *Collier's* would scurry around and find a farmer's wife who can write such a brilliant story out of her experience. This story of Mrs. Breure looks good on paper and we know of no reason why it might not work, but we should like to hear from those who have tried it.

We are glad to see that the Universalist Publishing House of Boston has issued a volume containing the sermons, twelve in number, delivered in the Universalist Churches of America by the Rev. John Hunter, D. D., the great free pulpiteer of Glasgow, under the title of "God and Life." Dr. Hunter's itinerary throughout this country a few years ago, under the direction of the Universalist Central Office, was a spiritual propaganda of rare power. He interpreted life in terms of duty. Religion was put by him in the present tense and God was made a matter of personal experience. The subjects of these sermons are stimulating and invite further pursuit: "The Simplicity and Breadth of True Religion," "The Vision of a Man," "The Holy War," "The Unchanging God," "The Cost of Progress," etc., etc. The volume is rich in high sentiments, expressed by a man of vision in terms of universal sympathy.

A mere outsider cannot hope to understand the complexities of feminine politics, woman's ambitions and sisterly hatreds and rivalries that involve the proud descendants of heroes who delight in calling themselves "Daughters of the Revolution," "Daughters of the American Revolution," "Colonial Dames," and what not, but between their quarrels we see that with their superfluous time and dimes they are able to discover occasionally a shrine and install a bronze tablet here and there for the benefit of the granddaughters that are to come. The last monumental tablet that has come under our notice is that recorded in *Collier's Magazine,* which is placed upon "Split Rock," near the last home of Anne Hutchinson, the Prophetess who was banished by Massachusetts. May this tablet remind the quarreling sisters that popularity is not always a measure of worth or evidence of merit. History seems to have a partiality for the defeated.

The recent deaths of John Page Hopps in England and of Abraham W. Jackson in this country have removed from the Unitarian ministry of both countries two conspicuous representatives. Mr. Hopps was for many years an efficient and tireless exponent of the cheerful gospel. Dr. Jackson, less efficient in the pulpit, was still beloved and revered as a painstaking student and an excellent interpreter of the gospel of reason and of light. Among his many contributions to the literature of the denomination stands conspicuously his work on James Martineau, of whom he was clearly the most painstaking interpreter on this side of the water. In these two men the vocation of the ministry was glorified and the need of the minister still vindicated. Many young men now in their college years and ambitious for public service may do well to ponder upon the outcome of such lives before they decide against the ministry which beckons them.

Carter Harrison, the Mayor-elect of Chicago, is anxious to be considered a progressive man. He got his election on a straight fight against certain disreputable men and measures in his own party. He is a gentleman of clean habits and high tastes. He wants to be classed among the reformers, but his political inheritance, training and environment are such that he accepts unblushingly and without apology the fell motto, "To the victors belong the spoils." Last fall the Democratic party swept the County Offices clean of Republicans and farmed out an income of three millions or more in salaries to faithful Democrats as a reward for services rendered or as a bid for services expected. This spring Mayor Harrison proposes to do the same thing with the City Hall. A "clean sweep" is his own word. The Chicago *Democratic Bulletin* of April 26 gives a list of twenty-six appointments already made, which represent a totality of annual salaries of over $116,000. Three of these appointments represent $10,000 each in salaries and eight of them $5,000 and upwards each, and this is only a beginning, for more appointments are expected this week. So subtle have been the corruptions of politics, so deadening have been the habits of politicians, that even respectable and would-be decent citizens read such announcements as these with a smile unmoved by a sense of righteous indignation, untouched with humiliation over the scandalous practice.

The *Congregationalist* reports that it costs $10 a month to support an orphan in a religious asylum in New York, and less than $5 each in asylums supported by the city. Our neighbor disposes of the problem with a pleasantry by saying: "We hope the brand of religion supplied is worth the difference." But UNITY has long been in the habit of taking this problem seriously. All the so-called asylums for normal orphans, religious or otherwise, are medieval survivals. Modern sociological science has not only pointed out but demonstrated a better way. If dependent children, normal in body and mind, must be supported by the State or by private charity, why should they not be given shelter in normal homes in the country where they will grow up as individuals, interested in normal functions in school and church, and in such play and work as are provided for children in normal homes. If the vast amount of capital invested in non-productive stone walls, in salaries and other up-keep expenses, were directly invested in paying the board of such children in country homes and for the adequate superintendency of the same, the results would be vastly better, as is proved by the experience of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other states and countries where "Child-placing" has been regularly carried on under the supervision and patronage of the State. The religious asylums are the most insurmountable obstacles in the way of the higher and more humane provision for the innocent wards of the State, and in this opposition there are always elements of denominational ambitions, pride of administration, the deceptive activities and inspirations of leisure class industries.

President Taft, in his recent address in the Unitarian Church at Washington, divided the constituency of that church into three classes, viz:

1. Washington Unitarians who look forward to worshiping in the Unitarian Church all their lives.
2. Temporary residents in the city.
3. That class, not visible, described by Senator Hoar, a member and attendant of that church, when he asked a brother senator, "What is your church that you don't go to?"

We fear that the third class is the most numerous constituency of many Unitarian Churches outside of Washington.

The *Congregationalist* quotes a president of a Catholic Total Abstinence Society as saying, "The world does not know that our church here in America has exhorted all Catholics engaged in the liquor business to leave it." While admitting this claim, our contemporary still justly suggests that "If the Roman hierarchy were as strongly against the liquor business as they are against modernism, they would put the ban on it; they would refuse to take the money made in that business; they would shut the doors of the church here and the gates of heaven hereafter against liquor manufacturers and dealers. Then a remarkable change would come over the liquor business in America and over the Catholic Church also." We fear the Catholic Church is not the only one open to this rebuke of our exchange. The Lutheran Church, so rigid in its orhtodoxy, excuses, or at least overlooks glaring violations of that standard of religion which forbids the debauchery of human beings with liquor, and there are others. We fear that where there is money enough, particularly if coupled with social prestige and open-handed charity, those who figure high profits in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants have also a respectable place in the confidences of the churches.

Chicago is Interested in the Peace Movement

The Chicago Peace Society scored another triumph last Saturday evening. The Gold Room in the Auditorium Hotel was occupied by nearly three hundred banqueters. Of course the settings were beautiful and the menu was adequate, but these conditions of the banquet are not the ones to be estimated. The personnel of those who broke bread together represented the serious-minded, warm-hearted men and women of Chicago. The editor of UNITY exchanged reminiscences with Miss Jane Addams over the striking transformation from the time when the Peace Society of Chicago held meeting after meeting in the attempt to persuade themselves that they were advancing a cause, while the late lamented Dr. Thomas and Miss Addams, with one or two others and the writer, represented the whole organized force.

The President, Banker L. A. Goddard, presided, with the dignity, tact and lofty seriousness that were congenial to the earnest company.

George E. Roberts, the first President of the Society, now Superintendent of the Mint in Washington, came from the Capital City to bear testimony to his growing interest in the cause and to bring fresh arguments to enforce the great contention against war, adding to the economic and statesman-like considerations a "human touch" which reached the hearts of everybody. He told of a widowed neighbor whose only son recently fell a belated victim to the Philippine atrocities, and this bereaved mother brought from far and near the confidences of other bereaved fathers and mothers who confessed their agony, hoping it might somehow strengthen the sufferer, for they too had lost sons who had fallen victims to the relentless demands of the same war.

Mr. Roberts was followed by the Baron D'Estournelles de Constant of France, who is about completing a three months' itinerary through the United States as a representative of the Peace Movement of Europe. The Baron visited Chicago ten years ago as a guest of the Union League Club, and he told the company that he then received his encouragement to go on and give as much of his life to the cause as circumstances would permit. He said in part:

> I will never forget that I was the guest of your Union League Club. You gave me my first encouragement. I said at that time that our mutual ancestors had discovered and created your country, and then conquered together your liberty. But this is not enough. We cannot be satisfied by enjoying their legacy. We have to do something more. We have to found peace for the generations who are to come.
>
> Peace is nothing of a dream now. It is a practical organization. Everybody understands that. American public opinion has been unanimous in supporting your government in its efforts to organize arbitration. All your public statesmen are strongly in favor of it—my friend William Jennings Bryan as well as my friend Colonel Roosevelt. We admire what President Taft has done in that way. Look at the speeches delivered yesterday by the leaders of the British parliament in London to support his proposition.
>
> Arbitration now is the necessary coronation of modern progress. War is not only waste of blood and of money, but paralysis of national work. War will at once stop all progress and cut your future in its roots. It is true chiefly of young countries having to face universal competition. You will be handicapped by nations who have no military expenditures and who can give all their force to productive work.

After reducing to an absurdity the American phantom of a war with Japan or Mexico by recounting his own search for the same in traveling from Washington to San Francisco, he said:

> Nobody would ever speak of war if the people knew more of arbitration. They don't know enough of what is The Hague organization, how The Hague court has already settled several big cases, like the Dogger-Bank and the Casabianca conflicts. We have to teach them, to explain to them.
>
> Public opinion is waiting for this new education of our times. They have to understand exactly what means a treaty of arbitration. Arthur Balfour said yesterday in London that it would be bad to make treaties for an opinion one is not prepared to execute. He is right. He wants, as we do, arbitration with no deception. He wants, as we do, a good education of the people, who have not only to wish arbitration treaties, but to submit to these treaties.
>
> The signature of a treaty is a great thing; its execution is still better.
>
> Look at the admirable execution for nearly a century of your treaty with Great Britain concerning the disarmament of the Canadian frontier. It is not the letter only, it is the spirit of the two nations which have faithfully executed it that we admire.
>
> What we have now to do is to finish our work of education. It is to prepare, all over the world, the people for self discipline and the free acceptation of reason and justice for the settlement of their quarrels.

When the Baron was introduced the company rose to greet him. There was prolonged cheering and waving of handkerchiefs and, at the close of his remarks, similar demonstrations testified to the fact that he had an audience that understood him.

The Baron was followed by William Jennings Bryan, who was introduced by the President, as follows: "He is internationally known as a most distinguished man, one who has his own convictions and is not afraid to speak them." Mr. Bryan spoke from the lofty standpoint of a citizen of the world, and showed that his inspirations were from the deep sources of a faith in human brotherhood and a confidence in the eternal forces. His characterization of the Baron was applicable to himself when he said:

> He can speak of brotherhood to those who feel a kinship with their fellows and he can show the criminal folly of war to those engaged in trade and commerce, but the characteristic that has struck me most forcibly is his faith. His belief in peace outruns all argument, and it is because he takes hold of the unseen that he has shown such a dauntless courage. He illustrates, too, a very important fact, namely, that one borrows strength for a great cause.

Speaking for himself he said:

> I am sure that the Baron will not regard it as detracting from his personal merit and from the long service he has rendered to the cause of peace when I say that it is true of him, as of all others who render great service, that he is a reflector of light—light that shines for the holy cause which he has espoused with so much earnestness. He has grown with the cause; he has gone into partnership with forces that are external; he rejoices in the certainty of victory, because truth is omnipotent and must prevail.
>
> There is only one excuse that can be made for war, namely, that man has not yet brought the brutal instincts under control of the reason and the heart. To despair of peace would be to despair of progress among men. Some have

hoped to bring peace by an increase of armament, in the hope that the world might be frightened away from war or driven into peace by the weight of military armament. We are glad to welcome any encouragement that may come from this source, but it ought not to require the exhaustion of nations to convinee us that the ruin of all eoncerned is the end of rivalry in the building of battle ships.

I am a believer in an entirely different theory. I fear the encouragement of the military spirit. I fear that the building of battle ships will inflame the passion for war, rather than frighten us into peace. I believe that the road to peace lies rather in the culture of the spirit of peace and friendship. Love begets love. I have more faith in the power of a good example than in the terror excited by thirteen-inch guns.

At the close of Mr. Bryan's speech a vote of thanks to the speakers and a message of fellowship to our fellow Republicans across the sea were entrusted to the French Baron, and the banquet was closed with a benediction by the editor of UNITY, who acted as Chaplain for the evening.

On Sunday evening the vast audience gathered at Orchestra Hall under the auspices of the Sunday Evening Club had another opportunity of listening to the Baron de Constant and the unexpected and unannounced pleasure of hearing from Mr. Bryan again. Still later Sunday evening, the Alliance Francaise, assembled at the La Salle Hotel, had the pleasure of listening to an address from their countryman, and he and citizen Bryan were entertained at a luncheon on Saturday noon as the guests of Cyrus H. McCormick.

Altogether it was a fitting anniversary of the Chicago Peace Society, which was inaugurated nearly two years ago and has been nourished into strength and worked into efficiency through the competency of its Secretary, Rev. Charles A. Beals, whose removal here was a benign capture which robbed Massachusetts in order to enrich Illinois. The Chicago Peace Society is an exponent of the faith and piety of Chicago. It expresses Chicago's faith in principle and its loyalty to the fundamental law of love. It is in accord with the churches and the preachers, but it is distinctively a body of laymen and laywomen and, what is more gratifying, of prominent representatives of Chicago's business. Its President is a banker and its executive committee is largely made up of business men, who, for the most part, are deeply engrossed in their business pursuits. Around the table of the Chicago Peace Society, millionaires forget their millions and gladly touch elbows and clasp hands with those whose business it is to promulgate ideas, to dispense charities, to ameliorate the severities of life. The Peace Society of Chicago is a rallying point for right-minded people up and down the social scale.. It is a worthy point for such rallies. Let other cities go and do likewise.

A bluebell springs upon the ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge;
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy air,
And life is brimming everywhere.
What lark and breeze and bluebell sing,
Is Spring, Spring, Spring.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

THE PULPIT

Life's Handicaps

SERMON BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

"Now Naaman was a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper." II. Kings 5:1.

Hardly any chapter in the Book of the Kings is more arresting than the story of Naaman. He was a rough warrior in an antique age, but he may teach us that a man can do his work in the world, even a great work, despite a terrible handicap. Smitten with the white leprosy,—a slowly developing malady, ending in utter absence of feeling,—which wrought its horror under the skin and did not require exclusion from society, he not only served his king in high office, but saved his country in a critical hour. But alas, the story of his healing too often obscures the fine heroism of the man.

Here was courage of the first order, all the more noble because it was not born of hope. "While there is life there is hope," was a maxim that did not apply in his case; for he knew that, humanly speaking, the further his path stretched into the future, the harder it would become. If a man was ever justified in giving away to self-pity, or indulging in the luxury of despair, surely he was the man. Instead, he faced the hard fact as it was, went to his task carrying the weight of a dead hope, and did not only his duty but a noble work in his day. This lesson is for us,—that we may learn to make the best of a hard lot, and not let it make the worst of us. Nor is there any lesson which we need more to take to heart, if so be that we may attain to wisdom.

If we go past the shell of the story to its kernel, we find that Naaman, so far from being exceptional, was really a typical man. His handicap was unusual only as to its form, not as to its fact. Every man has a handicap of some sort, except perhaps the egotist, whose handicap is so obvious that it need not be mentioned. As has been well said, if all pain left its mark on the forehead, if, like the leprosy of Naaman, it could be seen at once, there would be an end of envy among men. No man in Damascus envied Naaman his popularity and success. There was the position and the power and the fame,—and the leprosy. So it is with the man who is the most envied by his fellows, and with whom many would fain change places. He has his satisfactions and joys which all men see, but he has also his hidden sorrows, his unknown bafflements, and his secret martyrdoms. Could we but realize this, envy would give place to sympathy, kindliness, and pity.

No one need be told that our mistakes in life are often sad handicaps. Our tendency is to account for them singly, giving a separate explanation for each separate mistake, in our effort to extenuate them. Outsiders trace our errors to one central flaw in our nature, to some weakness which our blunders betray when we are put to the test. Thus they have no difficulty in explaining them, and they witness them without surprise, knowing that they will be repeated until we heal or repair the primary defect. For the most part they are near the right, but it is not always so. As a fact we are often mistaken about our mistakes, some of which turn out in the end to be the wisest things we ever did. Our mistakes, bad as some of them are, need not be our worst handicaps, unless we

make them so by brooding too much over them.

Some handicaps inhere in the very conditions of our human life. The fact that we are caught in this mortal coil, doomed to wear a muddy vesture of decay, is itself a handicap to the ascending soul. Like Lorenzo, in "The Merchant of Venice," the heavy flesh dulls our ears and we do not hear the skyey melody. How insistent in the lives of the saints is the complaint, which often becomes a plaint, that the body is a weight upon the spirit. Asceticism was an attempt, heroic but futile, to escape that handicap. However willing the spirit may be, the flesh is weak —sometimes pitifully, tragically weak. Even the Master was aweary as he sat by the well, and the disciples fell asleep in the Garden of Sorrow. Men like Newman and Emerson have, apparently, no struggle with physical passion, while other men are doomed to fight the beast day by day. What Browning wrote in "Paracelsus" is true of our human lot as Augustine and Robert Burns knew it, and as many of us know it only too well. There is an inmost center in us all, where the soul abides, and

> Around, wall upon wall,
> The gross flesh hems it in,
> A baffling carnal mesh
> Blinds it, and works error.

Then there are the inevitable limits of thought, of insight, of personality, beyond which we may not go. In high moments we seem to be on the point of stepping across those invisible lines, which move with us like the horizon; but the tide of inspiration ebbs, and the old barriers become painfully distinct. Not only philosophy and art, but friendship feels the handicap of this impalpable, but none the less impassable, wall which imprisons the soul. We speak of bearing the burdens of another, whereas we can hardly lift more than a splinter of his load, though we may shout words of good cheer to him in his loneliness. There is something appalling in the fact that man must live for fifty or seventy years alone with himself, and if for any reason that companionship is unhappy his life must be dreary and forlorn. Unless every resource of enlargement and enrichment is used, he will find himself a hermit in a bare hut. The longer one lives in this dark world where each is a veiled mystery to his fellows, the more eager he is to seize every thread of love, every token of good will. All the saints assure us that there is a way whereby a man may be "never less alone than when alone," and happy is he who finds it.

Few realize the tyranny of temperament and mood. Reason as we will, our outlook upon life is largely, if not entirely, a matter of temperament. Subtly it tinges the soul, and most of all in those moments when the deeper forces of being play through the mind. Hardy and Meredith were friends and fellow dwellers in the house of life, but they lived in different rooms. From his window Hardy saw Egdon Heath at twilight, while Meredith from his room saw a sunlit scene. One who stands for an hour at the Hardy window will be glad to go to the Meredith room, where the sunlight pours in like a flood. Since we live in a palace there is no reason why we should sit down and stay in one room, least of all a dark room. As sons of the house let us enjoy the freedom of it, not forgetting the oratory in the dome with its lengthening vistas and lifting skies. No doubt temperament is imperious, but it can be modified to some extent.

As for moods, they defy analysis and will not listen to reason, but seize and bind us without warning. They seem to be only wisps of feeling, yet they have a strange power and may so handicap us as to unfit us for our tasks. The only way to deal with dark and ugly moods is to knock them down and walk right over them on our way to the next duty. Otherwise they will fasten themselves upon us and become fixed states of mind, fatal handicaps to all fruitful effort. There is no tyrant like a melancholy mood. Nor is there any friend quite like a lofty mood, which seems to give wings to the mind in its search after truth. How many precious things —visions, confidences, and joyous escapes—have been ours by virtue of gracious moods. Many an unforgettable Bible stanza—a pathetic half-light, or a glint of sunburst hope—is only a flitting mood caught and fixed in undying words. A magical mood, dross-drained and luminous, has more than once changed the whole life of a man, and made it new.

So far as our handicaps are due to environment, misfortune, or habits, they may be overcome. Even those awful calamities of which one hardly dare speak, evoke in their victims powers of which they were not aware. Examples are abundant and thrilling. Symonds changed his retreat in the high Alps, whither he had fled for health, into a sanctuary of culture. Doom early rested upon Stevenson; but instead of sitting down to whine, he struck a note of lyric gaiety so heroic and compelling that it sent all men back to the fight. Who can imagine the emotions of a Matheson, a young man with a dream of scholarship, smitten blind in the morning of life! Here was a handicap to baffle and appall the stoutest heart. Yet had it not been for that handicap perhaps his name would not now be known beyond a small circle. Shut off from the beauty of the world, his inner eye was unsealed, and his "Studies in the Portrait of Christ" is a classic. His great hymn, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," is an echo of his struggle, a cry of bereavement and a shout of victory.

Truly, the hard, unalterable thing may be faced and the victory won. A cloud of witnesses testify that the sad inevitable is not the unconquerable, and that a man need not be happy in order to be useful; but that he is happy, when happy at all, because he is useful. These men, and others like them, who changed their weights into wings, show us that it takes more than blighted health, broken dreams and baffled hopes to ruin the life of a man. Even those —and such there are—whom fate has stripped bare, bereft and hedged about, as if to bar them from joy, need not give up. There are yet sources of usefulness and joy of which none but ourselves can rob us.

All of us, whether such has ever been our plight or not, will do well to learn the secret of Jane Farfrae, of whom Hardy tells us in one of his stories. He allows her a measure of happiness, despite his theory of the doubtful honor of a brief transit through a sorry world. He has to allow it, because she would have found it anyway. Her secret was that "of making limited opportunities endurable; which she deemed to consist in the cunning enlargement by a species of microscopic treatment, even to the magnitude of positive pleasure, of those minute forms of satisfaction that offer themselves to every-

body not in positive pain; which thus handled have much the same inspiriting effect upon life as wider interests cursorily embraced." Ah, those words are worth their weight in gold. It was by that same secret that Charles Lamb overcame his frightful handicap and left us his heroic legend. So also Cowper, whose mind was the victim of fits of insanity, and who wrote on the window of a madhouse the words of his sublime hymn—

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform.

If this secret—almost too simple to be found out—helped a poor shattered soul to defy defeat, surely we may use it to our profit. No one need be told that these things are not easy to do. We know how the iron entered the soul of Thackeray and remained, when the mind of his wife fell into decay. He was never again really happy, but he did noble work to the end. Max Muller tells us that till his daughter died he had an endless delight in life, but when she vanished she took all the spring with her. Great and good men are bowed low by such bereavements, and some of them never rise. To chide them were blasphemy, but there is a way to overcome even the sad handicap which the death of those we love imposes upon us. Many things are worse than the death of one near to us, though

> Never morning wore to evening
> But some heart did break.

Far worse is it for a man to lose faith and fail to recover it. One can bear anything so long as he has a firm hold upon spiritual reality; but when that becomes dim and dreamlike he is left unanchored and adrift, at the mercy of every wind. He may lose faith in a dogma and grasp a deeper and more satisfying confidence, but when the old creed does not give place to a larger and sweeter faith, he is of all men the most forlorn. Arthur Clough is an example of a man, highly gifted, whose wings were broken in this way, and never healed. It is pathetic to follow the path of his life and note how little came of his fine powers, which promised so much to the world, because he lost faith. Romanes was another who lost faith, though happily he found it again, and he has told us on a classic page what sufferings fall to the lot of a man who has love without faith. Men lose faith by carelessness and neglect of the culture of the soul more often than by shock, and what they lose they may find.

But of all the handicaps in this mortal life sin is the most terrible. It poisons the springs of life, pollutes the fountains of character and of manhood, and defiles what is most hallowed upon earth. Yet this most awful handicap may be overcome by the grace and mercy of God. There is a river of God, flowing bank-full in the midst of the years, wherein if a man bathe as Naaman dipped in the river Jordan, the leprosy of sin,—the black leprosy that eats away the higher life, the habit that enthralls and stains, the lust that defiles,—is washed clear, and the soul becomes as the soul of a little child, albeit stronger, sadder and wiser. Here the evidence is so overwhelming that it bursts into song and rises to the heights of victorious melody. The thing is simply true, and if a more blessed fact has ever floated into human ken, no man can name it.

For the rest, for those inevitable handicaps which no one can escape or overcome—the handicaps of the flesh, of the impassable limits of thought and personality—it is permitted us to hope that when at last we bathe in that other and darker river of which Jordan has long been an emblem, we shall then be free of them,—that the infinite pain that throbs forever in the heart of man shall be healed, and that the loneliness and longing that haunt all earthly music whatsoever shall be heard no more. Yet so much that is fine and beautiful has come of our being handicapped,—all, indeed, that is of enduring worth and grace in our mortal life,—that we may see, even while here in this mesh and coil of flesh, a hint of why it is so.

CORRESPONDENCE

An American in Cuba

These are trying days for Latin republics. Those that are not cradling insurrections are sowing the seed for harvest, and Cuba is no exception.

I do not pretend to speak with deep knowledge, for no one can know what is before this island. Today is, tomorrow ends with an interrogation point.

The Liberals are in power, having come in with the second American Intervention, two years ago, and have two more years before them, if indeed the machinery will hold together for that length of time.

The hope of the more thoughtful is that the ranks of the Liberals will become permanently severed, throwing the majority again with the Conservatives, the element that General Wood selected with so much care and discretion and which formed the bulwark of the Palma administration. There is a lingering memory of appreciation of those days, and of those men and of that nation across the way that came to their rescue. But few care to express themselves concerning our latest help (?). Those who do, however, speak with emphasis. They call it the "ante-election star-act for the American voters' gallery." At any rate the wish was fulfilled, the "barefoots" are in power. Palma, loved by every one, is in his grave, dead of a broken heart. He saved millions for this country; he died in poverty. The treasury is looted. Officials, in debt two years ago, are now millionaires, franchises are meted out right and left, natural resources bartered to the highest briber, and a heavy bond pending, and whether the island remains independent or not, she will have to face and fight in poverty and distress the problems that Greed and Graft have fastened upon her.

Perhaps it is not becoming for one from the United States to criticise on this score. It does awaken grim visages from our home city and San Francisco and Pennsylvania, and dear old Ohio, but I am only echoing the street, the club and parlor and the records of the congress just adjourned. The last act was a sale of the port of Havana to private capitalists, increasing the tariff on all freights from $.25 a thousand to $.70 for American and $.80 for that of other countries. For thirty years the island will be drained to pad and over-pad a few multimillionaires.

The great weakness of Cuba lies in the fact that her business men, her creative forces, have no voice in her government. They are Americans, Spanish,

English, and a sprinkling of French and German who retain citizenship in their own countries. The Cubans, never wealthy as a people, lost the little they possessed in the long years of struggle for independence.

Do they wish to become a part of the United States? Those who are not citizens do, and some citizens in hours of discouragement long for American absorption, but generally speaking, they do not. They fought for freedom and want it. Americans are not Latins. Conventions, language and manners are different, and besides, the taste of the last Intervention lingers in the mouth.

But if Cubans have much to learn of government, they have much to teach others. We can sit at their feet and grow wiser. We can study their good roads, transportation service,—all types,—benevolent institutions, care of immigrants, protection of strangers, government homes for working men, municipal manners, and far and above anything known to our country and, as far as I know, to other countries, the splendid work of its associations.

There are three clubs in Havana, each with a membership of over 25,000. For a fee of $1.50 a month everything except the necessaries of life are given to its members and their families. Each club owns a palatial home in the center of the city, where all are welcome. Instruction is given in kindergarten, music, art, science, literature, language and crafts,—sewing, embroidery, cooking, etc.; all forms of amusement: dancing, fencing, bathing, social functions, care for the sick at hospitals, which they own. All doctors,' surgeons' and dentists' bills are free. These clubs are splendid inspirational examples of the brotherly life.

I should like to speak of the great women of Cuba, great under exceptional difficulties, but this little word was intended only for a note of greeting across the gulf.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Havana, Cuba.

Is Unitarianism for College Men Only?—A Reply

Dear UNITY:

In the paragraph "Is Unitarianism for College Men Only," in an issue of UNITY for March 16th, it seems to me that the writer, E. A. R., has entirely missed the point why Unitarians seek to establish Unitarian churches in college towns, even though those churches are "unable to support themselves in church-choked college communities." It is not because we believe that Unitarianism is "only adapted to the college mind" that we seek to plant and sustain churches in college towns, but just because we have faith in the power of the liberal ideals over the minds of the people if they can only come to them in the right way. The college brings together from widely scattered communities young men and women at a time of life when they are especially open to new ideas. The college atmosphere is one of inquiry and growth. A Unitarian church in a university or college town influences in many ways these young men and women, not only those who attend its services and unite with it, but the entire student body. Now no one ought to imagine for an instant that our aim reaches no farther than the individual student any more than one supposes that the aim of the professor in the class room extends no farther than to those who listen to his lectures. Education goes farther than that. When we reach the students we reach their home-towns and the communities to which they go from the college halls. A young man going back into his home community with advanced scientific ideas of farming raises the standards of the whole community. Many such young men going out transform in time the attitude of a state, a nation.

Does any one fancy that The South Dakota State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Engineering exists merely for the benefit of the few hundreds that attend it, and that the state and the federal governments pay large sums every year merely for the education of those students? The tone of the whole state is improved, its intellectual level raised, and its resources more adequately developed, by the mere existence of this school. It is no otherwise with religion. A young man, a young woman, returning from a liberal religious atmosphere to a home community dominated by hard, narrow, unprogressive religious ideas, carries the leaven of a broad, sweet, progressive religious spirit. Many such young men and women are going out to do their part in transforming a county, a state, a nation. They may not, very many of them, be instrumental in founding Unitarian churches. The majority of them will not carry with them the Unitarian name; yet they will have an incalculable part in the transformation of existing churches. It is just for the sake of "the little communities rising everywhere in our land which you mention, that the work in college towns is maintained. These young men and women are to be the farmers, the mechanical engineers, the teachers, the doctors, the lawyers, in just those little communities where we cannot go, and where we would be rejected if we did go. They will not, many of them, preach Unitarianism, but they will preach our essential Gospel, preach it silently, surely, eloquently, through the years. The college community changes, students and professors come and go, and the liberal church in a college town has a hard and often a seemingly losing struggle, but it is worth while.

Cordially yours,

Brookings, South Dakota. ROBERT P. DOREMUS.

French Protestantism Since the Separation

That faithful co-worker in a world-wide Liberal Christian Faith, Prof. G. Bonet Maury, of the Free Theological Faculty of Paris, whose participation in the Parliament of Religion at Chicago in 1893, and again in the Congress of Liberal Religion at Boston in 1907 many will remember, a veteran whose heart is always young for liberty, writes in *Le Protestant* an interesting review of the French Protestant churches, five years after the Separation of Church and State in that country. He admits that the suppression of the Budget, or government appropriation for the support of worship in France, has had consequences far less serious for Protestants than for the Roman Catholics of that country.

This is to be explained by the difference in the principles of the two religions, and also by the very different attitudes which they assumed towards the law of the 9th of December, 1905. The Roman Church, founded upon the principle of authority, resisted a law which was democratic in character and threatened to give the control of congregational affairs largely into the hands of the laity. The crisis which followed has tended to reinforce still more its innate tendency towards autocratic monarchy and infallible authority. On the contrary, the Protestant churches, accustomed since the Reformation to a form of government elective and democratic, have accepted with graciousness and good-will the law of separation, despite its defects. Its two principal defects are, first, the limitation of the reserve or trust funds which may be held by *Associations Cultuelles,* i. e. church corporations, to a maximum of five times the amount of their actual revenue, and, second, the interdiction of the directive committees of the churches from receiving or distributing charitable funds. By virtue of this prohibition the Trustees of the church of the Oratory were recently prevented from receiving a charitable bequest of twenty-five thousand francs left it by a friend.

On the other hand the prompt acceptance by the Protestant churches of the Law of Separation has resulted in certain notable advantages to them. They have enjoyed during five years past the occupancy of the parish houses or parsonages, or, in default of these, the bestowal by the municipalities of sums of indemnity towards the housing of pastors, also the free use of edifices for their two faculties of theology, at Paris and Montauban, and for their seminaries. The property of their congregations, and the use of their church edifices have devolved upon their reorganized *Associations Cultuelles,* whilst other schools, asylums, etc., not pertaining to their worship, have been committed to them, in recognition of their public utility. Finally, their churches have benefited by a more perfect development of the fund for retiring allowances to pastors, and for the augmentation of pastoral and professional salaries which, under the former régime of a union with the State was only partially introduced. Hereafter every pastor or theological professor attaining the age of sixty-five years is assured of a life-pension larger than was formerly the case. During the past five years the Protestant churches have adequately met by voluntary contributions the expenses incidental to the support of their public worship, which formerly were provided for by the Civil Power.

The spiritual consequences of the separation are quite as favorable. It is true, an immediate result of the separation was to bring about in Protestant (and even more in Catholic) circles a diminution in the number of those choosing the pastoral vocation. Many young men, and their parents even more, found that the ecclesiastical career had become more precarious; the salaries provided by the faithful did not offer the same promise of stability as when paid out of the treasury of the State. It was attemped to remedy this inconvenience by instituting a central fund which augments the salary offered by the local church and affords retiring pensions for all pastors. This is still inadequate, and there is a necessity for the churches themselves to notably increase the salaries of their ministers. But if the number of candidates for the ministry has diminished, their quality has improved. One no longer sees young men enter this career from motives of personal advantage. The great majority of Protestant students in theology now-a-days is animated by a living piety and a determination to pursue a career of resolute service and sacrifice, not infrequently against the inclination of their parents.

It is to be regretted that in this time of separation the Protestants of France have not followed the example of their brethren in Geneva, and formed a united compact body, which would give them a great advantage in propagating their ideas among the Catholic masses, disgusted with the anti-republican reactions and anti-modernist sentiments of the higher clergy of their church. Their division into several distinct denominations is to be deeply regretted. But beyond these diverse groupings, which Prof. Bonet-Maury hopes will not survive certain prominent representatives of the sectarian spirit, the Protestants of France have felt the need of union among themselves. On the initiative of the venerable pastor Babut of Nismes they have founded the Federation of Protestant Churches for the defence of their common interests. The success of its first meeting, in October, 1909, was the happy augury of its future. The celebration of the jubilee anniversary of John Calvin at the Trocadero, in November of the same year, also displayed in a striking manner the solidarity of their churches in the field of history and ethics. A group of Protestant pastors has been formed to apply to social questions the principles of the Gospel of Christ.

In the last analysis, therefore, the Protestant churches of France have gained more than they have lost by the separation. It is this which quickens their spirits and rewards their sacrifices. Every church in Europe will be strengthened and inspired by their experience.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

The Tobacco Habit

A sincere young man said to me: "As a consistent Unitarian I decided long ago that I must give up the use of tobacco. Believing that I am saved by character, I have felt that everything which is detrimental to my body more or less degrades my soul." Is not this the proper attitude not only in our constant struggle for personal purity, for Plato's "whiteness" of soul so beautifully defined by our own Whittier, but as voluntary factors in the upward progression of mankind, as helpers-on of the evolution of the race towards a more perfect type, and as adequate members of society, it devolves upon us to maintain the highest possible standard of physical excellence. With all our endeavor to live consistent lives, we do useless and purposeless things; perhaps we cannot altogether avoid an occasional "break" of the sort, but that is very different from doing a useless thing every day and making it a routine habit, for a useless habit persisted in becomes an injurious one.

While the use of tobacco is not specifically forbidden in any moral code, or often condemned by

ethical teachers (ridicule, or an exaggerated denunciation of the "sin" and danger of cigarette smoking, is what we generally hear), in my opinion there are several very good reasons why the use of tobacco in any form should be regarded not only as a useless habit but as a pernicious one.

First, physically:—

Tobacco is a poison itself, and does not need the admixture of opium or other drugs to make it injurious. When introduced into the human body even in minute quantities, it induces disturbances of a more or less serious nature. When a person smokes for the first time, he becomes very sick,—his whole nervous system resents the effects of the narcotism. All color leaves his face and hands, his finger nails become purple, he grows faint, nausea comes on, and, in some cases, he falls into unconsciousness. The ordeal is really tragic when we realize that this struggle of the normal body is a legitimate resistance against the introduction into its economy of a substance utterly and absolutely foreign, unnecessary and useless to it.

I have never thought there was any fun or humor about the condition of a boy who has had his first smoke, but, on the other hand, much to pity in it; it betokens the hardening of innocence to wrong. The body as well as the mind will become habituated to deleterious influences, and, in time, the organs acquire a tolerance to tobacco so that the boy or the man will smoke without any apparent inconvenience. The same tolerance is acquired for other poisons; nothing affects you very much after you have become used to it; that is, it does not seem to affect you. But, although the slow, insiduous poison has ceased to warn its victim, it does not necessarily cease to injure him. The effects will depend upon the amount consumed and the organization of the consumer. In some cases, the use of tobacco throughout life appears to have little effect one way or another, but we see the same thing in the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors and other poisons. Men who abuse their bodies in the most shameful way will live to be very old,—some compensatory process we do not understand allows them to live on regardless of their dissipations. But in nearly every case, there is a sharp response—a simple sowing brings in a tenfold reaping; the pleasant, early breeze turns out to be a devastating "whirlwind." We may have a "tobacco heart," a condition which has killed many men, or serious lesions of the throat supervene, resulting in death, as in the case of General Grant, Emperor Frederick and others. Several conditions are aggravated by the use of tobacco even in moderate quantities, and doctors advise their patients in such cases to abstain from tobacco.

It has always been a marvel to me how men who are intelligent, cultured, and in other respects personally cleanly, can tolerate the use of a substance so filthy as tobacco. In all its forms it is malodorous. It is incompatible in any mixture. It possesses persistent staining qualities, and, to most persons who do not use it, is disagreeable and even nauseating.

Little need be said of the man who chews tobacco,—society has taken care of him. The same is true of the user of snuff. And while familiarity and custom excuse the smoker, either of pipe, cigar or cigarette, his habit differs from the others only in degree. The cigar and cigarette smokers both irritate their mucous and nasal tracts with the sharp, pungent gas; they both swallow more or less tobacco by solution in the mouth,—the cigarette smoker's fingers are stained by nicotine. The user of a pipe gets less smoke but more nicotine, while the smoker of tobacco in any form in time becomes saturated with the essence of the weed; his very tissues reek with it. In fact you will hear old smokers say that they are immune to disease on account of this pickling. They will also tell you that their black teeth are so well stained that they will never decay! The smoker's breath as well as his saliva is contaminated by the peculiarly offensive odor of tobacco after it has undergone the inevitable chemical change in the mouth. The condition of some tobacco mouths is simply disgusting; old, blackened teeth, reddened mucous membranes of the mouth and tongue, odoriferous saliva and breath, a cave of rottenness. This is not a picture but the truth, as any physician or dentist can testify. It is pitiful to see men with such mouths attempt to cleanse them, and failing in this, taking cloves or other aromatic spices to disguise the real condition. Such are some of the physical results of the use of tobacco.

Second, ethically:—

I have never heard any person claim that he smoked for the good of his fellowman. He does not pretend that he smokes to further the kingdom of God in the world, or to help the poor, or even to improve his own character,—but simply to satisfy a craving for tobacco. It is then preëminently and in all respects a selfish habit without any utilitarian or ethical value. There is not a single reason why it should have been started, why it should be continued; there is every good reason why it should be discontinued.

Is there anything else which is so general and yet so useless, so selfish, so silly, so uncalled-for? And yet there are few things to which men will so adhere.

Third, morally:—

It is wrong to indulge in anything which damages the body. Whether the use of tobacco induces organic changes in the heart, alters nerve structure, irritates membranes, or merely induces local chemical changes, it has no business in the human economy and is a detriment thereto. Granting that the individual concerned may, if he desires, suffer some or all of these effects for the small gratification he secures (which, after all, is only an artificial stimulation and therefore not even a legitimate pleasure), he has no right to ask any one else to suffer annoyance for the satisfaction of a sensation which is of no benefit to himself or any one else. To ask such a personal privilege is surely the quintessence of selfishness. To give the matter a moment's thought is to acknowledge that the smoker's habit is one of the most egregiously inconsiderate in the world; an imposition upon mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, and an annoyance more or less real to friends and acquaintances who are not users of tobacco.

The average smoker does not realize this,—he is sublimely unconscious of his unparalleled want of kindness. He alone smokes in his house, his

patient wife endures it. After the manner of women whose long-suffering endurance towards those they love has not been sufficiently extolled, she even says that she likes the odor of a good cigar! So the son, or husband, or brother, or father indulges in his solitary vice, leaving the ashes of his gratification upon the library table, smoke to bring tears to the eyes of his company, and a pervasive smell to remind all who enter the room that this is a smoker's paradise. The wife who, like all women, is sensitive to odors must "put up" with a scented breath and moustache—because she loves her husband and he—loves to smoke! The indulgence of a habit then which asks so much of others in the way of sacrifice can not be of much use in character building, and in a Unitarian, at least, is highly inconsistent. It cannot be otherwise. Perhaps there is no user of tobacco who could not give up the habit if he wished; if so, few are inclined, for many acknowledge that they have not the will to try.

A well-known physician who died of a tobacco heart a few years ago told me after he had been advised to give up tobacco, that he should never make the effort. "I know it is killing me," he said, "but I can't help that. I would rather die of tobacco-heart than from tobacco heart ache!" A world-famed novelist whom I advised to give up excessive smoking confessed to me that he could not do so. "If I did," he said, "I would fall to pieces like a ripe blossom. If I drop tobacco something will have to take its place, either whiskey or opium. It's that necessary to me." You say that these are extreme cases. How do you know? Those who claim that they can drop tobacco anytime, always, I notice, begin again! And they always begin just at the point where the test comes in, and, as they yield, say, There! I have demonstrated my ability to stop at any time! All will readily acknowledge that this slavery—conscious or unconscious—to narcotism must be damaging to character. The realization of a loss of manliness and power of will involves a loss of self-respect, and is demoralizing in the extreme. It is sad but true that many have given up real things for this selfish gratification, and Kipling's hero who made his final choice between a sweet girl and a box of cigars, is not uncommon:

Last and greatly least, is the money consideration.

For a woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke.

It costs something to smoke, and the great world has many needs for money. The aggregate cost of all the tobacco consumed in the world would go a long way towards greater comfort to the deserving poor of our cities. By giving up a useless pleasure we could give others real joy. Make a quiet resolve, my friend, and smoke your last cigar!

E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Holualoa, Hawaii.

Good Books

From the Macmillan Co. I get "Jim Hands," by Richard Washburn Child. The only poor thing about this book is its title. It is not only full of fun, but it is full of social philosophy, expressed in Jim Hands' language. There is something of Dickens about the book, and we believe that Mr. Child can do some better work even than this. There are half a dozen characters in the book that could be used over again—especially the Irish mother-in-law. It is almost a pity that Catherine was married off at the end of the book.

From the same firm I have an extremely timely book, "The Conservation of Natural Resources," by Prof. Van Hise, of Wisconsin University. It is a book that a good citizen can hardly get along without. It is full of information on forestry, water resources, land waste and land soil making—giving the very latest on thousands of farm questions. The book in fact was needed, and it is wonderfully well done.

From the same house, Macmillan Co., I get Mr. E. E. Slosson's book on American Universities. For a college man this is a book of extraordinary value—indispensable. It is superbly illustrated and judiciously written. It gives us an admirably well ordered lot of information, but at no point is unduly loaded down with facts. Now that the Agricultural Colleges are coming to the front, with industrial education, we need to know the real power and value of these classical schools; to understand just how near they came to giving us a completed system of education, but how unfortunately they gave us too much medievalism in method and too much of the lead in substance.

From the same house we have another book, "The Social Basis of Religion," by Prof. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania. This is a scholarly book, but intensely practical. It discusses a large number of topics that are just now of special interest to the church as well as society.

"Alongshore," from the Macmillan house, is the work of Stephen Reynolds. I do not get deeply interested in this book, and it grows monotonous to me as I try to read it. It is, however, unique, and has a freshness, that is if you read but one chapter at a time. You had better take it in that way, and I think it will pay you to own the book.

From the Macmillan Company I have received one of the best country books that I have ever seen. It is written by Prof. Ogden of Cornell University, and is entitled, "Rural Hygiene." The book is a compact cyclopedia of information for families living in the country. It goes over the ground with thoroughness, but there is not a superfluous word in the book. It speaks of water supply, sewage, milk and meat, foods and beverages, personal habits, disinfection, tuberculosis and pneumonia, typhoid fever, children's diseases and parasitical diseases, antitoxins and the general laws of hygiene. It is completely up to date, and ought to save thousands of lives and prevent a vast amount of wasted health and strength. It is a thoroughly admirable book.

I gave a very strong commendation of Frenssen's "Klaus Baas." I had not quite finished the book; and I must modify my praise by saying that in three or four places his method runs into offensive vulgarity—for such expressions are not necessary in print, and they greatly discount a thorough discussion of social habits. I agree with the author, however, that we must face this social problem, and must discuss the subject and handle it with frankness.

E. P. POWELL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES.

Personal

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wendte will depart on May 30 for England, with the intention of remaining the year following in Europe. Mr. Wendte will visit in turn the various liberal religious associations affiliated with the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals, and bring them the greetings of the American Unitarian Association, and will in other ways during his stay seek to further the interests of international fellowship, free and religious thought, and social progress. After May 15 he may be addressed care of British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C., England.

Education and Battleships

The National Bureau of Education asked the Congress that has just adjourned for an additional appropriation of $75,000, to enable it to meet constantly growing demands and opportunities for service. It got $7,600—about one-tenth of what it asked. Glen Edwards, of the Russell Sage Foundation, writes in the *Journal of Education*:

"In no other department of national activity has advance been so slow and difficult as in that which is represented by the Bureau of Education. It has tried year after year for nearly fifty years to win the favor of an unsympathetic Congress. This it has failed absolutely to do.

"A few weeks ago one of the most stupendous engines of war ever built by civilized man slid into the water at Norfolk, Va. She will carry in her main battery 12 twelve-inch guns, valued at $720,000; or more than enough to pay the salaries of the entire force now employed in the Bureau of Education for twelve years. She will carry 21 five-inch guns valued at $193,200; or more than enough to employ a force of ten field specialists in education for six years. She will cost the nation $9,000,000 in repairs and maintenance in 20 years; or nearly three and one-half times as much as the bureau has cost the government in more than 40 years. At the end of 20 years she will have depreciated in value 100 per cent, and will have cost the nation to build and support in time of peace not less than $20,000,000; or nearly four and one-half times as much as the work of the bureau, including the Alaska service, has cost in more than four decades. Have we anything to show what this war vessel really means? In the filthy mud of a foreign port lies her prototype, a grisly, forsaken memorial to wicked sacrifices of human life, misuse of man's most heroic qualities, wounds, greed, starvation, disease, suffering, sorrow, grief, and the widows and the orphans of civilized nations. This is what it all means in the last analysis. As these facts drive their way to our hearts, is it a pleasant thing to learn that, while the whole country is alive to the need of a fuller knowledge concerning facts of human life and happiness, there are men who refuse $75,000 to the Bureau of Education, and permit themselves a few days later to grace with pomp and ceremony the launching of an $11,000,000 battleship?"

Special Temperance Number of the Youths' Instructor

EDITOR UNITY:

May I commend to your readers, especially parents and Sunday-school teachers, who may be interested in securing valuable temperance reading for young people, the very beautifully printed special number of the *Youths' Instructor* for March 10, 1911? The illustrations are fine and numerous, filling its 36 pages—about the size of *Unity*. Among its many valuable articles are contributions from President David Starr Jordan, Gov. R. B. Glenn, Dr. W. T. Grenfell, Rev. Dr. George P. Dourhov (Smithsonian Institution), Dr. Howard A. Kelly (chief surgeon Johns Hopkins Hospital), Wm. H. DeLacy, Judge of Juvenile Court, Washington, D. C., and one on "An Auto and a Boy" by myself. The magazine is frankly devoted to prohibition, but in a very sane manner, and even one who is not a prohibitionist will find it attractive and instructive. Ten cents a copy or five cents a copy in packages of five to forty copies to one address. Address the editor, Mrs. Fannie D. Chase, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C. J. H. CROOKER.

Roslindale, Boston.

Great Moral Leaders of the Orient

In response to numerous requests (538 to date) to have his recent series of twelve lectures on "Great Moral Leaders of the Orient" published in book-form, Mr. Alfred W. Martin, Associate Leader of the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, has consented to prepare his notes on eight of the series for the press. This book will include the introductory lecture on "The Ethics of Appreciation" and the lectures on Gotama, Zoroaster, Confucius, Moses, the Prophets of Israel, Jesus, Paul, Mohammed. Seven engravings will illustrate the book.

Persons wishing to have one or more copies of this volume at one dollar each, should address Mr. Martin at 995 Madison avenue, New York City. The edition will be limited to one thousand copies.

Cosmopolitan Clubs

An impressive exhibition of the power of the Cosmopolitan Clubs in American colleges and universities for practical service is afforded by the collections which have just been made by many groups of students in these organizations for the relief of the sufferers from the famine in China. The prompting for this effort by the students came from Mr. Taraknath Das, a Hindu student in the University of Washington, who had himself seen famine in India and felt deeply the tragedy of the situation in China. The Board of Directors of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs issued an appeal to all the chapters; and nearly a thousand dollars has been raised by the students, and sent to the Red Cross Society. The students of the University of Wisconsin have collected $500; the students of the University of Washington, $150; Park College in Missouri, $50; Worcester, $70, with various amounts from many other chapters.

Many new Cosmopolitan Clubs have recently been organized at Union College, Schenectady, Clark College, Worcester, Dartmouth College, the University of Minnesota, the University of West Virginia, and elsewhere. There are now about forty chapters in the country, with a total student membership of nearly 2,500. The association is to be strongly represented at the International Students' Congress at Rome in September.

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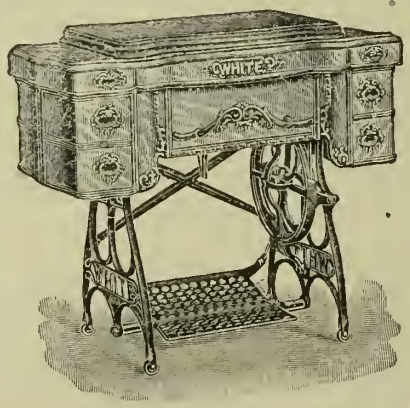

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1911 Number 11

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1911. NUMBER 11.

AT THE SUMMIT

All wearied in the search for truth,
  Nor ever nearer to the goal,
  I turn the magnet from the pole
And laugh once more as light as youth.

O human heart! insatiate
  To solve the secret of thy birth
  And know thou shalt survive the earth!—
Though baffled centuries still wait!

Enfranchised from the vain pursuit
  I greet with joy each breaking day,
  And when the sunset fades in gray
Make melody with voice and lute.

At least I live and love, this hour!
  And meadows, sea, and sky are fair,
  And fellow workers everywhere
Are battling for man's larger dower.

Earth's forces and man's will keep time;
  High human needs must still be met;
  And simplest task, to duty set,
Is evermore a deed sublime.

So hoping, singing, toiling on,
  I waive the path of skyey birth,
  To smooth rough pathways of the earth
Where feet must tread when I am gone.

Boston. JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

That is a commendable bit of hospitality and capable of numerous applications which Mabel Osgood Wright gives at the close of her charming leaflet on the House Wren (No. 39, National Audubon Society). After describing the diligent and laborious achievement in the way of nest-building by Jenny and Johnny Wren in a tin pail which the housemaid had left to air on a fence stake—but let Mrs. Osgood tell it:

> "What shall we do?" I said to the maid, on being shown the nest, which was well outlined between the morning and the evening of the first day. "My, but the work of them!" was her admiring reply. "Leave them have it; I can do with something else, for it's a sin to discourage that much pluck when it trusts you for the lend of the pail."

The writer of the note from which we make the following extract calls himself a "dead-head subscriber," and adds:

> It is a matter I have never forgotten. . . . It is due you that I acknowledge my appreciation of the generous and long-continued favor. No number I have ever seen but that contained many times the worth of its cost, even had I been one of its financial supporters.

Such a "subscriber" cannot be classified in the "dead-head" list. Rather are they who perchance haltingly out of full purses send the subscription price, but leave the paper unopened, or, if they open and appreciate it, think the account squared when the check is sent. In so far as UNITY carries a fragment of the Gospel of Life, it carries with it obligations which cannot be canceled by a check, valuable, necessary and welcome as the check may be.

We offer no apologies to our readers for printing in full in these columns the maiden speech of William Kent, of California, in the House of Representatives on the Tariff question. Though he hails from California, Mr. Kent is still of the inner circle of UNITY and Lincoln Centre. He is no stranger to our readers. UNITY owes much of its life in these later years to the unflagging devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Kent. The speech is worth reproducing if for no other reason than for the fine blending of humor and common sense that is characteristic of Mr. Kent. But we print it because of our fundamental sympathy with its serious contention, for UNITY has convictions on the tariff as on other problems and its readers are accustomed to the free speech and wide range of the editorial management. Behind the laughter there is food for thought, and deeper than that there is profound pathos; here as everywhere the fountain of tears lies close to the place of laughter.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the foundation of the Chicago Sinai Congregation was a dramatic time for the society to bid farewell to the stately Temple on the corner of Indiana Avenue and Twenty-first Street, a Temple of which the society was once justly proud and which still ranks as one of the notable auditoriums in the city of Chicago. But Dr. Hirsch's Society is nothing if it is not progressive and up-to-date, and so the new Sinai Temple and Social Center, which the Society will occupy with the beginning of the season in September, is nearing completion twenty-five blocks farther south on the corner of Forty-sixth and Grand Boulevard. Meanwhile, Dr. Hirsch has already flitted across the water for his accustomed summer escape, and the *Reform Advocate*, in a special number, sumptuously printed and profusely illustrated, tells the story of the half-century leadership enjoyed by this Society in Chicago and among the progressive Jews of America.

"The Child Welfare Exhibit," which is to occupy the Coliseum building in Chicago, May 11 to 25, promises to be an occasion to attract the attention and arouse the enthusiasm of the entire city. Most of the exhibits that the City of New York has been able to offer will be brought to Chicago and Chicago proposes to add much on its own account. The city is thoroughly organized and the churches, Sunday-schools, Centers, Public Schools, Health Department and attendant activities are doing their best.

District No. 8 of the Public Schools, which represents some twenty different buildings, announces that "A Grand Chorus of 1900 Eighth Graders will give a matinee on Friday afternoon, May 12, and a program reaching from 'The Star Spangled Banner' to 'The Lost Chord,' and from 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home,' to Mendelssohn's 'Waiting for the Lord,' will be rendered."

The Committee on Churches, under the leadership of Professor Shailer Mathews, have arranged for a continuous live exhibition of work done and doing by the various Sunday-schools and kindred church activities. The work of the Abraham Lincoln Centre is to be on continuous exhibition from 10 a. m., to 10 p. m., on May 24. The exhibition will include a rendition of Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora" by the children of the Sunday-school, and an actual reproduction of the Sunday-school service as practiced by the children of All Souls Church, a service which is unique in the fact that for many years no hymn or service book has been used, the service being literally "by heart."

We wish there were some high and noble provision by which a man who has once occupied the dignified position of Judge on the bench might be relieved of the necessity of ever again resuming practice of law. We wish that public custom would reserve the title of "Judge" for those only who are actual occupants of the bench. It is a shock to find "Judges" that have won this dignified title and the respect and confidence of their fellow citizens, stooping again to the tricks and technicalities to which lawyers resort in the absence of a plain issue in the interest of justice and public weal. The late lamented William H. Baldwin, Jr., the great railroad man "in whom there was no guile," who has been called the "Sir Galahad of the Market-Place," recorded his great surprise and regret to find "that legal service received the highest fees which were rendered in the interest of evasion." The legal technicality that keeps the client's case out of court, that delays instead of hastening the trial that is to test the merits of the case, is, to say the least, questionable service, and one which we would like to believe beneath the dignity of a Jurist once trusted by the public with judicial dignity. Some such shock as this was experienced in Chicago this last week when those once honored with the confidence of the public on the bench used their forensic ability to defy the Senate of Illinois in its laudable ethical determination to ferret to its source the now nation-wide Lorimer scandal. There is no shadow of a doubt among right-minded people that unworthy means was used in investing these unworthy shoulders with the senatorial toga. There is also no shadow of a doubt that many indications point to the source of the corrupting money, but a "Judge" on the bench tutored by "Judges" off the bench, has for the time being thwarted the end of justice and enabled a banker to defy the State Senate and refuse to show the books by which, if he is guiltless, his own honor would be vindicated, but which, if he is guilty, should be examined for the honor and safety of the commonwealth.

Unitarians For Peace

The following circular letter issued from the office of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., and addressed to the various Unitarian ministers of America, and the Resolution of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, that follows will explain themselves, and we hope will stimulate other religious organizations on both sides of the water to come promptly to the support of this great movement. It is time that the religious bodies were more consciously interested in the great affairs of the civic world. Posterity will forgive and forget many of the minor blunders and confusions of President Taft, if only he can write his name prominently into the history of progress by bringing about this epoch-making end of war between the United States and the parent country. This "end" between the great English-speaking nations will mark the beginning of the end between all the civilized powers of the world.

Reverend and Dear Sir:

On the 22d of March the President of the United States, in an address before the National Arbitration and Peace League, declared that in his judgment all international controversies, whether concerned with matters of property, with disputes about territory or with questions of national honor, should be submitted to a duly organized court of arbitration. He also expressed the hope and desire that the United States might thus agree with some other nation to submit all disputed questions to arbitration.

This sincere and timely declaration has made a profound impression both in America and in Europe. Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in an eloquent public address has given the recommendation his deliberate and unqualified endorsement. The churches and people of Great Britain have responded with eager and spontaneous enthusiasm. The non-conformist ministers have declared in a striking manifesto, "We believe that the great word coming from the heart of mankind and attended by the spirit of God has been spoken."

On every hand there is a strong desire for international peace. But this inestimable blessing cannot be secured, nor can an unqualified arbitration treaty with England or any other nation be negotiated, until the people who are weary of the burdens of militarism and who are longing for brother-

hood demand in unmistakable terms that war and the possibility of war must and shall cease.

In such a situation is it not peculiarly the privilege and province of the churches to create and lead public opinion? We earnestly recommend to the ministers of the Unitarian Churches that they should use this occasion to promote the cause of peace, and that the Unitarian congregations should by resolution convey to President Taft their hearty approval of his declaration and to their representatives in the national senate their strong desire that a comprehensive arbitration treaty should be concluded between the United States and Great Britain.

Trusting that this suggestion may meet with your personal approval and active co-operation, we are

Faithfully yours,
SAMUEL A. ELIOT,
President of the American Unitarian Association.
ELMER S. FORBES,
Secretary of the Department of Social and Public Service.
CHARLES W. WENDTE,
Secretary of the Department of Foreign Relations.

RESOLUTION OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

THAT WE, the COUNCIL of the BRITISH and FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, welcome with heartfelt thankfulness as "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," the news that a Treaty of Arbitration is in preparation between Great Britain and the United States of America. As representing the Unitarians of this Kingdom, we make earnest appeal to our brethren of the New World that, united as they are with us in the same faith of the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all men, they will join with us to use all the influence they can exert to the overcoming of the numerous difficulties which beset the progress of negotiations and will not rest until this first step towards the establishment of settled peace and good-will among the nations of the world has been safely accomplished, and war between our two great peoples, so closely allied by our common inheritance from the past and our speech of today, be rendered, as far as it lies in our power, henceforth and forever impossible.

And that a copy of this resolution be sent to our fellow Unitarian, President Taft, with the expression of our warm appreciation of his untiring efforts in the cause of Arbitration; to our countryman, Sir Edward Grey, whose noble speech in the House of Commons has been as a trumpet call to wake up the nations to a consciousness of the dangers which beset the present situation of armed truce; and to Dr. S. A. Eliot, the President of the American Unitarian Association.

Report of the Vice Commission of Chicago

UNITY desires again to call the attention of its readers to the Report of the Vice Commission of Chicago on the Social Evil in the city of Chicago. A committee of thirty was appointed by Mayor Busse in response to a request from the Church Federation, composed of the prominent clergy representing six hundred congregations in the city, sent to the Mayor on January 31, 1910. The Committee named by the Mayor was thoroughly representative in that its list included prominent ministers, physicians, jurists, business men and women. Dean Walter T. Sumner, of the Episcopal Church, was chosen chairman, Edwin W. Sims, secretary, and George J. Kneeland, director of investigation. The Committee held long and repeated sessions in which they solicited the offices of those representing a wide range of experience and study, and they and their expert investigators went into the heart of the dark and sad mysteries.

After a year's work of the most careful kind the report is now offered in a bulky pamphlet of 368 pages, 83 pages of which are given to valuable appendices giving the full text of the laws of Illinois and ordinances of the city of Chicago bearing upon the question, with various tables and exhibits that further illuminate the work.

The main body of the report is given in seven chapters, viz: Existing Conditions in Chicago, The Social Evil and the Saloon, The Social Evil and the Police, Sources of Supply, Child Protection and Education, Rescue and Reform and Social Evil, and its Medical Aspects. Each chapter is replete with the result of direct investigation. The report is prefaced with an introduction and summary, and definite recommendations looking to "Constant repression of prostitution as the immediate method and absolute annihilation as the ultimate ideal." To this end it recommends the appointment of a "Morals Commission" as a permanent force, and the establishment of a "Morals Court." It has recommendations to federal, state, county and city officials. The duties of the police, of the Department of Health, the Board of Education, the Park Commissioners, churches, parents and philanthropic organizations are specifically pointed out and all these recommendations are characterized by a large degree of sanity.

The report necessarily leads the student and the reformer into the heart of the economic problems of the city,—the wage question and the child and woman labor problems.

The copy before us is of the preliminary numbered edition, subject to revision, and wanting in the necessary table of contents, indexes, etc. These we hope will be supplied in the final edition of 25,000, which ought to be widely circulated.

In appointing the Commission the Mayor unconsciously reveals the complacency that characterizes most city officials, and perhaps most respectable citizens, including the ministry. The Mayor says in a statement to the Press: "I think we can fairly assume that our vice problem is exactly like that of any American city . . . . . We can as a basis agree, I believe, that the practices of vice in Chicago have been of long continuation and that in this respect we are no better and no worse than any other American or European cities." If this dead uniformity has existed in the past it should no longer be offered as an excuse for complacency and inaction.

This report has shown the way not out of the difficulty but through it, and a way by which the personnel of municipal officers and leaders of public spirit will be tried out and tested to at least a variation. Each city should show work done, something accomplished, sections renovated and souls renewed on lines of its own.

It is worthy of mention that all this work has been accomplished under an appropriation of $10,000 by the City Council. The promised edition of 25,000 is

wholly inadequate to the opportunity, but it probably exhausts the resources of the Committee. This report is only for officials, educators and those who deal directly with human welfare, but such are numbered by the hundred thousands, and the wholesome publicity set forth in these pages should find its way into the hands of these responsible parties.

Copies can probably be secured within limits by addressing Vice Commission of Chicago, City Hall, Chicago.

Henry D. Thoreau, Pagan and Anarchist

The philosophy of the French and American revolutions rapidly developed into communist-anarchism. Few Americans appreciate today how nearly the philosophy of most of the great revolutionists approached anarchism. The social, political and pedagogical teachings of Rousseau, Locke and Pestalozzi all exaggerated the individual, as has been the prevailing American tradition ever since then. A man whose doctrines naturally succeeded these in the minds of liberal Americans was Fourier, who described society as a mosaic composed of pebbles, which were the individual human beings. There was, of course, nothing violent in these anarchistic principles, but they lacked the cohesion necessary to make a well-ordered society. The individuals were supposed to be held together by a voluntary communism, to which such a man as Robert Owen devoted his life in both Europe and America.

New England furnished plain sailing for the communist-anarchist theory. The Puritan believed in a theocracy made up of the elect, who were the direct representatives of God. They were guided by an inner light which dispensed with outer authority, and believed in natural rights as distinguished from privileges derived from society. Such are the doctrines incorporated in the Declaration of Independence. New England had also developed an efficient system of local self-government. Its communities were controlled by town meetings at which the people present passed the laws and provided for the administration. In the absence of any large municipal functions, the public school was the center of this intense local life. The citizen of Massachusetts was as nearly a law unto himself as possible.

Concord was a happy haven for communistic experiments and speculations. Fruitlands, the colony established by Bronson Alcott, and Brook Farm, the historic community celebrated by Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," were inevitable by-products of New England life. The most consistent anarchist of Concord was its chief native son. Although this little city harbored the most distinguished literary colony in the history of American letters, the only Concord native was Thoreau. He came of a mixed stock of simple-minded people and lived to the letter the simple life. He earned his living by a few months' work a year in manual occupations—farming, surveying and making pencils. He immortalized himself by two years of life in his cabin on Walden Pond, claiming to live there on twenty-seven cents a week, and saying that unless the human race perspire more than he did, there is no occasion to live by the sweat of the brow. His wants were so few that he felt the order of things should be reversed, making the seventh day man's day of toil and "the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul, in which to range this widespread garden and drink in the soft influence and sublime revelations of Nature."

Thoreau, like Enoch, walked with God, but as a pagan he searched for the soul of Nature. He found God in Nature and needed churches even less than he needed society: "For my part, I would rather look toward Rutland than Jerusalem. Rutland, modern town, land of ruts, trival and worn, not too sacred, and with no holy sepulcher, but profane green fields and dusty roads, and opportunity to live as holy a life as you can,—where the sacredness, if there is any, is all in yourself and not in the place."

Thoreau was a child of Nature among men, but felt no need of men or human institutions. His independence was extravagant and even injurious. As Lowell said to him: "Thoreau's experiment actually presupposed all that complicated civilization which it theoretically abjured. He squatted on another man's land; he borrowed an axe; his boards, his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamp, his fish-hooks, his plow, his hoe, all turned state's evidence against him as an accomplice in the sin of that artificial civilization which rendered it possible that such a person as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all." Nevertheless Thoreau drew a very genuine democracy from Nature. He shared Nature's impartiality. To him Nature's chief law was freedom. He plunged into the anti-slavery movement as the man might who was so contemptuous of the human race that the best could seem but little superior to the most inferior. At a time when all respectability in the North discountenanced the few Abolitionists, Thoreau's attitude was uncompromising. Lacking the fetish of property, he had no qualms about the abolition of slavery.

He recognized at once the value of John Brown's lawbreaking: "If this man's acts and words do not create a revival, it will be the severest possible satire on the acts and words that do. It is the best news that America has ever heard. Think of him, of his rare qualities! Such a man as it takes ages to make, and ages to understand; no mock hero, nor the representative of any party. A man such as the sun may not rise upon again in this benighted land, to whose making went the costliest material, the finest adamant; sent to be the redeemer of those in captivity; and the

only use to which you can put him is to hang him at the end of a rope ! Do yourselves the honor to recognize him, he needs none of your respect!"

Thoreau found the whole world epitomized in Concord, and led a life of contentment there, with rare journeys and with such local self-satisfaction that he felt no responsibility to society or the state. He treated all men alike. He was a genuine man and a devoted friend, but a poor citizen and an ineffectual Democrat.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

Inspiration

The old theory of inspiration, still curent among us, declared that the Bible was written as no other book ever was. God dictated it, so to speak, by direct revelation to the writers; it was therefore perfect and without mistake throughout. No one had a right to question its authority.

This, it was said, was claimed by the Bible itself. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Its pious use was thought to be commended by Jesus himself when he said, "Search the Scriptures." Unfortunately neither of these sayings really occurs in the Bible.

In addition, the more men began to inquire into the real nature of the "Sacred Scriptures," the more absurd any such position became. They found in them contradictions of all kinds. They found commands attributed to God which were worthy only of half-civilized men. They found statements corresponding to men's early ideas of the universe which fuller knowledge has shown to be impossible. They discerned too that, close beside writings of the highest spiritual character, there was much that is of little value to religion.

The Bible is a collection of Hebrew literature. Some of it is early and quite unspiritual, bearing all the marks of the rude ideas which gave it birth. Some of it is worthy to take its place with the most splendid achievements of the human spirit, calculated to create and foster, as no other literature has done, the noblest ideals of religion and of human life.

When we take the true idea of inspiration as meaning that which inspires, which kindles the enthusiasm of high ideals, how rich we are! We have not only the record of man's search after God which we call the Bible, but the wealth of all that is great and uplifting everywhere. Wherever human life has risen to its true dignity its record is for us a source of inspiration. That inspired word is wide as human experience. Our saints, our poets and prophets and teachers are of no one land or religion or literature. Whatever inspires is inspired of God.

It is then no written word merely. It is the living means whereby it is made possible for us to enter into personal companionship with the master souls of every time and of every age. They too have been on the road. They have had to meet the life conditions which are ours as well as theirs. Out of the achievement of their experience they are waiting to give us counsel and strength for the journey, to tell us how they climbed through what threatened to daunt them, to warn us against phantom lights by the way, to hearten us with the glow of their success and to cheer our hearts by their royal fellowship.

It is as we seek and find this uplift of the vital power of the spirit that we get at the heart of what are truly the sacred writings of the world—sacred not because they happen to be in some collection of authorized books, but with the natural sacredness of truth, of high human fellowship, of the clearer vision and noble courage which belong to us as heirs of the life of God.

W. HANFORD PULSFORD.

To All Religious Men and Women

[The following statement, after full discussion, was unanimously adopted by the New York Conference of Religion in General Committee.]

The New York State Conference of Religion deems it necessary to call attention to its distinctive mission as a work of more radical character than many suppose. The more obvious feature of it is promotion of religious fellowship between men of different creeds. This proceeds from the radical nature of the work itself, as the basis and the bond of such fellowship.

The Conference notes as the most hopeful of our social phenomena certain signs of a moral awakening, but must refuse to estimate these for more than they now portend—mere repair of the moral fences which during the last forty years have been dangerously breached. This is good; not good enough.

At present the goad of evils caused by tolerance of gross immoralities in financial, industrial, political and social life has compelled an awakening that is far short of the radical need. Compulsion to curb spoliation and abolish infamy is of lower moral worth and less moral effect than efforts, now sorely needed, to recover and re-enthrone the lost ideal of a religious morality, the loss of which is the root and seed of our present evils.

Effort for this is the distinctive mission and work of this Conference.

For this we reaffirm the essential faith both of Judaism and of Christianity in the kingdom of God on earth as the supreme ideal of human hope and endeavor—an ideal now more adequately conceived in the light of long experience and larger knowledge. Accordingly the Conference finds its aim and mission defined by the fact that this ideal is attainable only through culture in personal and social life of the religious morality which the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures identically enjoin as the loyal imitation by the children of God of his character and ways as their Father and Lord.

To promote this religiously motived morality and the morally efficient religion which is inseparably one with it is therefore a work now clearly called for. Religion and patriotism unitedly urge it upon this Conference in view of the moral nervelessness that is now both a menace to our Republic, and the scandal of much that goes under the name of religion.

The scandal is pressed upon conscience by the

fact that, with a third of our people in church membership, our people, as a whole are accused by college presidents and eminent judges of lawless tendencies and lack of moral principle. What mean the recent shameful exposures of a wide-spread venality both at the ballot-box and in legislature? This certainly: the nominally religious leaven in the lump has been disgracefully ineffective.

Defining religion ethically as consisting essentially in attachment to God with the will, the Conference regards the practical identification of religion and morality as the goal of endeavor at which religion and ethics are jointly and inseparably pledged to aim.

As the prime desideratum for success in this endeavor, the Conference would lay all stress upon the deepening of a consciousness of God as the Eternal Spirit in whom all live and move, and who lives and moves in all, through all, above all, the Life and the Law of all. The teachings of modern ethics, that "the moral ideal belongs to the realm of the infinite," and that "it is in the constant effort to become better that goodness consists," concur with the teaching of Holy Scripture, that the necessary inspirations of progressive morality are to be found in a growing consciousness of the Living God as the Soul of the soul.

Auspicious for this endeavor is the increase of moral sensitiveness now perceptible in the community. The awakening begun should become thorough and complete. This is the distinctive purpose with which the Conference solicits co-operation. The foregoing outline of its endeavor is confidently commended to the conscientious consideration of all who would re-enthrone the Biblical ideals of a religion that is personally and socially regenerative in moral power, and of a progressive morality that is inspired by filial loyalty to God.

By direction of the Conference:
JAMES M. WHITON,
Chairman of the Executive Committee.
WILLIAM MILTON HESS,
General Secretary.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

The Jester won to the mountain peak
And turned to gaze behind—
"Was that a path for a step so weak?
Thank God that I was blind.

"The sunlit stretch where I laughed so loud,
Did it skirt that precipice?
The bridge where I stood to sketch the cloud,
Did it span that black abyss?

"When I turned aside to the little stream,
Was that somber tarn so near?
Was the eagle's swoop in the evening gleam
On the bones I see from here?"

He faced to the front again; his sight
Could scarce discern the track;
The slope on the left with mist was white,
And the wood below was black.

Into a hollow just ahead
The pathway crept along—
"Enough is hid for mirth," he said,
And the curlew heard his song.

—*E. T. Hopkins.*

THE PULPIT

Concerning the Production and Distribution of Wealth Under a Protective Tariff

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SPEECH BY HON. WILLIAM KENT OF CALIFORNIA, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, APRIL 28, 1911

We novices in the art or profession of manufacturing Federal law, subject, of course, to revision by the Senate, the President, the Supreme Court, and the powers above, have eagerly absorbed what has been said and have learned much that can not possibly be true. How could it all be true when judged by the votes on the reciprocity treaty and by the explanations given for those votes? There is no consensus of opinion on either side of the House, even amongst the most experienced and tutored as to the causes or probable effects of that measure.

In so far as the discussion relates to the protective-tariff theory, there is, however, some unanimity on one point, at least a partial agreement that the protective tariff should be regarded as a "local issue," and that this particular national policy must be wrought out of the clash of class, section, district, and other special interests, and settled by a sort of mutual give-and-take, less euphemistically known as log-rolling. This makes of the tariff a sort of grab-bag, and we may reasonably expect that the more powerful get the first, last, and biggest grabs.

I am a Republican, or what used to be a Republican, because I believe in the protection of infant industries that stand some eventual chance of becoming self-sustaining. That many of these industries, once fostered by protection, are now self-sustaining and do not need a protective tariff is abundantly shown and notoriously confessed as to the great steel industry by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Many industries, having outgrown the cradle, have not been required to hustle for their livelihood, but have been carried bodily to a ward in the hospital where our standpat friends advocate keeping them during all eternity, to be doctored, nursed, and nourished at public expense. One is reminded of the prayer of the man who possessed a cantankerous invalid wife: "Oh, Lord, let her get well, or—or—something."

It is argued that by taxing one industry for the benefit of another industry, and vice versa, we create a home market that is productive of wealth. This brings to mind a story told by David Starr Jordan concerning the eagle and the blue-tailed lizard. It seems that the eagle one day swooped down upon the lizard and bit off and ate the lizard's tail; whereupon the eagle acquired sufficient energy to lay an egg. The lizard climbed the tree, sucked the egg, and, through the encouragement thus afforded, grew a new tail. This process continued through many years, apparently without much profit to either party save as it added to the interest of existence.

A tale of similar import, but more profitable sequence, was related of a man who lived near the Petaluma marshes and started to raise carp. He was doing fairly well selling carp from his pond, when he suddenly conceived the idea of raising a side line of cats for the fur. He discovered that he

could feed the carp to the cats and the cats to the carp, so that he increased mightily in his output of cats and carp and became wealthy.

I have learned that it is customary to decorate the oratory of this floor with fruits, with flowers, with flags, and with farmers in various states of happiness and misery. I respectfully submit a poem produced by a laureate of my district and which concerned itself with the tariff speeches of my esteemed opponent at the primaries:

I read these tariff speeches o'er—the more I read of them the more I do not know, but then I can rely upon our Congressman. Upon the very slightest hint he puts a red-hot speech in print, and when he prints that speech, you see, he has it mailed out here to me.

Mac makes it very clear just how if I pay more than I do now for socks and gloves and baby's dress—while I pay more they cost me less. And then he shows me where I lose by paying somewhat less for shoes, for though I pay less than before, my shoes they really cost me more.

He makes it clear to me that what I lose I gain, you see; and on such things as clothes and shoes I seem to gain but really lose. Thus, if I buy my socks too low, they'll still be higher—Dune says so—and shoes I thought were high last fall were really low shoes after all.

Mac says if I pay less for shoes or hats, the maker has to lose. And if he loses, then, you see, he charges up the loss to me. Now, when I have to pay him more, he reckons profits to his store, and Duncan finds a share for me in all of this prosperity.

The speeches shed a radiant light upon the theme and make it bright; I merely read them o'er and o'er to find more's less and less is more. In buying hat, or coat, or vest, dear's cheap, and cheap is dear at best. High's low, low's high, far's near, near's far, white's black, black's white—and there you are.

We live in topsy-turvy land when McKinley waves his magic wand.

Concerning the change and evolution that have come over the early Republican protective doctrine, designed to foster infant industries, I would further submit the following:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
It followed her to Pittsburg,
And now you ought to see the darned thing.

The old idea of encouraging new industries is being destroyed by the present system, for, in so far as trusts and monopolies are being encouraged, individual enterprise and individual initiative are being suppressed. A monopoly need not confine its charges to a high percentage of profit on the product, but it can charge up to the public all the graft and mismanagement that may go to make up its costs. It is compelled to be efficient. It can afford to dispense with improvements in machinery and methods. It can put valuable patents in cold storage. Thus the tariff, in so far as it aids the trusts, throttles progress instead of fostering industry.

In song and oratory we are properly reminded of the gratitude we owe to the Providence that placed us in this land of liberty and plenty. Is there not shown a lack of appreciation when we hear the solemn assertions made by some of the gentlemen that our prosperity is not due to the natural bounties of our country, not to the genius and efficiency of our people, but to a system of taxing ourselves? Whatever protest is made against the existing protective tariff an argument promptly adduced in its favor is one which was best phrased by the Honorable "Bathhouse" Coughlin in the city hall of Chicago. He asked a fellow alderman how he could advocate the creation of prohibition territory and consequent loss of revenue from saloon licenses, when, as he stated it, "we are all of us heartily in need of funds." If either the Government or any interest happens to be "heartily in need of funds," there is always a means of raising revenue by boosting the tariff. I do not believe that it helps matters much to hold that we ought to lower the wall to such a point as to provide only for the higher wages of American labor plus a profit to the manufacturer or producer. This amendment still justifies the establishment in our country of industries that do not belong here. It would justify the raising of cocoanuts in hothouses. It would justify a tremendous tax upon tea in order that the laborer engaged in tea culture could be recompensed at upward of a dollar a day, while he is now receiving probably less than 10 cents a day on the other side of the ocean. I am unpatriotic enough to be grateful to the heathen who in their blindness are picking tea for us at that rate of wages, and I would not advocate forcing them to adopt our standard of living by the wearing of American clothes, or even the drinking of Missouri champagne, for I fear they might be brought to feel the necessity of charging us more for doing us this service.

No one has ever shown any fund from which can be drawn the tax levied by the tariff and paid out in subsidies to the protected interests except the fund that resides in the pockets of the people. Those who assume that the tariff is a means of creating prosperity or of creating wealth are much better at juggling and at picking coins out of the air than was Herrmann, the magician. If we can tax ourselves rich, we can prove poker to be a productive industry. Equally an individual may become opulent by shifting coins from one pocket to another, and the nation can acquire wealth, if not merit, by unanimously consenting to the reciprocal picking of pockets by all the people.

Economists would doubtless urge that this universal and fairly distributed pocket-picking system would be unproductive, but we have had too much of doctrinaire teachings to listen to any more of it.

It might be surmised that should the pocket-picking system become thoroughly established it would not be equally enjoyable to all the people. There would be some more adept than others. There would probably be coteries formed in the profession that would band together in "strong-arm" or "hold-up" work, and when if, perchance through popular clamor, because of overactivity the practice were put into partial disrepute and there arose the question of proper limitation, it would be found that the least skilled and the unorganized would first be deprived of the privilege of picking pockets.

Through many of us newly elected members the people are protesting, not against the wealth of the country, but against the present system of distribution, which fully deserves the bitter resentment it has incurred. The evils of distribution are caused by special privileges and the protective tariff creates and licenses privilege. It would not interest the men described in the Pittsburg Survey, who are worked to death and thrown on the junk pile, to figure out and to ascertain how many wives per annum a Pittsburg millionaire could afford out of the dividends of the Steel Trust. Rather would he be interested in supporting one wife and some few

children with less work and more pay. There would be little satisfaction to a cash girl working for the Marshall Field Co. at a weekly wage of $3 to know that she and that corporation were jointly worth over $50,000,000. The people are not satisfied with statistics of national wealth; they want better conditions for themselves.

But, after all, the greatest sin that can be laid at the door of the protective tariff is the economic waste which it encourages. The fortunes piled up by the richest men of the country amount to nothing when set against the annual loss caused by the employment of men in unjustifiable occupations.

A subsidy which supports those occupations must come from other occupations which belong on our soil and in our country, and the men engaged in either the wrong thing or the right thing in the wrong place form an army which we might call the "army of the mal-employed." They have to be supported by the well employed, just as much as every standing army is a charge upon industry.

Some day I expect to hear our standpat Republican friends making the old confession, "We have caused to be done those things that ought not to be done; we have left undone those things that ought to be done, and there is no health in us."

The Record, with its vast compilation of statistics, shows a mathematical ability engaged in proving out what is logically absurd. The accuracy of the almanac does not prove the value of the nostrum it advertises, nor can questions of ethics be determined by the use of logarithms. One is rather inclined to doubt the efficacy of such figures when they are used to prove views diametrically opposed. We get into "topsy-turvy land" when we try to follow the statistics. You must remember the old rhyme—

> Down here below two and two make four;
> Perhaps up in heaven they make six or seven.

The statement was made on this floor that the dividends paid on the stocks of the great corporations were the proof of the wealth of the country and meant prosperity. There might properly be query made as to whether dividends represent the fruit of production or extortion, whether they were produced by the use of plow and ax or spindle and loom, or whether they were "produced" at the point of a revolver or searched for in the pockets of victims rendered unconscious by sandbag or lead pipe.

As a freshman in this course of education, I can not understand how a country can get rich by sharing its natural resources with all who choose to come, dividing our patrimony, as it were, and at the same time keeping out all possible things that can be excluded that would go to increase the size of our hoard. Privilege clamors for cheap labor and immediate development of everything. Statesmanship calls for readjustment of opportunity for ourselves and our children.

The balance of trade argument is not entirely convincing to some of us. Whenever China or Russia improve their balance of trade by exporting foodstuffs in time of famine, there seems to be something the matter with the mathematical self-sufficiency of this theory. If a freezing tramp should sell his clothes, he certainly would improve his balance of trade, although not his condition.

Anyone who has lived on the Pacific coast can not fail to entertain profound respect for the self-helping ability of the Japanese. They are the most remarkable self-helpers in all the world, and no one need ever again invite them to help themselves. Some two years ago, in the islands of Hawaii, just at a time when the cane-grinding season was at hand, the Japanese engaged in that industry unanimously struck. They did not appear to be satisfied with their wages nor disposed to recognize the contract they had made with the planters, which procedure was not entirely original on their part. In the course of the dispute they wrote a series of resolutions to the planters to the effect "that it was the duty of the planters, in accordance with the true American principle of protection, to get an increase in the sugar duty and thereby raise the value of sugar, and then out of the added profit they should divide with the laborers." Strange that this simple and excellent and wholly American plan was not at once adopted.

Let us consider some more phases of Hawaiian sugar. The business was built up first under subsidy and then under a protective tariff. The sugar land is nearly all of it in the hands of the great corporations. These corporations are paying large dividends on inflated values. This is the upper crust of the pie. Next there comes a filling of upward of 400,000 tons of sugar, for which, together with all other sugar, imported and domestic, the American people are paying heavy taxes. The lower crust consists of Oriental labor. The yellow man is everywhere displacing the white man, even in the skilled occupations. The white man of small means has little or no chance to inhabit the "Paradise of the Pacific." It is today a country of corporations and yellow men. The white men are so greatly outnumbered that there seems danger that the pie may be turned over, to the obvious benefit of the under crust, but to the destruction of the upper crust. To prevent such an unfortunate occurrence and to protect the protected-sugar industry we are taxed for an increase in our Navy. To protect the Navy, which must protect the protected-sugar industry, we must be taxed to fortify Pearl Harbor. To protect Pearl Harbor, to protect the Navy, to protect the protected-sugar industry, we must keep near Pearl Harbor a considerable army of men, and these must be supported out of public taxation.

This is an illustration of the "American doctrine," and the American consumer can realize as he pays his grocery bills that he is not only patriotically encouraging an American industry for the benefit of corporations and yellow labor, but that he is encouraging an indefinite increase in our Navy and a probable increase in our Army, always with the possibility that the Navy and the Army aforesaid may have to be actively used to further protect the protected-sugar industry, with all the waste of life and of property incident to war, and at a very rough estimate with four hundred and eighteen thousand millions of dollars of pensions to pay in the years to come.

I can not agree with those gentlemen on the majority side who believe in a tariff for revenue. There is doubtless justification for a high tariff on certain luxuries, but there is no fairness in a

revenue tariff laid upon necessities. The burden is not upon the proper shoulders. Mr. Rockefeller probably pays less Government revenue on the food he consumes than does the average hod-carrier. He would doubtless like to pay as much, but he can not without eating as much. For the present we must look to the tariff for revenue. Eventually we shall provide for Government funds from income tax, from heavy taxation of community-created land values, from rentals of the public domain, all of them direct and comprehensible. We shall have internal-revenue taxation on articles not necessities.

I have discussed theory without any idea that we could afford or should make any sweeping changes at once. Too many people inhabit the rickety structure to permit of its immediate demolition. A revision downward, schedule by schedule, is the beginning of the work, and a notice to make preparations to vacate. At some time or other these patients, the "invalid industries," must leave the hospital, whether to turn their steps to self-support or to the cemetery. They can not forever remain parasitic. The tariff has been too often revised upward by its friends. The people have commissioned its enemies to revise it downward. That we may have a more just system of distribution and a more equitable system of taxation, we must study the sources of our wealth and the means whereby this wealth may be saved and increased for the benefit of the many.

There is great hope in the growing ideals and the clearing outlines of the great policies of State and National conservation. By saving the common wealth for all our people and by wiping out the great special privileges in land and other natural resources, by breaking down the extortions of monopoly and by regulation of our public utilities, we shall make this country better for the average man and no worse for any man.

The Low Tones of a Church Organ, a Friendly Voice and a Cloud of Witnesses

I went early to church that Sunday morning. "Why is it," I thought, "that people, as a rule, are so irregular about attending church services?" There are always a few whom one always can expect to see, but the majority are the ones who come one Sunday and stay away two. Then, too, supposing your own church is closed for a time, and you visit other churches, how many familiar faces will you see?

I was thinking of these things, and in the quiet atmosphere of the place, scarcely conscious of the soft tones of the organ, I fell into a deep reverie.

Presently I perceived a group before me. They did not appear like ordinary worshipers, yet there they were, unmistakably human forms, yet how different the impression they made upon the beholder. No, these were not people who had just come from their homes, with the air still about them of having hurried from their morning meal and into their Sunday attire, without having yet recovered their breath and settled down into the attitude of worship.

No, these people, whoever they were, had the "at home" bearing, as if they had been there always. One of them approached me and I ventured to inquire if they were strangers. "O no," said he, smiling, "but we are not visible to the majority of people, although they feel our presence and know it not. You are just now in that state of passive repose in which we may be visible to you.

"We are *materialized thoughts,* and we always dwell in this sacred edifice, with others of our kind, to help the people who come here. Sunday after Sunday and year after year, from yonder pulpit issue words of life, of peace and consolation, to the listening congregations. Sometimes the people who come here are disposed to differ with the speaker, and criticise some doctrine, whereas, if they would but listen with the inward ear, we could be of great service to them. We could bring them nearer to what constitutes the things worth while. There (pointing to a beautiful woman who was kneeling with hands resting lovingly on the head of a poor sorrowful old lady), is *Love.* The idea of Love has been expressed here so many times that it has become this angelic Presence, always here, ready to serve.

"That one with face upturned and such a divine expression, is Worship. The one over yonder, with the humble but gracious demeanor, is Service. And Harmony, with the beautiful robe of such colors as mortals seldom see; Joy? Yes, surely Joy is here. Do you not see her without any aid from me?"

"Yes," in answer to a question from me, "If the people would but come here, even though accustomed to a different service, they would find their souls fed and themselves possessed of better and higher aspirations, not alone by the words of the sermon, nor by the sacred music in itself, but by the very atmosphere of the place, which, as you see, is composed of a 'Cloud of Witnesses!'

"Then, too," continued he, "besides our own company, we have with us many others, those who, in the years gone by, have been accustomed to worship here, and have since passed from the sight of you mortals. Do you know, my friend, that your own beloved mother is often here, communing with the Infinite in company with the friends she once knew in the dear familiar place? "Think you any man can measure the blessing one receives from such contact? You are aware of the joy and encouragment one often receives at the touch of a friendly human hand; how much more potent is the uplifting influence of a spiritual handclasp!"

The choir arose to sing the opening hymn, and as I became aware of familiar faces about me, my companion faded from my view, and with him, those others.

M. E. H.

The Aim of Art is to increase the happiness of men, by giving them beauty and interest of incident to amuse their leisure, and prevent them wearying even of rest, and by giving them hope and bodily pleasure in their work; or, shortly, to make man's work happy and his rest fruitful. Consequently, genuine art is an unmixed blessing to the race of man.—*William Morris.*

Those the world has pushed ahead
Thought they pulled the world they led.
They were either fast or slow
As the world would have them go:
But they never seemed to know
That behind them came the force
That controlled their speed and course.

—*Ironquill.*

The Tower Hill Encampment (21st Season) and Summer School (22nd Session) for 1911

THE ENCAMPMENT

will open July 1 for guests, and continue open until September 20. For terms and particulars concerning cottages, rooms in long-houses and dining-room privileges, apply to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL

will begin Sunday, July 16, and continue four weeks, closing Sunday, August 13. In answer to the desire for and need of University credits on the part of many teachers, the following arrangement will interest prospective attendants at the Summer School.

> The Examiner's office will be very glad, indeed, to refer any students who desire advanced standing upon their courses to the representatives of the departments concerned. The students should call at this office for a card of such reference and then should present the matter to the officer to whom reference is given, to which officer the students should make full explanation of the nature of the work done. It would help very much in securing the credit deserved if the applicant could be furnished by you with a somewhat specific statement of the nature of the course and the time spent upon it in weeks and hours.
>
> *Examiner's Office, University of Chicago.*

> If any student presents himself with a claim for credit based on work done there, his case will be considered on the merits, and if it appears that he is entitled to credit, it will be given. We cannot promise credit in advance of the individual case, however.
>
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Fuller outlines will be published in due time.

The Sixth Annual Woman's Congress will occupy the last three days of the Summer School, August 11, 12 and 13.

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Railroad fare from Chicago, $3.35. For further particulars concerning the Summer School inquire of,

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

THE CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGION, the program of which was recently printed in UNITY, was held in New York City last week. It is reported as follows: "A decided success; admirable addresses on large topics; a fine spirit through and through it all." At the final session twelve denominations were unofficially reported in five-minute speeches of good-will. It is hoped that the papers and proceedings will be published.

THE LEAGUE OF RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP. The annual meeting of this organization wil be held at Sinai Temple, Indiana Avenue and Twenty-first Street, Monday, May 15, 1911, at 11:00 a. m. Mrs. Elia W. Peattie will read a paper on the Special Function of the Church. Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley will open the discussion. Luncheon will be served for thirty-five cents.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE

FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

(To be held in All Souls Unitarian Church, Indianapolis, Ind., Alabama St., near Fifteenth, May 16, 17, 18, 1911.)

PROGRAMME.

Monday, May 15.

4:00 p. m. Meeting of Board of Directors.
7:30 p. m. Conference Sermon, Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Chicago.
9:00 p. m. Reception to visiting ministers by the Indiana Harvard Club at the University Club.

Tuesday, May 16.

9:00 a. m. Meeting of Missionary Council.

Alliance Day.

10:00 a. m. Alliance Conference, Miss Fanny Field, Director for Ohio, presiding.
Topic, "How can we best use the power generated by the Alliance?
Discussion opened by Mrs. Tarkington Baker, Indianapolis.
General Discussion.
1:00 p. m. Alliance Luncheon, Mrs. Robert S. Fletcher, Indianapolis, presiding.
Greetings from Visitors.
2:30 p. m. Program Meeting, Mrs. Emma N. Delano, Chicago, presiding.
Alliance Hymn.
Invocation. Rev. E. C. Smith.
Words of Welcome, Mrs. F. S. C. Wicks.
Greetings of the National Alliance, Miss Emma C. Low, President National Alliance.
Address, "Alliance Conditions and Opportunities," Mrs. Mary B. Davis, New York.
Discussion.
Benediction.
6:00 p. m. Ministers' luncheon.
8:00 p. m. Platform Meeting.
"The Pulpit and Social Endeavor," Rev. Maxwell Savage, Louisville, Ky.
"The Demand of the Laboring Man," Rev Rowena Morse, Chicago.
"Breaking Down the Barriers," Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, Lincoln, Neb.

Wednesday, May 17.

9:30 a. m. Business Session.
Address of Welcome.
President's Address.
Written reports by State Secretaries (five minutes each).
Michigan—Rev. Burton A. Hills.
Illinois—Rev. Fred V. Hawley.
Minnesota—Rev. George R. Gebauer.
Iowa—Rev. Eleanor E. Gordon.
Missouri Valley—Rev. J. H. Jones.
Report of Treasurer, Mr. Clement K. Pittman.
Report of Secretary, Rev. Ernest C. Smith.
Offering of Resolutions.
1:00 p. m. Luncheon in the Church Dining Room.
2:30 p. m. "RELIGIOUS EDUCATION."
"Some Ideals," Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, Detroit, Mich.
"Some Discoveries," Rev. Robert S. Loring, Iowa City, Iowa.
"The Value of the Story in Religious Education." Miss Edith D. Wachestetter, Indianapolis.
Discussion.
Devotional Service, Rev. Percy M. Dawson, Ann Arbor, Mich.
8:00 p. m. Platform Meeting.
"SPECIAL TYPES OF OUR WORK."
"A Mission Church and Its Work," Rev. Troward H. Marshall, Dayton, Ohio.
"A College Town Church and Its Work," Rev. Albert R. Vail, Urbana, Ill.
"A Well-established City Church and Its Work," Rev. Minot O. Simons, Cleveland, Ohio.

Thursday, May 18.

9:30 a. m. Business Session.
Discussion and Votes on Resolutions.
Election of Officers.
2:30 p. m. Automobile trips about the city.
6:30 p. m. Banquet.
Toastmaster, Hon. Hugh McKennan Landon.
Speakers:
Rev. J. H. Mueller.
Rev. Manfred Lilliefors, Ph.D.
Mr. Mitchell D. Follansbee.
Rev. George A. Thayer, D. D.

INVITATION.

All Souls Church of Indianapolis invites the delegates to the Fifty-ninth annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference to be its guests during the Conference sessions. Acceptances of this invitation stating probable time of arrival and departure should be sent to Mrs. Robert S. Fletcher, 27 West St. Joe St., so as to reach her not later than May 9. A card will then be sent to each guest giving name of host with directions how to reach the house on arrival in Indianapolis.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

All Souls Church is on Alabama St., near 15th. Take Alabama St. car. Members of the Hospitality Committee will be at the church on Monday afternoon and at each session of the Conference.

The Alliance Luncheon to be served at the church on Tuesday is open to all members of the Conference, men as well as women. Tickets are fifty cents each. All desiring to attend should notify Mrs. Fletcher not later than May 12.

The luncheon at the church on Wednesday is given for the delegates by the ladies of All Souls Church.

The tickets for the Ministers' Supper are fifty cents each. Notice of intention to attend should be sent to Rev. F. S. C. Wicks, 2041 Talbott Ave., not later than May 12.

The banquet will be held in the dining room of the church. The tickets are $1.00 each and may be secured after arrival at Indianapolis, though advance notice of intention to attend is desired. Such notice may be given to Mrs. Fletcher when accepting the hospitality offered by the church.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE CONFERENCE.

Any person may become a Life Member of this Conference by the payment of twenty-five dollars in one sum, or an Annual Member by the payment of one dollar.

Delegate Membership is acquired by certificate of appointment by any religious society or organization that shall have, during the previous year, contributed not less than ten dollars to the Conference. Such society or organization may be so represented by three general delegates, and one additional delegate for every thirty families. These delegates, together with all the officers of the Conference, and of the State Conference within its limits, and all missionaries at work within its limits, alone have the right to vote.

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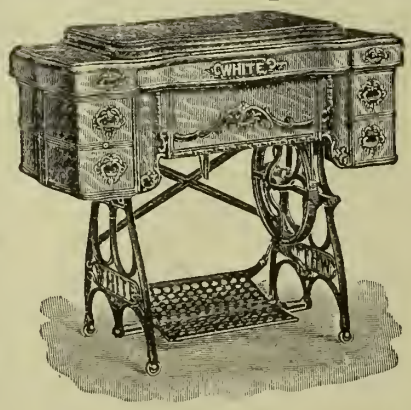

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1911 Number 12

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For fuller particulars see UNITY for May 11, pages 163 and 172, and page 188 of this issue.

For further information address

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1911. NUMBER 12.

Mercantile life has come to be in America a gentleman's employment. Who can help seeing that it only involves a question of time for mechanical occupations to receive the same recognition? Who can go into a machine-shop of the present day without thinking how much more of intellect dwells in those wheels and bands than in the majority, not merely of counting rooms, but even of court-rooms and pulpits? —*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

Governor Wilson of New Jersey promises to disturb the complacency of this "wet" State, one of the three States in the Union that has no provision for Local Option. He has declared himself a thorough believer in local self-government. He says: "Every social unit should have the right to control the matter of the regulation or the withholding of licenses."

The *Continent* for May 11 has a timely discussion of the country preacher and his tasks. We heartily sympathize with our neighbor in its protest against the tendency to disparage the country church and its pastor. It is quite right when it says:

There is nothing quite so hard as to win over a group of opinionated "corner-store" skeptics, and if one wishes to be of civic service nothing is more important than to beat back the assault of the corruptionists of the rural electorate. . . .

The very biggest social need of this era is the re-inspiriting of the life of the country-side that it shall not cease to serve as an adequate counterbalance to the headlong rush of the city. . . .

Any young man of the first order of talents who will devote his whole life to a country parish will achieve more in immediate personal effect on his surroundings, will reach farther in the lives of the young people he molds, and will almost certainly continue longer in active pastoral service than any young minister of equal talent who chooses the city.

Chicago mourns the loss of another good physician, Dr. Isaac Danforth. A conspicuous teacher and practitioner in the realm of medicine, a progressive and public-spirited man, he was marked in no one way more than that his profession as a physician augmented rather than interfered with his service as a citizen. He was a man of large practice who had time for Church, a man of scientific training who loved Bible studies, a pillar in the Methodist Church as well as an authority in the hospital. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says of him:

Like the true scientist he was, he was not afraid to approach religion from its scientific side. Few laymen were so familiar with the results of biblical science, and none ever studied the Bible with a readier appreciation of what literary criticism and acknowledged research could do to add light to its text and freshness to its interpretation.

Let there be more such citizen-doctors and religious practitioners.

UNITY is fortunate in being able to present to its readers in this issue the timely appreciation of Thomas Wentworth Higginson from the pen of Edwin D. Mead, the one man still in the strain of life most competent to speak the word. Surely the world is more lonely since this valiant "Colonel in the Army of the Lord" has gone hence. How brave and yet how gentle! How heroic, and yet his valor was ever touched with humor. A sweet, strong, militant, peaceful man was Thomas Wentworth Higginson. In his going hence UNITY has lost a constant reader, an unflagging supporter, one who to the very end signalled from time to time his love and his cheer. How the ranks have thinned! When Julia Ward Howe went, men said "Colonel Higginson alone remains." Now that Higginson has gone we still remember that Frank Sanborn is left, and there are more, there must be successors to these, though with eyes dimmed with the mist of sadness we may not se them.

The managers of the Child Welfare Exhibit have been much bothered with their classification, as the scheme involved an exhibit on the part of the "Settlements" and another on the part of the Churches, with still other exhibits of Libraries, Playgrounds, etc., etc. But it has been found impossible to draw the line, particularly between the exhibits of "Settlements" and "Churches." This difficulty is as it should be. There is no line. There ought to be no attempt to differentiate. The Churches and the Settlements over-lap, inter-lock, and are becoming more and more interchangeable. The churches of Chicago are becoming places devoted to uplifting activities, points from which radiate helpful streams and helpful springs, and the Settlements are becoming more and more points where high purposes, spiritual emotions and ethical quickenings are generated. They are all social centers planted in the ethical and spiritual natures and needs of men, and any attempt, however benignant, to keep them apart, will prove unavailing.

"The Next Step" is the general theme that will engage the discussion of the Free Religious Association at its forty-fourth annual Convention in Boston, May 25, 26. No meeting held in the city during the anniversary week will represent more intellectual nobility or higher spiritual advancement in its past history or present prospects than this association. The program is before us and promises the usual high thinking on these themes. In the list of officers that accompanies this program the names of Julia Ward Howe and Samuel Water Foss are starred, which is interpreted in the foot-note as "deceased." And now since the printer issued the sheet, the venerable and sole survivor on the roll of officers of the Old Guard who were present to answer to their names forty-four years ago, has been translated. Hesitate as we will the truth must be admitted, the Free Religious Association is not in its personnel or in point of obvious work and opportunity what it once was. But it is only the visionless or the cowardly that will argue that its work is done. The point of attack has changed. The field of its opportunity has widened. Perhaps the difficulties of organization have increased, but the need of organized activities along synthetic lines in religion is as great as it ever was. The very triumphs of the free religious spirit, the acceptance of its fundamental contentions, point decidedly towards "The Next Step." The Federation of Religious Liberals, which recently held its third successful meeting in New York, the Congress of Religion with headquarters in Chicago, born out of the loins of the great Parliament of Religions of 1893 with headquarters in Chicago, and the only organization of the three that has persistently maintained a weekly organ throughout its eighteen years of life, in their spirit, their direct aim and largely in their personnel, are identical. Obviously "The Next Step" requires a recognition of this identity of aim and constituency. "Combination" is the word in business; "fusion" is the word in the cause of reform; and some sort of "togetherness," some high combination in the interest of efficiency is obviously in the line of the "next step," and we sincerely hope that there will be wisdom and right spirit enough developed in Boston next week to take a decisive "next step."

It is a long time since Chicago has been stirred with as high a purpose and as noble a civic enthusiasm as that witnessed in these days in the interests of the "Child Welfare Exhibit." The great Coliseum building was never so crowded with men, women and children, clothed and in their right mind, as it was on Thursday evening, May 11th, at the opening exercises. The great hall was filled to every corner with chairs, with every chair occupied, and all the intervening spaces where standing room was tolerated were crowded. Hundreds of children from the High Schools of Chicago gave a musical program and the opening words were spoken by Sherman C. Kingsley, the Secretary, Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, Presiding Officer, Miss Jane Addams, and Judge Julian Mack. Wise and eloquent words were spoken, but the voices of all the speakers except that of Julian Mack were promptly lost in the hum of the multitude and in the vast spaces that reached out at every hand. Judge Mack was more successful by strenuous effort, but the labor of his speech necessitated brief and inadequate utterance. But what was lost to the ear was made up to the eye, for the barren, barn-like space so associated with dairy, automobile, horse and political "shows," was made beautiful by improvised arches, beams and draperies. As yet, on account of the splendid crush of humanity, there has been little opportunity for deliberate study of the various exhibits, graphic and living, of what is being done in New York and Chicago for the child. Humanity at its best, happy children, benignant women and devoted men, have filled the building from early morning until late at evening for the first three days. A representative of UNITY has crowded in with pencil and paper in pocket, but there has been no opportunity and less disposition to take note of details. The inspiration was in the throng, the lesson was in the occasion. Later along, perhaps, we shall be able to give our readers some concrete information concerning this "show." At present it is enough to know that the "little child," of whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," has been placed in the midst of the Chicago multitude, and the hearts of those on the shores of Lake Michigan today are moved as were the hearts of those who thronged the shores of the Sea of Gallilee long ago.

Rebecca Rice

That was a tender and beautiful occasion which gathered together a few of the innermost circle of friends to speak their memorial tributes to Rebecca Rice. No place could have been more fitting to hold such a service than the Audience Room of the new and beautiful building erected for the University School for Girls on the North Side, a school that has inherited the traditions of the once popular and flourishing school for girls conducted by Rebecca Rice, and it was given to Miss Rice to impart to this successor the initiative impulse of her benignant personality. Miss Rice belongs to the heroic age of Chicago. Her work was closely interwoven with the

work of Robert Collyer, Professor Swing, and the great Unity Church that rose out of the ashes and spiritualized and glorified the "Great Fire."

Miss Anna Haire, the present head of the University School, presided. The pupils and teachers rendered fitting music. Mrs. M. H. Wilmarth, Mrs. Otto Matz, a representative of the Alternate Club, the venerable Mr. E. W. Blatchford, and the senior Editor of UNITY spoke words of love and appreciation born out of intimate acquaintance and tenderest sympathy.

Rebecca Rice was an accomplished lady. Her mind was enriched by careful studies at home and abroad. She was a successful, thorough teacher, but she was more. She had a prophet's soul, a reformer's fiber, the strength of a radical in the profound sense of that word; she was one who did her own thinking, one who sought the advance line, one who did picket-work in the army of progress. She was a courageous spirit; she inoculated her pupils with the love of things good and things noble.

Miss Rice's enthusiasm was kindled by coals from the Horace Mann altar, and it was fitting and beautiful that her last days should be spent on and around the Campus of her beloved Alma Mater, Antioch College, in which she believed with all her soul and to the service of which she gave her last measure of life.

The writer, with many other friends, missed her sadly from her Chicago haunts, and they were perhaps disposed to dwell upon the pathos of the sunset hours that had been so full of radiance and aggressive strength.

But the occasion here recorded banished such reflections and changed the minor into major tones of love and memory. The Indian summer of her life had a glory quite its own. She deserved the calm and quiet of the sunset hour. No stone wall or marble column perpetuates the name of Rebecca Rice in Chicago. But she needs so such memorial. Her monument is reared in the hearts and minds of the hundreds of girls whose lives she touched to higher issues.

The memorial word of this childless woman was spoken in Chicago on "Mothers' Day" and this was fitting, for she was a spiritual mother to many and countless daughters remain to call her "blessed."

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity," were the words which the great Horace Mann spoke to his last graduating class, and the words are inscribed on the humble shaft on the Antioch Campus. Rebecca Rice did not disappoint her great master. She had won the right to join the "choir invisible," and "poor Antioch" received a new endowment in her death. It was fitting that she should pass on out of beautiful Yellow Springs and that Antioch College should throw its benignant shadows upon her coffin.

THE PULPIT

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lifelong Champion of Freedom

By Edwin D. Mead

A lifelong champion of freedom, political freedom, religious freedom, industrial freedom, literary independence, the emancipation of the slave, the equal rights of woman, justice to every race and every man, such pre-eminently was Thomas Wentworth Higginson. At the dinner of the American Historical Association, during the convention of the association in Boston in 1899, Colonel Higginson was the principal speaker; and in the course of his speech he said one very characteristic and significant thing. That was a time, it will be remembered, when expressions of fondness or toleration for imperialist procedures were fashionable and common; and all such expressions jarred upon Colonel Higginson. "I have been specially struck," he said, "by the force and clearness of the speeches made in these meetings. But I noticed the absence of one word which in my student days was always present, always in the air, the word 'freedom.' In this morning's discussion of the relation of this country to other countries that glorious word did not occur. I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, in your historical study and teachings, to think deeply of this." He stated his own position about some of the prevalent policies, and added: "I dare say that three-fourths of you disagree with me on this point; but I have stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side, and I can stand it."

Colonel Higginson's books are books of freedom; his friends were friends of freedom. He gave to us in 1898 that most noble, frank and fascinating of autobiographies, "Cheerful Yesterdays;" and, just as he asked us to see to it that we did not omit the word "freedom" from our political vocabularly, there came to us his "Contemporaries," which may properly enough be considered a second volume of the autobiography. These books are necessary companions, each supplementing the other. In his "Yesterdays," Colonel Higginson pictures the scenes and the events in which he and his strong contemporaries acted together; in his "Contemporaries," he paints the portraits of the noble men and women who helped to make his yesterdays brave and great, and therefore in the noblest sense cheerful. The two books together give us a survey, not surpassed in insight and value by any other, of the intellectual an dmoral life of New England and America during the last two generations. They remind us of the high credentials of this brave spokesman for freedom, by bringing before us as they do the harder and more trying times when just as calmly and as firmly he "stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side." They also serve—and we confess that this has been to us their greatest service—to make us think anew of the immense service, both as a man of letters and a man of action, which Colonel Higginson has rendered America.

Born in Cambridge, in 1823, Higginson has been emphatically a Cambridge man; just as Edward Everett Hale, born in Boston the year before, has been

emphatically a Boston man. Both men preached for a time in Worcester. Before going to Worcester, Higginson lived for some years in Newburyport, part of the time preaching there; and for many years he lived in Newport. But we regard these flights as digressions. It is a little hard to think of him as really at home in any of these places or anywhere outside of Cambridge, where he was born. More than any other of our literary men, save Lowell alone, more than Longfellow, more than Holmes, who, although born in Cambridge, is always to our thought as much a Boston man as Dr. Hale, is Higginson identified with Cambridge. "To James Russell Lowell, Schoolmate and Fellow-Townsman," he dedicated his little volume of poems, "The Afternoon Landscape." Lowell, his Cambridge fellow and co-celebrant, was four years the elder, born in 1819, the same year as Julia Ward Howe, whose "Reminiscences," traversing so much of the same ground and touching so many of the same men and women, came to us just as we were reading "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries."

Higginson was fittingly the orator on the occasion of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, in 1881; as Lowell was the orator, five years later, at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. We have somewhere Lowell's letter to Higginson, telling of the satisfaction and delight with which he had read in London the latter's Cambridge oration. To the useful volume, by various hands, upon "Cambridge in 1896," Higginson contributed the chapter on "Life in Cambridge Town," a chapter suggesting Lowell's old essay (written in 1854) upon "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." Referring to this delightful essay, Higginson reminds us in his essay upon John Holmes, in "Contemporaries," that it must be supplemented by John Holmes' "Harvard Square," in the Harvard Book, if we would get "the very inmost glimpse of village life in the earlier Cambridge." Many more pages in the life of Margaret Fuller than those which make up the chapter on "Girlhood at Cambridge" are valuable contributions to the history of Cambrige intellectual and social life in the first half of the century. The opening chapters of "Cheerful Yesterdays," those upon "A Cambridge Boyhood" and "A Child of the College," are Cambridge and Harvard pictures of rare interest and of distinct historical value.

Higginson has been a most loyal and loving son of Harvard; and the University honored herself as much as she honored him when she conferred upon him in 1899 her highest degree. All remember the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," which he edited and we must not forget his contribution to the Harvard Book, nor his "Memorials of the Class of 1833." We must not forget his contributions to the "Memorial History of Boston," to the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Browning Society, the Free Religious Association. He was appropriately the orator at the centennial celebration of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1891; for he has been one of our most zealous and faithful historical scholars. Said the president of the Historical Society in introducing him on this centennial occasion: "He has filled the Puritan ideal of a citizen's range of office, elder, reformer, military commander, historian deputy to the Great and General Court." He was for years the president of the Free Religious Association, and the one man preeminently identified with its history, from the founding until his death. His last public address was at its festival a year ago. His popular tract on "The Sympathy of Religions," is a good index to the radicalism and catholicity of his own religion. The published sermons that have come down to us in the libraries, with such titles as "Man Shall Not Live By Bread Alone," "Elegy Without Fiction" (in 1852, with reference to Webster and Rantoul), "Scripture Idolatry," and "Massachusetts in Mourning" (1854), show that while he was in the pulpit he must have been a preacher after Theodore Parker's own heart.

Of peculiar interest and value among Colonel Higginson's books is his Life of Francis Higginson, the first minister in the Massachusetts Bay Colony,—coming to Salem in 1629,—and Colonel Higginson's own first American ancestor. It is a loving study of English life in the early Puritan time, of the customs of Cambridge University in that seventeenth century, of the earliest ecclesiastical usages in New England, of Francis Higginson's own noteworthy contributions to the picture and record of the place and time and, above all, of that saintly man's life and character. With proper pride did Colonel Higginson look back to such an ancestor; and with proper pride did he claim at the close of his study: "The stock has surely shown some vitality and vigor, and perhaps something of transmitted public spirit and of interest in things higher than those which are merely material. These descendants have remained loyal, as Americans, to the verdict of their early progenitor, that "One sup of New England air is better than a whole flagon of old English ale"; and many of them have shown in their lives an adherence to John Higginson's opinion, that if any man amongst us make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such an one know that he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian. The justice of the claim is the more apparent when it is remembered that the vitality and vigor of the stock have been represented in our day by such men, in addition to Colonel Higginson himself, as General Sherman and Senator Sherman, Governor Andrew, Senator Evarts and Senator Hoar.

To Newport, which certainly was his home for many years, although it is hard to identify him with it,—just as it is hard to think of Hawthorne as a part of Concord in the same way that we think him a part of Salem,—Colonel Higginson has generously paid his debt; as Hawthorne so well paid his debt to Concord. The "Mosses from an Old Manse" is not a better offering upon the Concord altar than "Oldport Days" upon the Newport altar; and Col. Higginson himself, who loves Hawthorne so well, would say that that is the best that could be said of his book. In truth it may be said that, of all Colonel Higginson's books, "Oldport Days," with those fascinating chapters upon Oldport Wharves, the Haunted Window, a Driftwood Fire, and the rest, is the most Hawthornish; and it has given the spirit of the real Newport, as opposed to the Newport of mere sojourn and fashion, its best literary expression.

He was the most red-blooded and rural of scholars, loving birds quite as well as books, and carrying the instinct and talent of the naturalist into the garden and on the hills as truly as the love and sympathy of the poet. Yet it is upon human themes, upon literature and history and society, that Colonel Higginson has chiefly written, and the life of a social and political reformer that has been his central life. His "Cheerful Yesterdays" are almost altogether a reformer's yesterdays; and his "Contemporaries" were almost altogether men and women living the most strenuous of strenuous lives, devoted to what one of our economists has called "the foolish attempt to make the world over." In his distinctly literary books, like "Atlantic Essays" and "The New World and the New Book," it is when he comes closest to contemporaneity and life that he is usually most interesting. But this is by no means always the case; and it is not to be said at all without saying at once and warmly that upon distinctly literary themes and as a representative of literary art, Colonel Higginson stands in the very front American rank. No American essays, save Emerson's and Lowell's alone, are of higher importance or greater charm than his; and his best essays are entitled to rank with Lowell's own. He has been a constant force for culture. He stands for devotion to the world's great books. He is too good a scholar not to know that the best national literature must come with love and understanding of the best literature and recognition of its canons and its inspirations.

But for true, free, national literature, for a sturdy and independent Americanism, he always speaks,—there is through all his books no note more constant. He hated the colonialism, the dependence upon English impulse and imprimatur, which so largely marked our literature almost up to the very present. This is, in one way or another, the burden of almost the whole of "The New World and the New Book." Under the title of "The Evolution of an American" he traces with enthusiasm the steps by which Motley, beginning his intellectual life with aristocratic and European sentiments, was made "not merely a patriot, but a man of democratic convictions at least." Many a page in this vital American book might well have found its point of departure in Lowell's famous essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." In the essay entitled "Unnecessary Apologies" is this fine and true passage:

"Let me make the great effort of supposing Emerson an English author and Matthew Arnold an American; does any one suppose that Arnold's criticisms on Emerson would in that case have attracted very serious attention in either country? Had Mr. Gosse been a New Yorker, writing in a London magazine, would any one on either side of the Atlantic have seriously cared whether Mr. Gosse thought that contemporary England had produced the poet? The reasons why the criticisms of these two Englishmen have attracted such widespread notice among us is that they have the accumulated literary weight—*the ex oriente lux*—of London behind them. We accept them meekly and almost reverently; just as we even accept the criticisms made on Grant and Sheridan by Lord Wolseley, who is, compared to either of these generals, but a carpet knight."

Colonel Higginson's writing is imbued throughout with Americanism and democracy of the worthiest and truest type, and imbued always with a splendid enthusiasm. "It is melancholy," he says, "to see young men come forth from college walls with less enthusiasm than they carried in,—trained in a spirit which is in this respect worse than English Toryism, that it does not even retain a hearty faith in the past. It is better that a man should have eyes in the back of his head than that he should be taught to sneer at even a retrospective vision. One may believe that the golden age is behind or before us; but alas for the forlorn wisdom of him who rejects it altogether! Better a thousand times train a boy on Scott's novels or the Border Ballads than educate him to believe on the one side that chivalry was a cheat and the troubadours imbeciles, and on the other hand that universal suffrage is an absurdity, and the one real thing is to get rid of our voters." He notes how often the scholars are behind the common people. "Slavery had to be abolished before the most accomplished orator of the nation could be invited to address the graduates of his own university. The first among American scholars was nominated year after year, only to be rejected, before the academic societies of his own neighborhood. Yet during all that time the rural lecture associations showered their invitations on Parker and Phillips. Culture shunned them, but the common people heard them gladly."

Colonel Higginson was conspicuously a lover of England. He was never happier than in his London reminiscences, of which we have delightful chapters both in "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries." "We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood; but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman." He was a true child of the Puritan and believed that the spirit which founded New England is the best possible foundation for the better things for which we hope in literature and in life. He says: "As the foundation of all true greatness is in the conscience, so we are safe if we can but carry into science and art the same earnestness of spirit which has fought through the great civil war and slain slavery. As the Puritan triumphed in this stern contest, so must the Puritan triumph in the more graceful emulations that are to come; but it must be the Puritanism of Milton, not of Cromwell only."

A Milton in his own way, in his equal love of beauty and passion for freedom and justice, Colonel Higginson himself was; as in his own way he was a Sidney, too. Was it not Sidney who said, or to whom it was said, "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it." Whenever Colonel Higginson has heard of a good war, he has gone to it; and the campaigns for freedom, equality and progress, in the various fields of American life, in these two generations, in which he has not been one of the first to volunteer, without counting the company or the cost, have been few, indeed. He led a regiment of negroes in the civil war; he has stood in the front rank of many a regiment in many a war before and since. He has been eminently a knightly and chivalric man. He has been, in the highest and best sense of the word, a romantic one. He has been his whole life long the conspicuous friend

and champion of woman. No other man has written so constantly, so variedly, so attractively or so cogently in behalf of the emancipation of woman from the legal and industrial disabilities by which she has been hampered and her elevation to every educational and political privilege. He has been in this reform our John Stuart Mill. He tells us how, very early in life, he became impressed by the absurdity of the denial of political rights to women; and he signed the call for the first national convention to promote the woman's rights movement in 1850. "Of all the movements in which I ever took part," he wrote a dozen years ago, "except the anti-slavery agitation, this seems to me the most important; nor have I ever wavered in the opinion announced by Wendell Phillips, that it is 'the grandest reform yet launched upon the century, as involving the freedom of one-half the human race.'" His "Common Sense About Women," is the best single book in existence upon woman's rights. There is no phase of the question which is not somehow treated, and the treatment is always pithy, pointed, sane and influential, calculated to win the reader and not repel him. A typical argument is this, replying to the foolish but very frequent contention that government ultimately rests on force, and that women must not vote because they cannot fight:

"The truth is that, in this age, it is the civilian who rules on the throne or behind it, and who makes the fighting men his mere agents. Yonder policeman at the corner looks big and formidable; he protects the women, and overawes the boys. But away in some corner of the City Hall, there is some quiet man, out of uniform, perhaps a consumptive or a dyspeptic or a cripple, who can overawe the burliest policeman by his authority as city marshall or as mayor. So an army is but a larger police; and its official head is that plain man at the White House, who makes or unmakes not merely brevet-brigadiers, but major-generals in command,—who can by the stroke of his pen convert the most powerful man of the army into the most powerless. Take away the occupant of the position, and put in a woman, and will she become impotent because her name is Elizabeth or Maria Theresa? It is brains that more and more govern the world; and whether those brains be on the throne, or at the ballot-box, they will soon make the owner's sex a subordinate affair. War is the last appeal, and happily in these days the rarest appeal, of statesmanship. In the multifarious other duties that make up statesmanship, we can not spare the brains, the self-devotion and the enthusiasm of woman. There is nothing impotent in the statesmanship of women when they are admitted to exercise it; they are only powerless for good when they are obliged to obtain by wheedling and flattery a sway that should be recognized, responsible and limited."

His voice has rung as true and strong upon the issues of the new social revolution as it rang in the old conflict with slavery. As he saw that woman was in the due course of things to have her opportunity and rights, so he has seen that the poor man was to have his. Among his poems we think of none more stirring than that fittingly inscribed to Edward Bellamy, entitled "Heirs of Time."

From street and square, from hill and glen
  Of this vast world beyond my door,
I hear the tread of marching men,
  The patient armies of the poor.

The halo of the city's lamps
  Hangs, a vast torchlight, in the air;
I watch it through the evening damps:
  The masters of the world are there.

Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,
  Their title-deeds not yet made plain;
But waking early, toiling late,
  The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day, by laws as fixed and fair
  As guide the planets in their sweep,
The children of each outcast heir
  The harvest-fruits of time shall reap.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
  The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
  And work in peace Time's wonderous will.

Some day, without a trumpets call,
  This news will o'er the world be blown:
The heritage comes back to all!
  The myriad monarchs take their own!

Into the cause of pure civil service, into the cause of the education and the political rights of the freedmen of the South, into the cause of internationalism, into every cause which in the generation since the war has called for courageous championship, Colonel Higginson has thrown himself with the same enthusiasm with which he came to the side of Garrison and Phillips and Parker. No rebukes have been nobler than his of the militarism and materialism which have menaced the republic in these last years that have passed. His word at the dinner of the American Historical Association was but one of many in which in this time he has reminded America of her duty to herself and to the cause of freedom in the world. No word read at the great Faneuil Hall meeting, called to express the sympathy of Boston with the Boers, was more emphatic or impressive than his.

It is in Colonel Higginson's poems that we often have the most stirring expression of his love of freedom and his prophetic confidence in a future greater and nobler than any celebrated past. One of the finest of his sonnets is that to Whittier, with its grateful confession that it was the poet's voice which gave him his own peculiar call to duty.

At dawn of manhood came a voice to me
  That said to startled conscience, "Sleep no more!"
Like some loud cry that peals from door to door
  It roused a generation; and I see,
Now looking back through years of memory,
  That all of school or college, all the lore
Of worldly maxims, all the statesman's store,
  Were nought beside that voice's mastery.
If any good to me or from me came
  Through life, and if no influence less divine
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;
  If aught rose worthy in this heart of mine,
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade of shame,
  Bless thee, old friend! for that high call was thine.

Significant, too, and for the Boston man inspiring, are the lines upon Boston in the Memorial Ode read before the Grand Army Posts of Boston in 1881:

With such a faith in the future of the Puritan city, he has also been its stanch defender from ig-

norant and unjust criticism. In his essay on "Literary Tonics" there is no passage more interesting than this about Boston:

"Some minor English critic wrote lately of Dr. Holmes' 'Life of Emerson': 'The Boston of his day does not seem to have been a very strong place; we lack performance.' The Boston of which he speaks was the Boston of Garrison and Phillips, of Whittier and Theodore Parker; was the headquarters of those old-time abolitionists of whom the English Earl of Carlisle wrote that they were 'fighting a battle without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism.' It was also the place which nurtured those young Harvard students who are chronicled in the 'Harvard Memorial Biographies,'—those who fell in the war of the Rebellion; those of whom Lord Houghton once wrote tersely to me: 'They are men whom Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate.' The service of all these men, and its results, give a measure of the tone afforded in the Boston of that day. Nay, Emerson himself was directly responsible for much of their strength. 'To him more than to all other causes together,' says Lowell, 'did the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of moral heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives.' And when the force thus developed in Boston and elsewhere came to do its perfect work, that work turned out to be the fighting of a gigantic war and the freeing of four millions of slaves; and this in the teeth of every sympathy and desire of all that appeared influential in England. This is what is meant, in American history at least, by 'performance.'"

This was the Boston which was the capital of the movement that purged the land of slavery, as it was the capital of the movement that gave us our independence. It was the great center of the activities of most of the men and women named in Colonel Higginson's "Contemporaries." Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Whittier, Lydia Maria Child, Dr. Howe, Garrison, Phillips and Sumner are the heroes of the great era of reform to whom special essays are devoted in this volume; and there are also essays upon Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier, Helen Hunt, John Holmes, Thaddeus William Harris and General Grant. "An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne" tells of a conversation devoted mainly to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." "A Visit to John Brown's Household in 1859," contributed originally to Redpath's "Life of John Brown," is the story of an evening spent with the family at North Elba while the old hero lay in the Virginia jail awaiting execution. In all literature we know of no stronger or tenderer picture of homely heroism and absolute devotion. "It had been my privilege," wrote Higginson, "to live in the best society all my life,—namely, that of abolitionists and fugitive slaves. I had seen the most eminent persons of the age,—several men on whose heads tens of thousands of dollars had been set. . . . I had known these, and such as these; but I had not known the Browns. Nothing short of knowing them can be called a liberal education." He prophesied then that John Brown would become "the favorite hero of all American romance"; and he said this memorable word of his old-fashioned Puritanism: "John Brown is almost the only radical abolitionist I have ever known who was not more or less radical in religious matters also. His theology was Puritan, like his practice; and accustomed as we now are to see Puritan doctrines and Puritan virtues separately exhibited, it seems quite strange to behold them combined in one person again."

The essays in "Contemporaries" differ in interest and value. Garrison is warmly recognized as "the living center" of the group of reformers; but the essay upon him is not one of the most important. That upon Phillips is much better, and the fine description and analysis of Phillips's oratory which it contains are alone sufficient to give it permanent value. The finest passage in the essay on Sumner is that where, writing of the day before Sumner's funeral, Higginson's thought goes back to the beginning of Sumner's chivalrous career and he traces the changes that had come to Boston in the intervening years:

"Standing amid that crowd at the State House, it was impossible not to ask one's self, 'Can this be Boston? The city whose bells toll for Sumner,—is it the same city that fired one hundred guns for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law? The King's Chapel, which is to hold his funeral rites,—can it be the same King's Chapel which furnished from among its worshipers the only Massachusetts representative who voted for that law? These black soldiers who guard the coffin of their great friend,—are they of the same race with those unarmed black men who were marched down yonder street surrounded by the bayonets of Boston Militiamen?' It is said that when Sumner made his first conspicuous appearance as an orator in Boston and delivered his address on 'The True Grandeur of Nations,' a prominent merchant said indignantly, as he went out of the building: 'Well, if that young man is going to talk in that way, we cannot expect Boston to hold him up.' Boston did not hold him up; but Massachusetts so sustained him that he held up Boston until it had learned to sustain him in return."

Far finer and more considerable than any of these essays is that upon Theodore Parker. There is not, in all the books in the library, a nobler tribute to Parker than this, none which expounds more adequately his marvelous learning, his great achievements and the sources of his power: "Parker lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston,—not quite gracefully, nor yet statelily, but with quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him, and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of sleepless vigilance, an unforgetting memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed."

The essay on Lydia Maria Child is one of the best in the volume, a most impressive account of that great woman's varied and remarkable achievements. To her famous "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," published in 1833, Higginson pays this high tribute: "As it was the first anti-slavery work ever printed in America in book form, so I have always thought it the ablest, that is, it covered the whole ground better than any other." Even

more interesting is the essay upon Helen Jackson, whose friend Colonel Higginson was from the very beginning of the most formative and stimulating influences of her life. There is no chapter in the book more personal, vital or vivacious.

Higginson somewhere discusses, we think ironically, somebody's dictum that "a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." Whatever truth or falsehood may be in that word, this we think is true,—that insight discounts history and does not have to wait for the verdict of posterity. Of insight only is this true. The man of fashion and the fool have no instinct that can tell where God is on the field in their own place and time. To the conventional man of Boston and of the nation, the period of the great heroes of these glowing pages was "a time when truth was called treason." How quickly was the conventional verdict set aside! "It is a striking fact," Higginson notes at the close of his essay on Garrison, "that in the valhalla of contemporary statues in his own city, only two, those of Webster and Everett, commemorate those who stood for the party of conservatism in the great anti-slavery conflict; while all the rest, Lincoln, Quincy, Sumner, Andrew, Mann, Garrison and Shaw, represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of time, confirming in bronze and marble the great words of Emerson, 'What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!'" But to the eye of Emerson himself his contemporaries were as the immortals. To him history and the newspaper were one; and he knew John Brown for a hero while the musketry yet rattled at Harper's Ferry as truly as the men of Concord Bridge, whose shot had been heard around the world and been applauded all along the line. To Higginson also the men with whom he labored in the cause of freedom were the same men and held the same rank when they were contemporaries as now when they are memories and their statues stand in the streets.

In the great group of American fighters for freedom, Colonel Higginson will hold an immortal place. Gladstone, at Oxford, in his late life reviewed the changes through which he had passed since he began his public career as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and said: "I have come to place a higher and ever higher value upon human liberty, and there, and there only, is the secret of the change." With Colonel Higginson there has been no change. His whole life was one great sermon on freedom. He began his public career as its champion; his long years have all been spent in its service; and now when his presence is withdrawn, his word will still be heard charging the republic never to give that sacred and commanding word a second place.

Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.

—*Emerson.*

From Our Foreign Correspondent

It seems a far cry from Chicago to this "City of the Sun,"—so called by the philosopher martyr Campanella,—surrounded on all sides by mountains, facing the blue Ionian sea, and 2,000 feet above it, with orchards of olives and oranges and every kind of fruit in the valley below.

A six weeks' residence in Naples served to loosen up my tongue somewhat in the language and prepare me to come here in preference to going to Rome for the Easter festival. I find that I have little patience with such pomp and ceremony among intelligent people, and I chose to accept the invitation of a family in this extreme part of southern Italy in order that I might see and judge for myself something of the surroundings of a people who are helping to cultivate the soil and make the railroads in our own country. After a twenty-four hour journey without the luxury of a sleeping car, I was met by my friend with a coach, which I am sure must have been made fifty years ago, drawn by three Dalmatian horses, and I soon forgot the discomforts of travel in the contemplation of this wonderful panorama of nature. After winding on our way for two hours up the mountain we came to the center of this little town of four thousand people, where the remainder of the family and most of the citizens had assembled to see the first American who had ever visited the city. With great dignity the head of the family offered me his arm to assist me up the narrow stone-paved passages, which could hardly be called streets. We were followed by a crowd of people to the door of the ancient palace, which is now in a somewhat dilapidated condition, but is picturesque withal. I thought I was entering the town hall, because of the size of the room and the dignity of the hangings, the old gilding of the cornices, the mural decorations and the old firearms on the walls. The only pictures were those of Dante and Campanella and some ancient paintings of the family. I was told that this house was really quite new, having been built only about one hundred and fifty years ago, while most of the others had withstood the sacking of the Saracens three times and had all been restored. The night was bitterly cold, as it seemed to a steam-heated Chicagoan, and ancient brass braziers filled with hot coals were placed in the two rooms assigned to me. Everything reminds me of the past, and only at the table do I feel the influence of modern times. We know that in the past there were no table manners as we judge them, but here the two-year-old child used his fork with great dexterity and there was nothing to offend the most critical taste. The head of this family of six children is a most important person in this community and has all the appearance of a grand signor. He is the lawyer, judge and jury for most of the affairs which come to these simple people. He is known as the man who will not take a case unless the cause is just. I have been greatly favored to be permitted to enter this family, because these people are very proud and not for a moment would they invite one who might criticise this simple life. I am told by Italians that the home life is considered so sacred among this class that few are invited to break bread with them.

The next day was Holy Thursday, and hundreds of rings of bread, weighing about two pounds each, were sent to the church to be blessed. A strange procession of women was formed, each one carrying a large clothes-basketful of this bread on her head to be used on Friday on the crosses which were carried in the procession, when the body of Christ in effigy was deposited before the altars of the different churches. The bread is contributed by those who are in comfortable circumstances, to be given to the poor, and is carried all day in the sun and rain. It is an impressive sight and one is almost moved to tears as this weird, mass-chanting humanity moves to the sound of a funeral march headed by a white-robed man stripped bare to the waist, with the body covered by a large green wreath through which one arm is passed, while the opposite shoulder supports its weight. On his head is a crown of thorns, and he chants in plaintive strains, followed by hundreds of others, singing:

Pardono, mio Deo
Pardono, mi pieta,
(Pardon and pity me, O my God.)

Suddenly, however, one hears angry voices, and the few soldiers interfere in what is almost a hand-to-hand battle. It is esteemed an honor to carry the bier and body of Christ, and at each church, after the blessing, the other churches bid at auction for this honor, and it is given to the highest bidder, who afterwards gives the amount to the church. When finally the last churchyard is reached, all fall upon their knees and crawl to the steps of the ancient cathedral, where the body is left guarded until the next day, when more processions follow. On Easter morning all of this mourning is changed, and other processions are formed, but the clothes which yesterday were somber are here and there enlivened by gay head pieces. This is one part of the world which has not been invaded by ready-made patterns of Paris clothes. All wear the severe peasant costume, and most of the fabrics are made in the homes of the people.

The procession now forms and carries at its head a life-sized figure of the mother of Christ. I remarked upon the seeming youthfulness of this figure, who was supposed to be the mother of a man of thirty-three and I was told to look about at the women of appropriate age. They were worn, wrinkled and bent with the burdens of life and the people demand that the virgin shall be young and beautiful. The procession wound in and out of the mountains and finally disbanded at 12 o'clock, and the rest of the day was spent in games and feasting. I neglected to say that the day before Easter the great door knocker began to resound early in the morning and a procession, which looked like a huge clinic of the lame and sick began to assemble at the door of my friend's home, and each was given money or food as the case demanded. This is a custom which is observed three times during the year, at Christmas, at Easter, and on the anniversary of the death of the mother of the family.

The day after Easter everything was restored to its normal state, the furniture in the house being covered with spotless white linen, all of which is woven in hand looms in the homes of the people. I then began to make my visits to these homes, and at every step I stop to wonder if I am not dreaming of the Middle Ages.

The squalor in these homes is incomprehensible to one who has not seen it. The one room, dark and smoke-filled, with no windows, which serves for all the needs of the family, is the rule everywhere. The looms have been in the family for more than a hundred years, and every utensil used is made by hand. The people are industrious and work from morning till night either in the fields or the houses. The only recreation is given by the church with the festivals. The power of the priests is almost unchallenged, and the laws of the state regarding education are not enforced. More than 67 per cent of this valuable and industrious population can neither read nor write. I am telling you all of this to give you an idea of the setting of a family of educated and energetic people who have undertaken to arouse these peasants from their stolidity. These are the friends I am visiting; the brothers Carnovales. They are direct descendants of the house of Duke Carlo of Calabria, who lived in the 15th century. They fought for the cause of liberty in the past, and now stand almost alone in this community against the tyranny of the church and apathy of the state. I will write more of this in my next letter. Just now I was called away to see a hand-to-hand struggle between some peasant women on the little Mount of Calvary in the shadow of three crosses. One woman called out, "Down with the Carnovales—the Liguranian priests shall come." This was a signal for the contestants on both sides until separated by the authorities. In a later letter I will tell you more of this struggle and what it means, and how two men alone are holding out against the perpetuation of this ignorance and oppression. To me it is all exciting and almost unbelievable, and I feel more than ever before that in our own country we who can know and compare conditions have a tremendous duty in enforcing the laws of compulsory education and better sanitary surroundings among these people who have come to us, or we shall see this same condition perpetuated in our own land.

JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Stilo, Calabria, Italy, April 17, 1911.

ONE.

I love all changes of the earth and air!
A day of sleety turmoil is to me
A rare magnificence, and I could flee
Eager and happy to the storm-wind's lair.
When pounds the tempest through the hills all bare,
Or thunder cannonades the beating sea,
Spirit of Nature! still I speed with thee,
Clinging triumphant in thy streaming hair.

Then comes a day amid the flowers and ferns,
When breathing zephyrs and low-murmuring bees
Speak Nature's mood a poppy-like repose.
The flame is mine with which rhodora burns,
The ambrosia mine of scented herbs and trees,
And I am drop in every brook that flows.

Boston. JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—*Plutarch.*

"Regenerate the individual" is a half-truth; the reorganization of the society which he makes and which makes him is the other half. Man alone cannot be a Christian.—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

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Detailed analysis and references for these courses will be published later. For other suggestions see pages 163 and 172 of last week's UNITY and first page of this issue.

Those expecting to work for credits on above and other offered courses should confer early with the Director,

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The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE CHRISTIAN CONNECTION

An address delivered before the Federation of Religious Liberals recently held in the city of New York, by Dr. Carlyle Summerbell, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of New York City:

The communion of 100,000 free Christians which I have the honor of representing illustrates in its origin the mass movement in history, rather than the influences of a hero and his worshipers or followers. Following the war of Independence, certain Baptists in New England were chafed in spirit by the close communion and tight theology of their fellow Baptists, and, as one thing follows another in church affairs as in other things, they found themselves outside of Baptist fellowship. About the same time in the southland, certain fervent Methodist preachers became dissatisfied with what seemed to be the arrogance of the Methodist Episcopal hierarchy, and so they came into splendid isolation. Practically contemporaneous with these movements, some thinking Presbyterians in the west became restless under their iron-clad creed, and combining wit and wisdom, they wrote the last will and testament of their, the Springfield, presbytery, leaving the old home and coming out under God's open sky.

Much to their surprise these three groups of people heard of each other, and found that, while they had risen from what seemed to be different reasons, they were all searching for "gospel liberty." Uniting, they announced certain principles as their standards, which they believed, and for which they considered Christianity stood, viz., Christ, the head of the church, our only leader; the Bible, our creed, a sufficient rule of faith and practice; individual interpretation of the Bible the right and duty of all; no dictation concerning scriptural interpretation; Christian character the only test of membership and fellowship; the union of all Christians: "Christians," a sufficient name for all followers of Christ. However,

> "Our fathers to their graves have gone,
> Their battles past and victories won,
> But sterner trials meet the race
> That rises in their honored place."

It is well for us to honor the brave soldiers of religious liberty who have lived and fought to give us our freedom, and I do not know of a better way in which to do this than to carry on the torch of enlightenment to those who sit in darkness. If worthy, we cannot be satisfied in the peace of our heaven until we have preached the good tidings of great joy to all, incarnating our gospel in deeds. For while the essence of religion is the same, its social activities, conforming to the needs of men, are constantly changing. What we strive for in America is true democracy, which has been defined as a state in which every man shall be a freeman, neither in economic, intellectual nor moral subjection. Some souls never have the chance to be in such subjection, for their lives do not last long enough. In my own city, which is a great cotton goods manufacturing center, hundreds of babes under one year of age die annually; a majority of these deaths, the experts tell us, could be prevented. Many of them simply starve. What is the matter? We have knowledge, money, ability to ameliorate these conditions, but our religious consciences are not sensitive enough to start at once the machinery of civilization.

After all, religion may be the greatest need of American democracy. As a nation we are wealthy in material blessings, too often we are poverty-stricken in religious consciousness. A religion that will save and keep the whole man, that will develop with artistic touch the divine in all humanity, that will not only uplift like the good Samaritan, but will make safe and sound the road to Jericho, that will possess the deep reverence of the older forms of worship with the sweet reasonableness of the liberal,—that is the kind of religion we must have in this twentieth century It may offer hard tasks, but it will give magnificent opportunities.

Those who say that our people look merely at wealth take a very superficial view. As a rule, men do not know who is the richest man in the next city or the next state. Mere wealth has, after all, a very limited reputation compared with that of intellect. An English novelist comes here, and every town hall is open to him; a Swedish peasant girl comes to sing to us, and we pay any price to hear. Bring forward your art and your genius, the Community seems to say, and we will provide the money. Let an ordinary millionaire land at the wharf, on the other hand, and no more attention is paid to him than if he were an ex-governor. The very fact is that the pursuit of wealth seems of itself to create respect for those same qualities when manifested in other ways.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

RELIGION IN WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

It seems time to correct a notion made prevalent by current magazines and books that in women's colleges "frivolity and fudge are the only shrines at which the students bow the knee." This is asserted by the Rev. Lyman P. Powell, of Northampton, whose work as a pastor alongside the largest woman's college in the world, Smith, gives him ample opportunities for observation. There is a preconceived notion that the subject of religion in women's colleges is sufficiently defined by the girl who said that Galilee was named from Galileo because he wrote a description of the country, or by the girl who inquired, "What are the ten commandments? I find them so often alluded to in the 'Canterbury Tales.' " But there is a week-day interest in religion as well as one of Sunday. Mr. Powell gives in *Good Housekeeping* an outline of the provisions made by the women's colleges to meet the intellectual demands of faith:

"Bryn Mawr provides five hours a week, one year, of Oriental history for her graduates, and three hours of elective courses in Biblical literature. Vassar has a two-years' course covering the whole of the English Bible and a wide range of choice in Christian evidences, Christian history, and comparative religion. Wellesley requires for a degree accurate knowledge in Hebrew, Greek Testament, Johannine literature, and comparative religion. Smith obliges her sophomores to take two hours a week of Biblical introduction, and provides electives in Oriental civilizations, New Testament thought, comparative religion, Hebrew, and Christian doctrine.

"Frank discussions with teachers and students and attendance on some classes have convinced me that the teaching is about the same in all the colleges. The teachers have had thorough training for their work. With modern problems they are all familiar. None are disposed to blast wantonly and slyly at the Rock of Ages. All impressed me as reverent and devout. I heard no careless or unspiritual note struck in conversation or classroom. In a class discussion at Wellesley concerning Isaiah, the purpose of the professor manifestly was to make sure that her students understood the contents of the book. The clearest and most profoundly spiritual exposition I have ever heard of Job was given by a Smith College Biblical professor. If there is any warfare between real scholarship and real religious faith I have seen no signs of it in Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley, or Smith."—*Literary Digest.*

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1911 Number 13

UNITY

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE BIBLE.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.—St. John I:1.

It breathed in the primal chaos, it shone in the first great sun,
It pulsed in the glowing ether or ever a world was done—
And through all the empty eons when never a star had place
It swept in eternal grandeur across all the fields of space.

The hour that the first sky gloried with silver and crimson bars,
It rose in the marvel chorus—the song of the morning stars;
Tremendous and deep and mighty, the Word was the soul of things
Ere brother made war on brother or folk knew of slaves and kings.

For far in the outer splendor, where systems are dimmed to haze
And orbs that we never dream of go spinning their nights and days,
The Word is the law forever, and was ere the birth of time;
It lived in the light eternal through centuries all sublime.

And we with our books and letters, and we with our codes and creeds,
We dim it in clumsy language, we hush it with barren deeds;
Full fat with the pride of being we read with our narrowed eyes
The Truth as we fain would spell it—we puny ones, overwise.

And how may we read or hear it?—we quibblers of things and deeds,
And how may we sense its forming forever to fit our needs?
We babble of plan and purpose, we question of What and Why,
Nor read in the apple blossom, nor see in the star-strewn sky!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1911. NUMBER 13.

THE GREAT MIRACLE

This is the miracle supreme:
  That the earth hath flowered to a soul,
And the soul doth lift from the earth and dream
  Of an Infinite, Eternal Whole;

That it hath aspired to the life to be,
  Beholding the grain that is sown afar;
On the dusky night-field fringing free,
  Where every seed is a living star.

—MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

The Child Welfare Exhibit goes on at a great pace in Chicago. No such civic awakening has been realized for so continuous a period since the great Columbian year. Children have been excluded from the evening exhibit on account of the crush. It is safe to say that the best people in Chicago are turnir their best side to this best interest of the city. The Exhibition is to be continued until the 25th of May. After that it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made by which the tangible and graphic exhibit can be made available for other cities, and that when displayed with fitting local environment it will do for other cities what it has done for New York and is doing for Chicago.

We print in another column a fine tribute to a "common" farmer,—"common" not in the sense now conveyed by the damaged word "vulgar," but typical of a larger class than is recognized by too many of our sophisticated citizens. The correspondent who sends us the tribute to Herman Sterling, farmer, says:

> He belonged to that portion of your congregation who are scattered about the country, far beyond the sound of your voice or the reach of your physical eye. He was a subscriber to and a reader of UNITY and in sympathy with its contentions.

This independent farmer, whose conduct was rooted in firm convictions of duty, in love of home, in clear vision into the now and the hereafter, represents the hope of the nation as he does the inspiration of UNITY. It is the thought of the inconspicuous, unknown and unheralded readers that keeps the editorial courage going.

"How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" is the attractive title of a delightful little book by Arnold Bennett. Mr. Bennett is earning a place for himself in the realm of literature. One who reads this book discovers the secret of the higher success in life as well as in literature. The very title is a call to sanity. People who would be ashamed to plead poverty of dollars go running around the world continually complaining, whining, begging, on account of poverty of time. Impecuniosity here comes from the same source as the impecuniosity of the purse, wanton waste of precious resources. To complain for want of time to attend to the higher interests of life, to do the noble thing, is a confession of dissipation. Inebriety is sad here as elsewhere, and inexcusable here as elsewhere. It is high art to learn "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day."

At last the Illinois Legislature comes to an ignominious close. Most of the good measures and movements that were bravely presented have been defeated or abandoned. Even the righteous quest of the Helm Commission has been thwarted by a Court not above suspicion. A great business man, a man of vast wealth, a banker of wide repute, defeated in the legislature of Illinois, refused to show the books, and a court was found to aid him in his evasion. Notwithstanding this the Commission found sufficient evidence to report that in its judgment Lorimer could not have been elected to the United States Senate except by fraudulent methods, and the findings of this Commission are to be forwarded to Washington. It now remains to be seen whether the United States Senate has power enough to bring a wealthy man into Court, and to compel private interests and personal schemes to give place to public weal and civic integrity. Not Lorimer but the United States Senate is now on trial. Not certain individuals more or less involved with jack-pot briberies, but the State of Illinois is in disgrace, the Commonwealth is in humiliation.

The name of John Howard is a little old-fashioned among philanthropists, perhaps so antiquated that it is almost forgotten, quite a negligible term in the vocabulary of many modern "up-lifters," but to the really intelligent, John Howard, whilom sheriff of Bedford, England, a hundred and thirty-eight years ago, "trod the glorious but unfrequented path to immortality." The Central Howard Association of

Chicago suffers somewhat from the obscurity of its title, but it is a glorious obscurity, and no society in this city is engaged in a more worthy cause or should receive more willingly the humble support it asks for. On May 7, the President of the Association, who is also President of the Chicago Art Institute, Mr W. M. R. French, and the Superintendent, Mr. E. Emory Lyon, presented the cause of this Association during the sermon hour at All Souls Church in the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The addresses were informal and without manuscript, but we will print in next week's issue such notes as our reporter was able to catch on the wing. We commend this information heartily to our readers and hope that it will provoke many of them to send for further printed matter to the Central Office, 160 Adams Street, Chicago. There is food for thought and stimulation to action in their word, and still more in their work.

While this issue is going through the press, the Senior Editor will be delivering the Dedicatory Address of the Monument which the State of Wisconsin has erected on the battle-line in the Vicksburg National Park. The bronze tablets that encircle the central shaft bear the names of nine thousand and fifty-nine Wisconsin boys and men who took part in the investment and siege of Vicksburg forty-eight years ago. The central shaft of granite bears high aloft a golden effigy of "Old Abe," the eagle that made the Eighth Wisconsin famous, the eagle that, during its life-time, earned, by the sale of its photographs and other exhibits, over $20,000 for sanitary and other humane purposes. In this army of nearly ten thousand, the editor of UNITY was a humble private, and part of the ammunition which he will place in his oratorical gun will be the record of a private's experience and observation as written on the ground at the time in his Diary. The speaker at this dedication will undertake to show that splendid as was the display of spiritual power during the forty-eight days of the siege, it is not comparable in significance with the subsequent contribution of the survivors in the forty-eight years of post-bellum campaigning. Among the boys who were on the line forty-eight years ago, there were at least three who became in due time clearly Wisconsin's leading citizens: C. C. Washburn, several times Governor, the builder of the University Observatory, commanded a regiment; Jerry Rusk, first Secretary of the Agricultural Department at Washington, of whom it is scarcely too much to say that he established that Department, and who was afterward Wisconsin's honored Governor, was a Major in the ranks; while William F. Vilas, Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, and United States Senator from Wisconsin, who perhaps drafted the wisest will yet written by a wealthy man in the annals of the nation, was a Lieutenant-Colonel. He went home from Vicksburg to complete the studies that made him the most accomplished gentleman in the State of Wisconsin. The stuff that these gentlemen contended with was equally promising. They were shooting at future Governors, United States Senators, Chief Justices, orators and poets. Surely the tests of post-bellum days are severer than those of the battle-ground. Many a man did valiant service with the bayonet who has since disgraced himself with the ballot.

Conservative Dollars

The recent visit of Booker T. Washington to Chicago was another occasion for the lining up of another batch of wealthy men at the banquet table with the great colored educator at the head of the table. It is a significant tribute to his power and the essential humanity of millionaires that wherever Washington goes, the purse-strings relax and the hurried business man makes checks. This is as it ought to be.

When, during a previous visit of Mr. Washington, Julius Rosenwald, one of the most prominent Jewish laymen of the city, encouraged the race for which Mr. Washington was triumphantly laboring, by contributing $25,000 to the completion of a $100,000 fund for the erection of a colored Y. M. C. A. building in Chicago, and when he duplicated the offer to any other city in the United States that would raise the required $75,000 elsewhere, UNITY commended his generosity, rejoiced in the magnanimity that enabled him to forget the Christian prejudices against him, and, for the sake of a downtrodden race, give his money to the encouragement of an institution from the councils and the inner management of which he is rigidly excluded by his religious convictions and inheritance.

But when the other night he offered $50,000 towards a fund of $500,000 for the erection of a great "Mills" hotel for poor young men and homeless transients, said hotel to be under the management of the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and to contain from one thousand to fifteen hundred rooms, we were led to ask if radical brains are more willing to exploit dollars on conservative lines than upon those pioneer lines of thought and the high initiative that enlists thinking.

Without forgetting the large services the Y. M. C. A. organizations of America are rendering on many lines, every intelligent man knows that, both in the letter of their organization and the spirit of their management, they represent a conservative, if not sectarian

and dogmatic interpretations of religion. The Y. M. C. A leaders are glad to receive the money of Unitarians, Universalists and Jews, and glad to extend the hospitalities of their institutions to such, but it is well known that none but members of Evangelical churches are admitted into the directing membership, and that the theological and religious atmosphere of these institutions is of the tract-distributing, soul-saving kind, which gives to progressive thinkers on on high lines a feeling of being strangers. Moody and not Phillips Brooks, still less Channing and Theodore Parker, represents the ideals of the Y. M. C. A. Within these limits much good can be done, but beyond these limits there is a great multitude of worthy young men, progressive Gentiles and emancipated Jews, who are repelled by a certain intellectual smugness that represents these institutions.

The proposed great hotel, with accommodations for one thousand or fifteen hundred less fortunate young men, to invade the loop district, or be built as near it as possible, is a questionable proposition sociologically. A Mills Hotel without a Mills, built with millionaire dollars and directed by Y. M. C. A. conservatism, is a proposition to be considered, but scarcely one that ought to be inspiring to those tutored by the advanced thinking of the educated world.

What is it that makes dollars so conservative, that leads wealthy men to trust their money on lines of thinking and administration to which they would not trust their own children and with which they would not seek or, seeking, would fail to find their own fellowship? Is it because dollars love dollars, and successful business men trust bulk rather than quality, largeness of realization rather than quality of the inspiration? The Jew may well ask whether it is not his dollars rather than his personality that gives him welcome where the man without the dollars would promptly receive the slight. The Jew may well inquire before entrusting his dollars to such a venture, whether his fore-elders with a pack, or his fellow-kinsmen who now carry the pack, would be welcome.

Stately architecture and marble halls too often conceal a spirit of exclusiveness that would be despicable, or that would at least be promptly discovered and condemned in more meager surroundings. It is a well-known fact that gymnasiums of the Y. M. C. A. throughout the country are closed to colored applicants, and we suspect the privileges are but grudgingly extended to Jewish applicants.

We speak advisedly. When in the earlier organization of the Lincoln Centre schemes in Chicago, a corps of "religious workers, affiliated with a "Christian" church of aggressive orthodoxy, were anxious to assume control of the gymnasium then being constructed, the proposition was as agreeable to the Lincoln Centre Board as to the pious young men, but they insisted on the privilege of excluding all colored men, though they were willing to compromise the matter on a limited number of Jews.

The managers of Lincoln Centre have no great reputation for orthodoxy, ,but they were too religious to consider such a proposition.

Another case in point: The Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago has a national reputation for its elegant building, ample equipment and medical skill. It is a noble monument to Jewish generosity and public spirit, and it was the boast of its constructors that it was to be a non-sectarian, non-partisan, and non-racial institution, but when a most worthy case, influentially introduced and properly vouched for, sought the advantage of their expert clinic, she was promptly refused because there was a tinge of color in her skin and a trace of kink in her hair. The only defense offered was that "the social question is hard to deal with," "prejudices are slowly overcome," and that "they all do it,"—the exact phrasings of the excuses offered by clubs and hotels and other socially excluding compacts in regard to the Jews themselves.

Justice requires that we should state that the last excuse is not wholly true. We speak advisedly of two exceptions in the city of Chicago, and we trust and believe there are others. But we know that the son of the colored woman who was excluded at Michael Reese was received into the Surgical Department and tenderly and skillfully nursed through an operation by the Presbyterian Hospital in this city, and we know that the Providence Hospital in Chicago, which is a "colored" hospital in the same sense that the Michael Reese is "Jewish," opens its doors and has extended its protection and help to white as well as black, to Jew as well as to Christian.

We sincerely hope that this "workingman's tavern" experiment will be tried, albeit we think several small ones distributed throughout the residence portions of the city would be much more beneficient in their influence than the big central one. There is plenty of money to do it. There are others who ought to match Mr. Rosenwald's generous proposition. They will never miss the money and by investing it here they will save it from ignoble uses and from becoming the blight of their posterity. But we do plead for closer connection between men's thinking and men's doing, between the brains and the pocketbook, between the heart and the hand. Indistriminate giving of dollars is as unscientific as the indiscriminate giving of nickels and dimes. The quality of the institutions that are to be built and sustained in the United States in the future is of more importance than their quantity.

Children of Pioneers

It may be a great thing to come of noble ancestry. Retrospection, when it is not what retrospection sometimes is, a mark of senility and decay, may be an inspiration. But few are so pitiable as the puny and listless children of a noble ancestry.

It is in that sense alone that the names of our fathers, names like Channing and Parker and Martineau, are names to conjure with. But remember that the sword and sandals of his father belonged to Theseus only when he, in the strength which he had inherited and trained, lifted the stone which withheld them from the weaker men of Troezene. The glory of ancestry is not the reflected light of ancestral deeds, but creating within ourselves anew the heritage of the temper which ennobled. The children of the pioneers of the world are not those who boast that they stand on the vantage ground which their fathers won, but those who are themselves pioneers in the great realm of life.

It is not well for us to nurture a complacent content that a long list of noble names is enrolled on the banner which we ought to bear, unless that banner is, in our hands, where they set it, in the van of the battle for wider truth and nobler living.

What made great the men we rightly honor as the heroes of freedom in religion was that in their own day and in relation to their own time they sought and found new and living inspiration in their vision of what lay ever ahead on the great road. They were men who were not afraid to abandon the positions their fathers had won. Theirs it was to fight for yet higher ground, where in due time the children of the scoffers should encamp in safety.

Those alone are loyal to their memory who inherit their spirit, who like them are men of the forward march, who live as they did for a living and enlarging truth and find in their own time fresh and quickening vision of God.

There is no disloyalty so great as disloyalty to the spirit of the men we claim to honor; resting with folded hands while all around us a new heaven and a new earth are opening to those who have eyes to see and courage to attempt. Progress did not end with the achievement of the mighty pioneers of the past. Their call to us is that we, like them, be ever in the van of intellectual liberty, winning for ourselves as they won it, the vital energy of deepening experience of the splendid possibilities of life. Holmes' "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul" might well have been their motto, as it must indeed be that of those who claim kinship with them. The work to which such as they call men is never done. We do but "level one lift" to pass on to another and a higher. Those alone whose eyes are on the dawn beyond the hills of God and whose faith is the radiant, eager confidence in things unachieved which was the inspiration of their fathers are the true children of the pioneers.

W. Hanson Pulsford.

When a man's heart has grown cold, the blows of affliction must fall thick and heavy before the fire can be got that will light it.—*George MacDonald.*

We are today what we are because our past has been what it was; what we will be in the future depends upon what we are now.—*Henry Drummond.*

THE PULPIT

The Menace of Militant Socialism

Sermon Preached by Rev. G. R. Dodson, May 7, 1911, in the Church of the Unity, St. Louis.

Supremely interesting and important is the story of that long upward climb of humanity through the ages which we call the evolution of civilization. The process has been slow, toilsome, and even painful, for civilization implies discipline, and the primitive wild nature is more or less refractory. We have made much progress, but are still far from the ideals of perfection. Our supreme effort ought to be to understand what makes for development, to discover the laws and conditions of further growth; for that is good which helps humanity upward and onward, and that is bad which hinders evolution and tends to throw us back to social stages from which we have slowly emerged. Our words, our deeds, and above all the spirit in which we live make the further climb harder or easier.

And it is hard enough at best. The unceasing adjustment to new conditions which progress involves subjects human nature to severe stress and strain. Mechanical inventions create new industries and result in new social situations, new groupings of population, new difficulties and problems. Man is under the constant necessity of revising his ideas, altering his feelings, changing his modes in life, and modifying his institutions and laws. Everything, including himself, has constantly to be made over. For instance, we are now making the transition from a fighting to a constructive régime. The law of the past was struggle, and the victory was to the strongest, to the most intelligent, and to those who learned how to work and fight together. The future belongs to the builders and is to be dominated by the constructive spirit. And because we live partly in the order that is passing and partly in that which is dawning, our thoughts are confused and our actions inconsistent. Of leaders, however, it is expected that they shall understand the way the world is moving, and help to facilitate necessary social transitions. The supreme need of our time is for intelligence, patience and good will.

The world is full of reformers and all are eager for improvement. All the fundamental problems are being studied, and the chief evils that have long afflicted our race are being attacked in a systematic and scientific way. Some of the great diseases have already been mastered, and the situation is full of hope. The spirit of exclusiveness is declining, men and women are crossing the barriers of social and religious prejudice that once separated them into isolated groups, and are finding their happiness in working enthusiastically together for the common good.

There is, however, a disturbing factor in the situation. An ardent and active group of people denounce our civilization as a failure and are definitely planning the overthrow of our whole industrial and political system. Militant socialism, in spite of much vague talk on the part of people who never read platforms or official utterances, is a very definite thing. Many have their own private definitions of socialism. There are some, for instance, who say they are socialists because they believe in the post-office, the public

school, and the ownership of some public utilities, such as the water works. But the right to define socialism belongs to the people who have organized to promote the cause, and who are giving it their time and money. You have no right to the name unless you are prepared to accept the program of those who make it a real force in the world. The proposals of socialism are startling. Says Engels, "The first act in which the state really appears as the representative of society as a whole, namely, the seizure of the means of production in the name of society, is at the same time its last independent act as a state." And Bebel, speaking of the changes that the coming transformation of property will bring, says,—"Marriage will lose its reason for existence."

If to this it is said, "O well, these are foreigners, and American socialism can not be held responsible for their utterances," I merely point to the platform of the American socialist party. In this official utterance the announcement is made of a certain theory of social evolution according to which class war is inevitable. It is stated that "Millions of formerly self-employing workers thus become the helpless wage-slaves of industrial masters." These masters are then described as a "useless and parasitic" class. Then, naturally, "The wage workers are, therefore, the most determined and irreconcilable antagonists of the ruling class." The capitalists are described as cruelly exploiting labor, as corrupting the institutions, the mind and heart of the public, and as owning "the nation politically and intellectually just as they own it industrially." The call is, then, to line up for class war. A demand is made for some definite improvements in the present règime, but these are only temporary makeshifts, for the final sentence in the platform states clearly the ultimate aim:

"Such measures of relief as we may be able to force from capitalism are but a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of industry and thus come to their rightful inheritance."

The one merit of this platform is its frankness. The men who are engaged in this propaganda say explicity, we are going to *"seize"* the manufactories, mines, and land of this nation just as soon as we are strong enough. All other demands, such as that the government "shall contribute to the funds of labor organizations," that the United States Senate shall be abolished, that the Supreme Court shall be deprived of its power of passing on the constitutionality of legislation, and that "all judges shall be elected by the people for short terms," are declared to be merely "measures calculated to strengthen the working class in its fight for the realization of this ultimate aim." There is much vague talk about socialism and dispute as to its nature, but the socialists themselves surely have the right to define their position, and this, in the plainest of plain English, is what they declare it to be.

One may properly speak of the menace of militant socialism, for this platform explicitly and boldly menaces the institutions which most of us love. It threatens revolutionary changes in a social and industrial order which, though imperfect and still undergoing development, is the precious product of ages of evolution, and in which freedom and well-being are more widely diffused than at any time in humanity's long past.

Even more important than the platform and definitely outlined program of socialism is the spirit of its leaders, and this is ominous of social ill. Those who aspire to lead humanity upward can do so only if they are dominated by the spirit of good will. This is the only spirit in which men can work together. Hatred and the coercive spirit, the passions adapted to the ancient fighting régime which we are outgrowing, tend to retard us, to throw us back. They are regressive forces. No man, however high his purposes or beautiful his dreams and hopes, can fail to hinder humanity if he speaks and acts in this spirit. Yet, strange to say, that is just what some of the most prominent socialist leaders do. William D. Haywood, in an address given in St. Louis, last Sunday, is reported in the press to have said, "I want the working class to hate the capitalist class." This utterance, I'm sorry to say, is not exceptional, but deliberate and characteristic.

In the art of stirring up the hatred they wish to exist, the socialist leaders are past masters. To understand their methods you have only to read their speeches and the leading articles in their press. Here, for instance, are the first words of the latest issue of one of their journals of large circulation: "As you read this three union men are on their way to the gallows. Their crime consists in belonging to a union of the members of their craft. The master class must maintain its supremacy. Therefore it must keep the workers in subjection. To do this it requires periodical victims, sacrifices. Today the men kidnaped, starved, beaten and slated for the hangman's noose are named McNamara and McManigal. Tomorrow, and on evidence made by capitalist sleuths and fully as good, it can be you and your brother and your best friend.

This is also the tone of the local socialist organ. That is, the effort is made to persuade the readers of these papers that there is a monstrous and frightfully wicked capitalist class is this country which seeks to oppress the wage earners, and which deliberately and in cold blood sets about to bring men to the gallows for crimes of which they know them to be innocent. Incredible as it may seem to you, the militant socialist speakers and writers are industriously engaged in propagating these curiously fantastic ideas. And it is easy to conceive the effect on the minds and hearts of those who are convinced of their truth.

That is what I mean by the menace of militant socialism. There is a socialism of dictionary definitions, and of this or that scholar or writer, which is of a different kind. But a movement, like a man, is judged not only by creeds recited and platforms published, but also by the spirit of its leaders. If anyone says that socialism is a noble word, that it implies the social spirit and stands for a world of brothers, an ideal social order in which all shall be conscious constructors and builders, I can only say that I do not refer to that kind of idealism, but to the actual movement inspired and guided by such men as William D. Haywood and E. V. Debs. I do not question the earnestness of these men, but merely point to the all-important fact that there is no greater menace to society than those who industriously stir up hatred between races, nations, religions and so-called social classes.

It is perfectly clear why this is so. Human feelings are social forces. Good will is conducive to mutual helpfulness and co-operation, while hatred leads to violence and murder, and whoever fosters

the latter spirit is responsible for the deeds which that spirit impels men to do. With profound moral insight, one of the New Testament writers has said that "Whoever hateth his brother is a murderer." That is absolutely true. Hate is murder on the way, and if it usually fails of the goal to which it tends, it is because it is checked by opposing tendencies, chiefly moral and religious. But there are poverty-stricken natures in which these restraining influences are weak or non-existent, and the hate which is aroused in them by the busy preachers of class war monopolizes their consciousness, and leads to dynamite explosions, arson and murder. *The militant socialist leaders, who would not counsel murder, are as responsible as if they did, for they create the spirit that finds in the destruction of fellow-men its natural expression.* What was the cause, the ultimate cause in the hearts of men, that led to the blowing up of the *Times* building in Los Angeles? Hate. What was the cause of many other dynamite explosions involving the destruction of scores of lives and millions of dollars in property? Hate, pure and simple. It is, therefore, no light matter to call fellow-workmen "rats" and "scabs," and to urge men to hate their employers, the so-called capitalist class.

There is no class of men deserving of hatred, capitalist, socialist, union or non-union. And no man ought to speak or write about questions in the storm center of human interest unless his purpose is to promote intelligence, patience and good will. There is no greater menace to all that we hold dear than the spirit and teaching of the militant socialist leaders, who are trying to persuade the wage-earners of this country that they form a fixed class which is grievously oppressed by another class whom it is their duty to hate. The man who said, "Once a workman, always a workman," misstated the situation, for in countless cases able and energetic wage-earners are themselves becoming employers. Our democracy has no classes, but it offers the greatest opportunity known in the history of the world for energy, thrift and intelligence to rise, and for indolence and incompetence to sink to their natural level. Experience has already falsified the theory of Marx, that materialistic interpretation of history according to which a class struggle is necessary and inevitable. He predicted that the rich would grow richer and the working classes poorer, until in final desperation the latter would seize the instruments of productive wealth. But the facts are that moderate fortunes are multiplying and the whole population shares in the increasing wealth of the world. Undoubtedly much improvement is possible, but in the effort to bring it about the gospel of hatred and revolutionary class war is a hindrance rather than a help.

In an important respect the spirit of militant socialism is also that of *coercive closed shop unionism.* I do not refer to legitimate labor organizations, such as the American Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which is prosperous and highly efficient, and whose president, W. S. Stone, has said: "I do not believe in forcing a man to join a union. If he wants to join, all right; but it is contrary to the principles of free government and the Constitution of the United States to make him join. We of the engineers work willingly side by side with other engineers every day who do not belong to our union, though they enjoy without any objection on our part the advantages which we have obtained. Some of them we would not have in the union; others we cannot get. What I say is, make the union so good that they will want to join."

The issue at stake in the fiercest labor struggles today can easily be befogged with talk, but it is perfectly clear. Fundamentally it is not a question of wages, hours, or conditions, but of control. Nor is it a question of the right to organize, for no one denies this. The position of the employers has been clearly stated by a man whom I have long known, a man of perfect truthfulness and absolute integrity, as follows:

"I have been an employer for over fifty-two years, am a member of many employers' associations, local and national, an ex-president of two national associations of employers, and as such have come very much into contact with the employing class, and have yet the first employer to meet who ever as much as even intimated that he was opposed to organization among wage-earners, skilled or unskilled, nor do I believe there can be found an employer in the United States today who will say he is against the right of labor to organize." Further, *if all workmen should voluntarily enter the unions and in this way establish a closed shop, there being no other workmen in the country, this would be their undeniable right. What, however, cannot for a moment be admitted by the American people is that men who do not want to join the unions should be coerced into submission, or that employers should be denied the right to employ workmen who prefer to remain independent.*

At the cost of oceans of blood and immeasurable suffering we have abolished the ecclesiastical closed shop and established religious liberty. It may be that it would be well for most men to belong to a church, but it is certainly not a good thing for any church to force men into submission to its control. This is now universally admitted. We recognize the right of every man to be a member of a church or not, as he thinks best, and we do not discriminate against him on account of his decision. Ultimately, labor organizations will find themselves in the same position as the churches, for the same principle is involved. We can never force men to take out a license with a labor union in order to live by their industry in the country.

But, it is said, read the platforms and hear the public addresses of the representatives of organized labor, and you will see that it disavows coercive methods. That has absolutely nothing to do with the question.

It is not avowals that we are concerned with, but actions. Thousands of men have been beaten and maimed and hundreds killed, and a vast amount of property destroyed, in the effort to force the closed shop upon unwilling employers and independent workmen. The American people are well disposed toward organized labor, but the spirit and methods of coercive closed shop unionism are entirely alien to their spirit.

This is so evident that it merely needs clear statement. Those who identify socialism with class hatred and who prophesy an inevitable class war, and those who represent the violent kind of unionism so closely akin to it, usually meet this issue by evading it, by beclouding it in a multitude of words, by talking vaguely about the rights of labor, which in fact no one denies, and especially by denunciation. But it is useless to try to frighten or coerce people, or to deceive them, or to make it appear that they are

enemies of labor because they disapprove of a policy which labor leaders have adopted. These methods have failed in the past, and they have less chance of winning now than ever before in the history of the world. Such leadership may seem shrewd, but it is not, in the large sense, intelligent. To be actuated by class hatred, to appeal to the partisan spirit, is to alienate the sympathies of the American public. It repels the fair-minded. We instinctively feel that men are violent in spirit, word and deed only when they are championing a weak cause.

I ardently long for a change of spirit on the part of militant socialism and coercive closed shop unionism. The good purposes both cherish are hindered by their impatient, partisan spirit of animosity more than by any other cause. The mass of men mean well. We do not naturally hate one another. We have substantially the same interests, and we must find some way of living and working together.

As to labor, everybody wishes it to be prosperous. All want work to be as steady as possible and hours of labor to be as short and wages as high as industrial conditions will permit. And in return, society expects every worker to do his best, to produce as much as he can, and to constantly strive to increase the efficiency of his services and raise the quality of his product. As to socialism, everybody knows that many changes are ahead of us, that new and better ways of living will be found, and we are all willing to advance when the way is clear, when we know what is best to do next. But we will not, and in safety cannot, co-operate even for ideal things with men who are doing their utmost to destroy the spirit of good will, which is an essential condition of prosperity and social growth, and who seek to use the antiquated methods of coercion in an age when men are free and must be persuaded in order to be led.

It is just dawning on the great civilized nations that fighting is an essentially childish way of settling international difficulties, and thousands and millions of people are working for arbitration treaties, that is, for international agreements to relegate war to the limbo of discarded barbarities. But social revolution is just as irrational and criminal as war. The civil war in this country should have taught us a lesson. Other countries abolished slavery peacefully, but we were so backward in civilization, so impatient and excitable that the North and South sent forth their finest young men to die on the field of battle and of disease. A vast amount of wealth, the product of human toil, was destroyed. From this frightful disaster we have not yet recovered. Whosoever urges revolution shows that he is belated, that he belongs to the old barbaric ages and not to the new era of peace and good will. *Only the men of the good spirit, the men without hatred for any of their race, the men who believe in the practicability of peace between nations and of orderly industrial and social evolution in our own national life,—only these fit into the new order, only these are worthy to be heard and to be trusted with leadership.*

The theory of militant socialism does not do justice to the moral and ideal factors of life. It teaches that the material and economic factors are all-determining, and that in the course of evolution the employers of our nation have become natural enemies, who are first to be hated and ultimately dispossessed. This is antiquated and barbarous. There are material conditions and economic influences in social life, but civilization is essentially moral in its nature, and is built on men's faith in one another and on truth, justice and good will. Every man helps to support and upbuild it who maintains a friendly spirit, who is a radiating center of the forces that unite mankind, who by his unfailing courtesy, charity and sympathy tends to quench the suspicion and ill-will which are our greatest danger.

Let us be deaf to the utterances of the fomenters of strife, the apostles of the gospel of hatred and class war, and let us live in the spirit of really civilized men like Lincoln, Grant and Lee, who, in a time when the tides of passion mounted high, were above hatred. They despised no one. They exemplified "the great law of civilization, which is to *have no enemies.*"

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us bind up the nation's wounds and strive to cherish among ourselves and with all nations a just and lasting peace."

Address at the Grave of the Late Herman Sterling

I understand that our friend expressed the wish that his earthly house should be reduced to ashes. If this is true, then the kindest service that human hands can do has been done; and there is left for us only to say a word of love and hope. Saladin, who three times took the holy city and subjugated provinces in Persia and Mesopotamia, just before his life ebbed away handed his shroud tied to his lance to a herald and said, "Go, wave this in the camp and proclaim that this is all that is left of Saladin, all that is left of all his glory." But when a good man dies, and we pause over his ashes, we dare utter no such proclamation, for he has been a man of deeds and thoughts; in the memory of them, he still lives; they are like seeds planted, they spring to life and bear fruit, and he lives again in their perennial life.

In such moments as these we are compelled, however reluctantly, to look at ourselves in the light of thought and we find as Emerson has said, that "our lives are embosomed in beauty." This great truth our friend accepted and believed. Gradually, therefore, throughout his nine and seventy years he came to emphasize the spiritual and care less and less for the ephemeral and evanescent. Hence his commandment: "Commit my body, that has been seen of men, to the flames. Full well he knew that the history of the soul has not been written; full well he knew that the enduring and precious in his make-up "did not begin with him, could not be sick with his sickness nor buried in any grave."

Our friend was a tiller of the soil. The records of the county bear witness of his taking title to land in Montmorency, Whiteside County, Illinois, in 1855. In recent years he has lived both in Rock Falls and in Sterling. Never having had an acquaintance with him while on the farm or met him in town meeting, I am a stranger to that side of his nature that enabled him to gather a competency and retire to this community before going to California.

I have been privileged, however, to catch a glimpse

of the inner life of this man by attending, under his roof, meetings of the "Emerson Club." Looking back through the intervening years to those evenings of sincere, honest interchange of view upon questions of life and duty and seeking for a type of man with whom to class our friend, there rise before me the Nervii, who Caesar said, because of their strict observance of nature's laws, were the last of the Gallic tribes to go down before the conquering eagles of Rome; again, those dwellers on the Rhine, who eight centuries later would not bow the neck to the feudal yoke of Charlemagne; finally those Dutchmen, who in the 16th century stood four walled, serene and brave against the holy Roman Empire—giving their bodies to the flames and moistening the roots of the tree of liberty with their blood. If it were possible to chemically analyze the character of our friend, I believe there would be found in its traits kinship to these heroic children of the past. He dealt first hand with men and things. Such persons at the time are liable to be misunderstood. But by and by the clouds clear away, and we see them as they really were.

Having spoken thus, it is not hard to tell where such a type of man stood politically and socially. If there was a movement on foot to raise the general level of society, he was found identified with that effort; if the call was for an army to go forth to narrow the kingdom of the thumb screw and the rack and broaden "the way that out of Hell leads up to light," he was ready to enlist.

"There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

"And ever near us, though unseen
The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

JARVIS DINSMORE.

From Our Foreign Correspondent

In my last letter I told you a little of the physical surroundings of these people in Southern Italy, but it takes time to gain their confidence, and more and more I marvel at the assurance of certain writers who come here and, from a car window a hundred miles from the real Calabrian people, apply certain opprobrious terms to them without any insight into their real worth. I also marvel at a government which is so unmindful of its best products, viz., a strong, industrious people and a land which produces the best that can be brought fresh from the soil. The government owns the railroads, but it does not send them within the reach of these splendid olive groves and farms, and it is only by "trading" in its simplest form that sufficient food is exchanged to sustain life even among those in good circumstances. No work is supplied by the government for public improvements in this part of the country. In the main these people are honest and industrious. Yesterday, however, I met a shepherd on the mountain side. "Peppino," I said, "What did you have for your breakfast and tell me everything you will have when you return."

"This morning," he replied, " I had what I always have—a piece of bread." "And at noon?" "At noon, Signora, I shall have another piece of bread, and tonight I shall have these green vegetables with a little oil on them,"—indicating a wild herb, not unlike our dandelion, which he had tied up in his handkerchief. He was thin and poorly nourished, and his clothes were in rags. He told me he had meat five or six times a year.

I met a gentle-faced man on the road with his two sons, twelve and fifteen years. "Tell me, Giovanni," I said, "how much are you paid for this stone-breaking?"

"Three lire a day, Signora, for the three of us. They measure the stone by the square meter and we can only earn that much."

Sixty cents a day for two growing boys and one adult, and probably several more in the home!

"What will you eat today? I asked."

"Two pieces of bread and some vegetables, with a penny's worth of oil."

And thus it was everywhere I walked—always the same reply. In consquence of this is it to be wondered at that there may be pilfering and even thieving of a grosser kind? There is very little of it, however, as compared with the provocation for it. I sometimes wonder if the government is not wise in encouraging emigration if it must pursue this policy with southern Italy—for who knows what fires may be kindled if these emigrants remain there under these conditions?

It is said that these people are dirty. Would we in America be cleaner if the water used in a family were all transported on the heads of women and children from the central fountain? Among the more fortunate the water and wood are brought on the backs of donkeys. Splendid scenery, an unparalleled climate, which might be used for health resorts, and mines which should be worked are neglected, while the "absentee landlord" is taking what he may, and the people,—the young and strong,—are leaving in search of more work and educational advantages.

There are a few left, however, among the educated who are not working from self-interest and who feel keenly their country's needs and opportunities. The leaders of this group are the two brothers Carnovale. One of these is a lawyer and man of power in the community, and the other a writer of force and vigor, who feels keenly the oppression of his people and has made his influence felt on both sides of the water. They are worthy descendants of one of the oldest, most powerful and illustrious families in Calabria. The same spirit which impelled their ancestors to fight for the principles of Campanella, the philosopher-martyr who was born in 1500, now impels them to reassert his principles in the light of modern thought and interpret them for this people as the liberal church interprets the doctrine of Christ in other parts of Europe and America.

To this end these two brothers have traveled all over this part of the country, preaching among the better classs the necessity for free religious thought, free schools and a freedom from clericalism. Every city has been visited by them, and in order that this thought shall be crystallized in some form to show that the spirit of the martyr still lives, a monument is in process of construction at Rome which will be sent here to be placed in the public square near

the church from which this priest preached his doctrines, and for which he suffered martyrdom. This monument was to have been placed in March, but the Liguranian brotherhood, who once had a stronghold here, came and have influenced the poor, superstitious people against the project so that now it is the part of wisdom to wait until the present excitement has somwhat abated before it is placed. In the meantime the writer, Luigi Carnovale, is preparing "The Life and Philosophy of Campanella," an exhaustive work which will be published in the near future. The philosopher has always been held in reverence by those who only know his name. Now this writer proposes to show them why he is so reverenced and to prove that the spirit of marytrdom is not dead, for it is no easy matter for two men to stand against public opinion, especially in so vital a matter as the opinions of those whose word has for centuries been law.

Now as I write I hear the Angelus and the voices of the little children chanting everywhere

> Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us miserable sinners—now and in the hour of our death. Amen.

And one realizes that only by different surroundings and possibly several generations can anything be given to these people which will give them an equal amount of hope. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Stilo, Calabria, Italy, April 24, 1911.

James Russell Lowell, Publicist and Humanist

Thoreau was of Concord. He may be said to have been the most representative man of New England culture. He came of an ancestry not only distinguished but irreproachable,—unobjectionable except for its respectability. The name of Lowell is associated with the most conspicuous of New England's industries and intellectual institutions, and only Lowell's general temperament and cosmopolitan experiences saved him from exclusive identification with the pedantry of Cambridge and Boston.

Lowell of course went to Harvard, where his literary talent was more evident than his scholarship. In fact, although he wrote the class poem, it had to be privately printed while he was under suspension at Concord. He had great difficulty in finding himself, vacillating repeatedly in his choice of occupation,—studying law, abandoning it and resuming again. The depression of a hopeless love affair nearly induced suicide, and throughout life, even in his inspired and productive periods, he never lost a tendency to discursiveness and irrelevancy.

Lowell early showed the instinct of citizenship, writing professionally for anti-slavery perhaps as early as 1841. He had so far matured and developed his literary skill, as well as reached his convictions, that by 1846 he had printed the first of the Biglow Papers, the most valuable literary document devoted to politics in America in the nineteenth century. Anti-slavery to Lowell not only meant the breaking of chains, but the abolition of everything which stood in the way of freedom. He said:"Absolute freedom is what I want, for the body first and then for the mind." His conception of citizenship did not involve "Our country right or wrong,"—"Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names Religion, Duty and the like." In his desire to abolish slavery and preserve the Nation, he did not balk at criticizing the Constitution. He said: "A stout machine of parchment was accordingly constructed and, under the respectable name of a Constitution, was interposed wherever there seemed to be danger from the hostile incursions of light. Wherever this is spread, a dim twilight more perplexing than absolute darkness reigns everywhere beyond its shadows.....Slavery is the opiate which has made men's minds drowsy."

Lowell's reform enthusiasm did not spoil America's chief man of culture. He served over twenty years as professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, and for thirteen years as editor of the Atlantic Monthly and the North American Review. Writing came easily, but work was difficult, yet he filled all of these positions with distinction. He will be remembered also as diplomat, publicist and correspondent. As minister to Spain and then to Great Britain, he proved to be our greatest American representative abroad. If a refined he was none the less a sincere democrat. He defined democracy as "that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it."

Despite his public services on two continents and his fearless devotion to the causes in which he believed, even at the expense of severe criticism, he could write to his friend Norton, in one of those letters which prove him to be the greatest (if not indeed the last) of our letter-writers: "It is always my happiest thought that, with all the drawbacks of temperament, I have never lost a friend, for I would rather be loved than anything else in the world." In another letter he reveals his tender conscience, his breadth of intellect and his temperamental limitations. Speaking of Howells' "Hazard of New Fortunes," he says: "A noble sentiment pervades it, and it made my inherited comforts here at Elmwood discomforting to me in a very salutary way. I felt in reading some parts of it as I used when the slave would not let me sleep. I don't see my way out of the labyrinth except with the clue of co-operation, and I am not sure even of that with over-population looming in the near distance. I wouldn't live in any Socialist or Communist worlds into the plans of which I have looked, for I should be bored to death by the everlasting Dutch landscape.".

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

For the new Republican, as for his forerunner the Puritan, conscience and discipline must saturate life. . . . Every day and every week he must set aside time to read and to think, to commune with others and himself, he must be as jealous of his health and strength as the Levites of old. Can we in this generation make but a few thousand of such men and women, men and women who are not afraid to live, men and women with a common faith and a common understanding, then, indeed, our work will be done. They will in their own time take this world as a sculptor takes his marble and shape it better than all our dreams.

—*H. G. Wells.*

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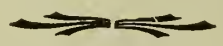
8. Music as an Expression of the Spirit of the Time, National Spirit, and Universal Art Expression. Why There is No American Music.
9. Underlying Unity of the Fine Arts.
10. Modern Tendencies. Realism in Music.
11. The True Basis of Art Forms May Change, but the Spirit is Ever the Same.
12. Unity of Art and Religion.



Detailed analysis and references for these courses will be published later. For other suggestions see page 172 of the UNITY of May 11 and first page of the last issue.

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Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

LLOYD-GEORGE'S INSURANCE PLAN.

Chancellor Lloyd-George seems to have made a profound impression in the great speech before the House of Commons Thursday night in which he unfolded the government's far-reaching insurance budget.

It is not strange that he should have done so, for seldom has there been fused in a piece of English legislation more social idealism with cautious fiscal statesmanship than in the plan which the Liberal party, in fulfillment of its pledges, now offers to the people.

Such a plan, proposed today in America, would prostrate all the well-known figures on Wall street and give our press the editorial apoplexy, but in the House of Commons, according to report, it was greeted with "tremendous applause, even by Lloyd-George's political opponents." Perhaps out of a political issue the great Welshman has minted a new sense of patriotism, though the future will throw more light on that than we have at present.

It is sufficient to perceive, at any rate, that England is now invited by her political leader to adopt a most far-reaching program. It is proposed, first, that she undertake to insure every working man, woman and child in the country against sickness, whether temporary or permanent. Secondly, it is proposed to insure the workmen against unemployment. This latter plan, to be sure, is confined at the start to the building and engineering industries, but it is planned, of course, to extend it later.

The sickness insurance scheme is far from "paternalistic." The fund out of which the sick benefits will be paid is made up of contributions from the workers, the employers and the state. For example, it is planned to raise about $125,000,000 the first year. Of this sum the people to be insured will contribute in small weekly driblets about $61,500,000, the employers will contribute $51,250,000 and the state about $12,500,000.

While there has been for over a year a vast buzzing discussion of the probable terms of such a bill, the cabled outline of Lloyd-George's measures is too meager to make many points clear. It is evident, however, that the plan is to be one of prevention as well as of insurance. Sanitaria will be built; sanitary conditions studied and improved; a great, elaborate machinery built up for restoring the sick to health as quickly as may be. One of the most popular features seems to be the scheme for a special maternity benefit, conditional upon a mother's not returning to work within four months of her confinement.

The insurance against unemployment manifestly does not prevent unemployment—as the Conservatives triumphantly point out. But it is designed to prevent destitution. Each wave of unemployment, it is argued, turns a certain number of unemployed men into unemployable men. It sweeps away a certain number of homes and turns adrift just so many men, women and children. The out-of-work insurance, properly safeguarded from abuse, will prevent all this.

The two plans were not created wholly in Lloyd-George's brain. Sickness insurance goes back as far as 1881 in Germany. Insurance against unemployment is to be found in Switzerland and elsewhere. But in their application to English industrial and political conditions they will be of profound interest to this country.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

FORBES & COMPANY, 325 Dearborn St., Chicago. Truths. By E. B. Lowry, M. D. 95 pages; price, 50 cents net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City. The Adventure. By Henry Bryan Binns. 96 pages; price $1.00 net. Optimos. By Horace Traubel. 371 pages; price $1.50 net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, 4 Park St., Boston, Mass. The Heart of the Master. By William Burnet Wright, D. D. 274 pages; price $1.25.

LITTLE CHRONICLE COMPANY, 358 Dearborn St., Chicago. Open Air. By William E. Watt, A. M., Ph. D. 282 pages.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Boston, Mass. Flamstead Quarries. By Mary E. Waller. 493 pages; price, $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, 4th Avenue and 30th Street, New York City. Prayers in the Congregation and in College. By James Martineau. 64 pages. The Temple of Life. By Ernest Newlandsmith. 160 pages.

A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY, 221 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The Little Old Outlaws. By Anne Archibold Miller. Price 75 cents net. War or Peace. By Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. A. 273 pages; price $1.00 net. Gettysburg. The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War. By R. K. Beecham, 298 pages; price $1.75 net. The War Maker. By Horace Smith. 415 pages; price $1.50 net.

NUNCT LICET PRESS, 920 Nicollette Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. The Great Morning. By Clarence Lathbury. 71 pages; price 75 cents. Religion Rationalized. By Rev. Hiram Vrooman. 157 pages.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 378-388 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The Christ Myth. By Arthur Drews, Ph. D. 304 pages; price $2.25 net.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. The Church of Tomorrow. By Joseph Henry Crooker. 272 pages; price $1.00 net.

THE PROGRESS COMPANY, 210 Monroe Street, Chicago. The Pathway of Roses. By Christian D. Larson. 360 pages. Your Forces and How to Use Them. By Christian D. Larson. 329 pages.

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Every Day Desserts. By Olive Green. Price $1.00.

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A Question of Marriage. By Mrs. George deHorne Vaizey. 325 pages; price $1.35.

Love and Marriage. Ellen Key. 399 pages; price $1.50.

East and West. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. 280 pages; price $1.75.

Monster-Land. By Rowland Quiz. 344 pages.

Christ's Social Remedies. By Henry Earl Montgomery. 433 pages; price $1.50 net.

Bawbee Jock. By Amy McLaren. 380 pages; price $1.35 net.

Balder the Beautiful. By Grace Denio Litchfield. 73 pages; price $1.00.

The Moonlight Sonata. By M. A. B. Evans. 172 pages; price $1.25.

Howard's End. By E. M. Forster. 422 pages; price $1.35.

The Return. By Walter De La Mare. 354 pages; price $1.25.

More Than Kin. By Patricia Wentworth. 363 pages; price $1.35 net.

Sacred Symbols in Art. Elizabeth E. Goldsmith. 280 pages; price $1.75.

The Ashes of a God. By F. W. Bain. 152 pages; price $1.25.

Down our Street. By J. E. Buckrose. 378 pages; price $1.35.

A Room with a View. By E. M. Forster. 364 pages; price $1.35.

The Claw. By Cynthia Stockley. 449 pages; price $1.35.

John Murray's Landfall. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. 233 pages; price $1.25.

Later Pratt Portraits. By Anna Fuller. 415 pages; price $1.50.

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1911 Number 14

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What, indeed, is true civilization? By its fruit you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury—nay, not even a great literature and education widespread, good though these things be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core of societies of men. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for women, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion; the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of Justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for Peace.—*Lord Russell of Killowen.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911. Number 14.

THE MAKING OF AN ARMY

Men are not born to the fighting; men are not bred to the sword;
Only for God and their country have men to the battle-front poured.
Not in the clanging of armor; not in the lilt of the drum,
But in the call of their country do men hear the terrible "Come!"
Then rise the men of a nation, men of a purpose and will—
Then do they rise with a light in their eyes, but not as men go to the kill.

Men are not led with a halter, like to a reasonless beast;
Men are not lured by a bauble to add to the carrion feast;
Only when home and their country speak in the thunder of God
Men walk, with faces illumined, the paths that their fathers have trod.
Then, in the shrill of the bullet; then, in the war trumpet's song,
In the pipe of the fife leap the soldiers to life—ready and gallant and strong.

Let but an enemy's cannon threaten the strength of our walls;
Let but the hand of a traitor scatter disgrace in our halls—
Then will the glamour of bugles over the nation be dinned,
Then will the banners of battle snap in the hiss of the wind,
Then will the hearth be deserted, then will the marts all grow bare—
For the call will have pealed through the town and the field, and the men that are wanted are there!

Men are not born to the fighting! Tell it again and again.
Men who go down to the killing—pawns they may be, but not men.
Only when God and the country sound us the long rally roll,
Thrill us with drummings of conscience—comes then the blazing of soul!
Come, then the knowledge of duty; come all the purposes high—
Then come the men from the hill and the glen to put on their armor and die!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

With the advent of June the rational student of child welfare turns anxiously towards the Fourth of July. The *Survey* tells of a moving picture show that is to enforce the "Sane Fourth Movement." Surely it is needed, but the remedy will not be found in mild suggestions. There must be a drastic suppression of fire-arms, a legal as well as a moral condemnation of gunpowder, the turning from the inspirations of the military to the quieter but more lasting gratifications of thought, civic enthusiasm and the pride based in national integrity.

The recent installation of the Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany as pastor of the Church of the Disciples in Boston was an event of more than local interest. Mr. Rihbany is a "Child of the East," he represents Oriental vision steadied by Occidental culture. As he enters into the labors of James Freeman Clarke and Charles G. Ames, he inherits the pastorate that once rejoiced in Samuel G. Howe and his gifted wife, Julia Ward Howe, Governor John A. Andrew, and many such parishioners. The Church of the Disciples began as a democratic protest against the cool and refined exclusiveness of Boston Unitarianism. James Freeman Clarke wanted the people and so he built an open church with free pews, but he also wanted truth and freedom and so he exchanged with Theodore Parker, thereby losing the richer portion of his people, who withdrew to organize a church that would be immune to the approach of heresy. It is into such traditions as these that this Americanized Armenian enters upon a ministry that is enmeshed in problems as disturbing and acute as those which his predecessors faced. We congratulate the church and the people.

The Child Welfare Exhibit has come and gone. It was a most notable event. Never since the Worlds' Fair has the entire community been so aroused with a common interest. During the ten days of exhibit the Coliseum was crowded, oftentimes it was a jam, and all the time it was a happy, earnest, public-spirited throng. Classes, races and creeds were forgotten. The Lake Shore Drive hobnobbed with Halsted Street, the avenues and the alleys touched elbows right heartily. The sober work of the event was for the time being apparently over-laid by the entertaining features. Of course the chief contributors to this entertainment were the children of the public schools, who came in organized throngs, in gala-day dress and on their best behavior, making an impressive exhibit of "team-work." The rich who patronize private schools must have looked on with sad regrets concerning their own unfortunate children who are deprived of the jolly comradeship, the inspiring co-operation and the cultural values of the wider fellowship which the children of the public schools so conspicuously enjoyed and profited by.

The women of the Pacific Coast under the lead of the ever-youthful Madame Caroline M. Severance, "the Mother of Clubs," have started an ambitious but

altogether commendable movement for the erection of a colossal statue of Peace to be mounted at the entrance of the Panama Canal, and they have gone so far as to suggest a most attractive model drawn by Mrs. Frances G. Bartnett, a sculptor of San Francisco. It is a noble woman figure in sitting posture, flanked by peace doves and torches of truth, with the Biblical lion and lamb resting at her feet, the olive branch and other emblems. The figure is that of an attractive American woman, typifying the best in our civilization and who, like the "Christ of the Andes," properly conceived and nobly installed would send her message of love and her radiant smile of fellowship around the world. But a fortified Canal bristling with cannon would be an anti-climax, an indignity to art and religion so palpable that the noble suggestion had better go by unobserved. The women of America have a harder task to perform on their hands than the erecting of a Peace statue at Panama. They must first humanize our government and pluck from their own hearts the false glamour that rejoices in the glitter of war and the pomp and parade that breed jealousy, rivalry and enmity.

The Children of Chicago

The Exhibit is closed. There still remains the well-earned responsibility on the part of the management to put as much of this exhibit as possible into book form, that those who were not able to see it may catch something of the inspiration and that those who did see it may have time to study deliberately the significance of the same.

One more responsibility has been thrust upon the management, and that is to do what lies within their power to induce other cities to go and do likewise, using much of the graphic and portable exhibit prepared in New York and Chicago as the basis for more local studies.

It is to be hoped that the exhibit, the most impressive part of which was the children themselves, has left a lively sense of responsibility in the minds and hearts of the citizens of Chicago. The local papers announce that thirty-eight playgrounds are now ready, and eight million visits by men, women and children are expected during this coming summer season. Three million visitors are reported as having been guests of the sixteen recreation places under the special direction of the Park Commission last year on the North Side. This year seventeen playgrounds will be handled by the special Commission, five by the Lincoln Park Board, five by the West Park Board, and eleven by the South Park Board. These technical divisions indicate the perplexities and the ultimate weakness of our scheme. We need a unification here as we do in our street-car systems, in order to reach the highest efficiency.

Past experience shows that these attractive public playgrounds draw their constituency from a comparatively narrow zone. The circle of a few blocks represents, for the most, those who are effectively helped by them. It goes without saying that these thirty-eight playgrounds in this city of two and a half million people make less than a drop in the bucket. Much more will be done in the way of equipping special playgrounds, but it is impossible to meet the demands of the children of all the city in this way.

A happy suggestion has come from somewhere and ought to be put immediately into effect. There are thousands of acres in the city of Chicago dedicated as public highways. Many of these city streets are comparatively little used. Oftentimes stub-ends of side streets and unutilized alleys have been withdrawn from public use and dedicated to private commercial uses by means more or less open. Why should not the street systems of Chicago be carefully studied with a view of setting apart, during the summer season at least, certain sections of them for the children's uses? Even where the whole street cannot be used, the economic wisdom that would narrow the paved center of the street to twenty-eight feet or less, leaves fifty-two feet in an eighty-foot street open for other purposes. If six feet on either side be set apart for sidewalks for foot passengers, there would still be left a strip twenty feet wide on either side the street which might be dedicated to the children, with here and there some simple apparatus, sand piles, teeter-boards, swings, etc., etc. Perhaps experience would prove that this playground would be enhanced in value if protected on either side by a low woven wire fencing or iron rail; in any case this plaisance, growing attractive with shade trees, would make streets thus treated very homelike and would give an outlet to childish energies and provide outdoor play places for everything except ball games, which would have to be otherwise provided for. Let the children's rights to the streets be studied and then enforced.

Mr. Roosevelt at His Worst

Mr. Roosevelt has seldom said a wrong thing at a wrong time more lamentably than in his recent article on the arbitration treaty with Great Britain. In the hour when President Taft's proposal of this unlimited treaty is being hailed with the profoundest gratitude and exultation by the people of both the United States and Great Britain and acclaimed by the thought and conscience of the whole world, his predecessor in the presidency comes forward to damn it with faint praise, to intimate that if there were any

real dangers of the kind it is meant to guard against its negotiation would be questionable, and to impugn the central principle of Mr. Taft's great effort.

Mr. Taft's demand, which has so stirred the world and which he is now embodying in treaties with both Great Britain and France, is for a positive agreement between these nations and ourselves to refer to an arbitral court "every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory or money." Mr. Roosevelt declares that we should never bind ourselves to arbitrate questions respecting our honor, that the actual arbitration of such questions would be "cowardice" and the pretense that we would do it is "hypocrisy." If we actually should agree to arbitrate everything, the majority of our people, he says, would rightly repudiate the agreement if ever a real issue of honor arose. Either it should be tacitly understood, he adds, that such arbitration would not really be permitted or else it should be made explicit that we agree to such arbitration only with the understanding that issues of honor can never arise between us and the nations with which we make these treaties. In a word, translating Mr. Roosevelt's comment into plain speech, President Taft's proposal either is or ought to be insincere or it is superfluous.

With "honor" Mr. Roosevelt couples "integrity." Why "integrity" is lugged in he perhaps knows, but to most people it will appear only as a means of throwing dust and invoking spooks. Mr. Taft has surely never suggested or implied arbitrating national existence or integrity; and to all men conversant with arbitration it should go without saying that this presupposes the integrity of the arbitrating powers. Arbitration of the authority or right to arbitrate would be self-contradiction.

But accuracy is not Mr. Roosevelt's forte. By way of fostering strictures upon Mexico and assuming a kind of magnanimity on our part for not intervening there, he talks of the "repeated military invasion of our territory" by the Mexican troops. Of course nothing whatever has happened that can truthfully be so described. Of the culpable and unhappy things which actually have happened, Mr. Roosevelt says that it would be "absolutely intolerable" for us to bind ourselves to arbitrate the questions raised by them,—which foolish observation simply makes us thankful that not he but Mr. Taft is in the White House today, and that not he but General Grant was there during the more serious issue over the Alabama case. Mr. Roosevelt says that if English or other forces had done to us anything akin to what the Mexicans have done, we would immediately demand "atonement or war." As a matter of fact, if civil war broke out among our British brethren in Canada, and some battle on the border were accompanied by tragedies on this side like those opposite Prieta and Juarez, the Tafts of the time of such a contingency would still retain their reason, while the shriekers for "atonement or war" shrieked on. As matter of fact also, if, in the time of our own civil war, England, when sympathy with the rebellion was in saddle there and even Gladstone declared that Jefferson Davis had "created a nation," had massed an army on our frontier to "keep tab" on us, we should have had vastly greater ground for umbrage than the Mexicans, with similar ground, have given us by the tragical accidents at Douglas and El Paso. This is no criticism upon proper policing of our frontier and proper enforcement of neutrality laws.

Few things are more pestiferous in any nation than the business of advertising the motes in the eyes of neighbor nations and the blinding of one's own people to the beams in their eyes. If there be one thing more miserable, it is the pious and empty praise after dinner and in religious newspapers of virtues which, when the chance to practice them comes to ourselves, we always manage to dodge. Two or three years ago the nations of northern Europe, all the nations bordering on the North and Baltic seas, agreed by treaty that in case of war between any two of them no taking of territory by one from another should be allowed as a result. Congressman Slayden of Texas has just proposed a similar joint agreement by all the nations of North and South America. Nothing could be more reassuring in a situation like the present Mexican one. Such an agreement ought to have been made long ago; we ought to have set the example instead of following it. If we do not follow where we praise, it will be because of the "tacit understanding" in certain quarters that it may be profitable for us not to bind ourselves. Has not Columbia just shamed us by official comment upon the recent amazing confession, the boasting indeed, of the irregularities in our procedure in connection with Panama chicanery?

Now the plain people of America and of England take no stock in Mr. Roosevelt's esoteric or exoteric doctrines. They sincerely trust that none of the grave issues presented ever will arise between them, as they sincerely trust that no hostile feeling will ever again arise. But they do not forget the very hot feeling which flamed up through our whole jingo class no longer ago than December, 1895; and they know that there is no possible issue of "honor" which even Mr. Roosevelt's brain could conjure up which would not be settled vastly more honorably by impartial judges than by competitive explosives. As a matter of fact, these "questions of honor" about which men of Mr. Roosevelt's type wax grandiloquent, are for the most part the veriest bogies, as ridiculous in today's serious international arguments as that poor hypothetical Rooseveltian wife who "has her face slapped."

We all know well that the Alabama case, whose reference to arbitration by England and America meant not "cowardice," but character, involved almost every possible point of honor and vital interest, touching the gravest damages done us in the most critical hour of national peril, when our very life was at stake. That heavy damages should be assessed on England for the gross wrongs done and permitted, was righteous indeed. Yet Gladstone declared nobly that had the award borne ten times more heavily upon England than it did, it would have been as dust of the balance compared with possible war between these two great nations; and all that is best in the American people rejoices and is proud today that President Taft in making his high demand and pledge has taken the bravest and most advanced position ever taken by the responsible head of a great nation.

The American plain people, whom Lincoln trusted and who trusted him, scorn the insinuation that their president ought to make it "tacitly understood" that he does not mean what he says, or that his treaty contemplates fictitious and not real dangers. Their exultation and enthusiasm are because he does precisely and solemnly mean what he says, and they mean it. They have such confidence in their purposes, they desire to be bound by such standards, that they are ready to confront in every possible case of theirs the grand jury of the nations. They are sure that their president is willing, in the frankest freedom and good faith, to offer the same unlimited treaty to Japan or to Germany which he offers to England and France. They have no fear of the world's learned and impartial judges, and are sick of the humbug of longer pretense that arbitrament by the "biggest battalion" is juster and more gentlemanly that arbitrament by the world's supereme tribunal. A century ago a man who would not settle his personal "questions of honor" with his own sword was counted no gentleman. Today we count him no gentleman if he will do it; and civilization is catching up with nations as with men.

President Taft has done more by his brave proposal and his magnificent Christian confidence in the good purposes of men to lift the republic to true leadership and make her a "world power" indeed than has been done by any other American in this generation. He has identified himself with the great new day that is dawning; while the apologists for the mournful old order of which the world is weary, nervous lest the awakening of better hopes menace their big navy programs, are survivals of an era that, however long in dying, is doomed and passing away.

Mr. Roosevelt's final word in minimizing the significance of Mr. Taft's epoch-making treaty is that it "would have no effect whatever upon the armaments." Perhaps not tomorrow, nor the next day; but the inevitable logic of the commanding movement of our time to create adequate legal machinery for the settlement of international disputes is that the hoary old machinery for their settlement by fighting must gradually yield. We do not need to be warned not to esteem too highly President Taft's contribution to this great end; we need rather to open our eyes to its immense significance, and to range ourselves resolutely by his side in the critical hour when faith and reinforcement count.

WESTERNER

My fathers sleep o'er the sunrise plains
  And each one sleeps alone;
Their trails may dim to the grass and rains
  For I choose to make my own.
I lay proud claim to the blood and name
  But I lean on no dead kin:
My name is mine for the praise or scorn,
And the world began when I was born,
  And the world is mine to win!

They built high towns on their old log sills,
  Where the great, slow rivers gleamed,
But with new, live rock from the savage hills,
  I'll build as they only dreamed.
The fire searce dies where the trail-camp lies
  Till the rails glint down the pass;
The desert springs into fruit and wheat
And I lay the stones of a solid street
  Over yesterday's untrod grass.

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth
  Or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a white man's room on earth
  If his game is only square.
While he plays it straight I'll call him mate,
  If he cheats I drop him flat.
All rank but this is a worn-out lie,
For all clean men are as good as I,
  And a king is only that.

I dream no dreams of a nursemaid State,
  That will spoon me out my food.
A stout heart sings in the fray with fate
  And the shock and sweat are good.
From noon to noon all the earthly boon
  That I ask my God to spare
Is a little daily bread in store,
With the room to fight the strong for more,
  And the weak shall get their share.

The sunrise plains are a tender haze,
  And the sunset seas are gray,
But I stand here where the bright skies blaze
  Over me and the big Today.
What use to me is the vague "may be,"
  Or the mournful "might have been?"
For the sun wheels swift from morn to morn
And the world began when I was born,
  And the world is mine to win!

—*Charles Badger Clark, Jr.*

The world in which we live is an unfinished world. It is not wise, it is not happy, it is not pure, it is not good—it is not even sanitary. Humanity is little more than raw material. Almost everything has yet to be done to it. Before the days of geology, people thought the earth was finished. Before the spectroscope, men thought the universe was finished. We know now it is just beginning. The work of creation is going on. And the teeming universe of Men, also, has almost all its beauty yet to make.

THE PULPIT

The Cause of the Central Howard Association

PRESENTED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 7, 1911, BY W. M. R. FRENCH AND F. EMORY LYON

Mr. French, President:—We are pleased to put before you in brief the objects and needs of the Central Howard Association. Dr. Lyon is the executive officer, superintendent and secretary, and, as you know, the president of such an organization is rather a figure-head. I can therefore chiefly testify that the institution is well managed and worthy of your confidence.

I will give in outline what Mr. Lyon will fill in in detail. The Howard Association is named, of course, after the great English prison reformer of the last century, whose statue stands in St. Paul's. I remember seeing the statue more than twenty-five years ago and was impressed with the last sentence of it. It read somewhat to the effect that he followed an open but unfrequented path of greatness. It is this path that the Central Howard Association desires to pursue. The objects of this association are primarily to extend first help to the prisoner when he is released—to keep him for the first few days and, if possible, to find him a job, permanent employment, and to promote legislation. In several states laws are under consideration that will give prisoners wages, part to be saved for the prisoner at the expiration of his term, and part to be applied to the support of his family. Many of these measures are our object.

The simple method followed is to maintain an office in the Rand McNally building, where our superintendent or his assistants are always present; to write to all men about to be discharged from penal institutions, not only in Illinois but several other neighboring states, inviting them to come at once to our office, where they will be assisted. At the same time much good is done by correspondence with those in prison. There are arrangements for men to take correspondence courses, commercial courses in arts and industries, and then our superintendent goes up and down all over this western country advocating these measures. These things which do not appeal so much to our sympathies are perhaps more important than those which attract us. Little need be said about the needs of the discharged prisoner. Every wise person sees what a predicament a discharged convict is in, out of all relation to the world, unwilling to return to his family and friends, unable to get a job and even if he does get work we find many pitiful cases of men being turned out when it is known that they are ex-prisoners. The practice is to let people know the facts. A few days ago I was in the office when there was expected from Wisconsin a man who had been sixteen years in State's Prison on a life sentence and evidence had come to light which led to the belief that he was innocent. Imagine a man with a suit of clothes and two or three dollars turned out into the world. Today I asked our superintendent what became of that man and he said he had found him employment with a firm for which he had worked under the contract system.

Of course, Mr. Lyon can give instances which will give real character to an address. I am speaking more in the abstract. As regards the success met with, you inquire if it is possible to prevent a man from returning to evil ways. Now ex-prisoners, as a class, are not a very attractive sort of people. Nevertheless, there is this much to be said. The man usually comes out with the belief that getting into prison was a bad job and he has formed at least a weak resolution to make different connections in the future. And there is a chance, if he has someone to help him get started. There is nothing more foolish than our treatment of prisoners. Many saloons can be counted just outside the doors of the Penitentiary. We turn men out into the arms of the saloon. This society gives him a chance to avoid the saloon if he will.

You will find by the report for the last year that there were a little over a thousand men assisted with employment, a full regiment on the march; as many men as that in a single year, and I believe there are more this year. These men have been assisted at an expense to the society of about $8,000, that is, if you throw the whole expense on that part of the organization, something less than $8 apiece to take care of these men. Perhaps some of you can take care of one or two men. The correspondence classes cost, I believe, about $20 a full course. I will not make very much of an appeal to you, but our appeal is based on humanitarian principles and on the interests of the community. Think what a saving it is to have these men reclaimed promptly. Of course, there are cases of ingratitude, but they are not frequent. I say this in the name of him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I will close in the words of the old Scotch minister: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If you like the security give us the money."

Dr. Lyon:—The Good Book gives us the two-fold command that we love God and that we love our neighbors as ourselves. That command has an implied obligation that we believe in man and believe that man is made in God's image. It is more difficult to believe in man as we find him than it is to believe in our more or less abstract idea of God, and it is a still more difficult task to make the man believe in himself, especially in the case of men who have largely lost faith in their fellows and confidence in their own ability to make good. Men who have come out of prison to face the world with a better purpose have found it well-nigh impossible to carry out that purpose. In the United States there are something like 100,000 criminals. It is fair to say that 50,000 of these are not criminals in the ordinary sense,—many of them are accidental offenders, young men who come out of prison resolved to use their time to advantage. But often the efforts of ten years are counteracted in ten days by evil associations, and the man drifts into crime again. Our object is to extend to these men the friendly hand, to speak the kindly word, to secure him employment, tools and clothes, pay his board for the first week and tide him over this critical time. It is worth while from the economic standpoint to discover the best purpose and foster it until it shall become the

dominant purpose in their lives. It costs less to keep a man out of prison than to keep him in, and from the moral standpoint it is surely worth while. And this is why we spend our time in welcoming these men of all sorts and conditions, all the way from those who have accidentally over-stepped the law to those who more deliberately have erred, from the artisan to the college graduate, from seventeen to seventy years of age, men of all stages of development and discouragement. Underneath the surface of these lives we are able to discover the element of manhood on which we can pin, and because of this remainder of manhood, in spite of the fact that these men have yielded to temptation once or twice, they respond to the opportunity, they respond to the chance of getting away from the horror, from the suffering which they have known, and are glad to look out into life with new prospects. Some have learned their lesson in prison, although our prison system is not all that it should be to teach these men the lesson of life. But we expect too much of them. Where society, home, church and school failed to make a young man a good citizen, we expect the prison to do so, to do what all these other institutions have failed to do. The existence of crime is a confession of failure on the part of society in that direction, and it behooves society to make up for this and make good citizens out of criminals yet. It is a marvel what some of these men have accomplished in the prison. Very few of us in the ordinary walks of life could overcome all the obstacles they have to encounter.

Here is a man who has been in prison five years. When he came he could neither read nor write. He studied in the prison books and learned the plumbing trade, and asked us to pay his tuition that he might complete his course, so that when he should get out at the expiration of the nine years he could earn his living and be a good citizen.

One young man was sent to the Wisconsin Penitentiary at the age of twenty. He had lost his mother when a child. He grew up among wild companions, and finally found himself for a year in Waubun prison, and when he went to the Chapel service, he realized that in the Chaplain's address he had received his first good advice. He resolved to make the year in prison his opportunity, and when he came out he had planned out carefully what he was going to do. A few of these men come to us perhaps to get the temporary help, but for the most part they come with a deep set purpose to keep away from the things of the past. They have all sorts of motives, sometimes religious. I think of a man who had committed several crimes before he was apprehended. He was given ten years in the days of solitary confinement, and in that solitary confinement he happened to pick up a book called "The Millennium Dawn." This book appealed to him, entered into his life and purpose and caused him to resolve that he would change the whole course of his life, and at the time of his release he was fairly well fitted to take his place in the world. He is now a worthy citizen, a credit to his new church and to the institution from which he came.

A young man with Quaker training ran away from home, fell into bad ways, and spent several terms in prison, and after the last release from the Texas Penitentiary, he came to us and desired to find out how to make a right start. He was determined to go back home, but he said, "I want to be a man first," and thus it was that home influence had prompted him with a purpose.

There are many workers in this city, among those we placed nine or ten years ago in the first years of the association, who are still working in the same positions. Others are in different positions, but we know where they are. They come to see us and we often hear from them. They are useful as well as good citizens. And so there are hundreds of these men, holding good positions in banking houses, etc., supporting mothers and sisters, being men among men.

I speak of the educational side of the work because it often leads to higher impulses of great value. In all of this work we have been very fully convinced of two or three conclusions, namely: that very few of these men find themselves in the condition they are in solely because of their own depravity. In almost every case we find that it is due to unfavorable environment.

Who is responsible for this man who comes to us at forty-two years old after spending one-half of his life in prison and having scarcely drawn a sober breath out of prison? He is not a repulsive man, but has a gleam of self-respect and manhood. Aside from giving him new shoes and better clothes, what could we do for him, when society had done so much against him? He could not have kept a job long, other than the job of keeping sober, but quite to our surprise he did keep work for some time. We have not seen him for some time; perhaps he is in drink again. We could do little for such a man unless we could have devoted our whole time to him and stood by him through thick and thin.

Another case had cocaine administered when sick, and found himself addicted to the use of the drug.

After these men have paid their debt to society and come forth with a better purpose, then surely it is up to us as citizens to help them make good that purpose. If love will not save them, then nothing will. These men need true sympathetic helpers as man to man. They reform largely in proportion to the character of individual influence over them, and the prison system itself is largely a failure because it is too much of a system.

John Whitman has been largely successful in the administration of an institution of this kind, not only because he has used that personal element of human sympathy in discovering the best and worst in men, but because he utilizes the best elements of the institution to control the worst. And in all of these institutions we shall be successful only in proportion as we teach the whole lesson of life to these men. In county jails, for example, where men are kept waiting trial, each one should be kept by himself and helped. And we are looking to such ends as that. The Adult Probation measure, which is now about to pass, will be a help. Other states have used it successfully for a number of years, and the Central Howard Association has been working for that measure for six or eight years and has at last practically secured it. Last year at a convention England besought America to give more attention to petty offenders. We have given more attention to the more serious offenders and have neglected the petty offenders. The Adult Proba-

tion measure will make it possible for the judges to suspend sentence in the case of non-support, and instead of being sent to the House of Correction again and again, men will be put on probation under supervision of the Probation officer appointed by each court. Thus the principle of the Juvenile League will be extended to the adult offenders as well, and the principle of parole will be carried into effect without sending the man to prison at all.

In such cases it is claimed that something like 80 per cent of these men do well. We need one more Probation officer at once to follow up those who are put on probation until such time as the law is fully working. We need the sympathy of all good people in both the individual work of helping these men and also in the public work of securing preventive legislation. We want individual visitors working on the men in our charge on our parole.

The men come to the office once a month and make report, and we should be very glad to have men from this church who would act as Big Brothers to these men. Come down and pick out one of these men and be a real friend to him, a friend more intimate than we can possibly be. Counsel and advise him as to how to spend his money and his time, and help him recognize the sympathy and confidence which mean so much to all of us. And we need your co-operation in obtaining employment for these men. The president has suggested that it has cost $7.67 on an average for the last ten years to care for one man, and it would be a splendid thing if one of you could feel that you could carry one of them, making a good citizen out of him. Or you might pay the tuition of one of these men who desires to learn a trade by correspondence, or all of you together could provide a probation officer for six months, which is a very essential thing for the coming summer.

And in one of these ways may we not prove to many of these men the great fact which they may have forgotten, that our Father is a God of Love.

KINGDOMS

Kings of a hundred *Dreadnaughts*, ruling the Seven Seas—
Parked artillery, powder and steel—shall ye endure by these
Keeping an armed lordship of earth whereso your sentries stand?
What are Akkad and Assur now? Shards, in the drifting sand.

Kings of a thousand forges, kings of ten thousand men,
Liner and limited, shuttlewise thrown, from port unto seaport again,
Weaving a web of infinite threads, giants of hand and of brain—
Where are the galleys Phœnicia sailed? Ooze, in a desolate main.

Kings of the soul's out-searchings, kings of the far ideal—
Poets, philosophers, prophets—the Christ—lifting men nearer the Real—
Not unto dust as the war lords go, not as the lords of greed,
But rising forever from life to life—kings and Messiahs indeed!

—*Charles Buxton Going.*

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in Union and Liberty.*

From Our Foreign Correspondent

I feel indeed like an explorer, for during the past two weeks I have penetrated into some of the most remote villages in Calabria, and have seen and talked with those who never before had seen an American. One day I spent in a little village of 4,000 inhabitants, which is known as the most ferocious in Calabria, a place where one sees many small crosses by the roadside or scattered irregularly about the country. I asked the reason for this, and was told, on good authority, that each cross marked the spot where someone had been murdered. Now, however, the people are more calm and an offense is usually settled in the courts, as there are more lawyers and the law is not so expensive to obtain as formerly. Subsequently I had an opportunity to attend a trial of a case which in a more advanced community would have been settled out of court. While the judge agreed with me that this showed a step in advance of the personal combat settlement, he told me that there was danger of unscrupulous lawyers taking advantage of the helplessness of the people in furthering their own interests.

We drove slowly through the village, followed by scores of men, women and children. At length we found an official and told him that an American lady wished to see the native surrounding of so many strong men who are now tilling our land and making our railroads. With the word American the countenances of all changed and immediately the scores were increased to hundreds. We asked to be shown some of the work of the hand looms, which we heard everywhere about us. They showed us the cocoons of the silkworm forming in baskets of mulberry leaves, and then showed us the finished product, dyed with the purest of vegetable dyes. Naturally there was some squalor in the homes, but in the main the houses were as clean as the circumstances would permit. We afterward visited the home of a rich baron in the same town and here, too, measured by our standards, we found only a relative amount of comfort and convenience. In some of the homes I found evidences of some member of the family having been in America—but these evidences were only in the shape of an alarm clock or watch of American manufacture and showed no change in the present manner of living or hope for much better for the coming generation. Thus far I have seen nothing to justify the claim made by certain political parties in southern Italy that emigration should be encouraged in order to spread the knowledge of our methods of work and education.

After some days of this sort of exploration, with the opportunity for comparison and deduction which time does not permit me to write of, it was a relief to accept the invitation of the hermit of Mount Stella to visit the old convent at the top of the mount and see the shrine of the virgin, which, he assures me, was placed there by superhuman hands, adding that every year hundreds of the sick are cured by her. They climb up the steep ascent on their knees, and lay their infirmities at her feet. . . . A few mornings after, on Sunday, my host sent word to me at five o'clock not to miss the glorious sunrise over the blue Ionia, and to make myself ready to climb

to the summit of Mount Stella in half an hour. Three of us started off and on the road we were met by the gentle old priest, who carries his seventy-five years like a man of fifty. Hearing that the Signora Americana intended going, he asked the privilege of accompanying us and saying Mass at the accustomed hour. This was especially gracious, for "La Signora Americana" had been obliged to refuse his importunities to act as a godmother to the little son of her host a few days before, because her conscience would not permit her to repeat the creed or make the promises nesessary to accept such a charge. We walked slowly, with Father Concetti telling many legends of the mount, which rose a thousand feet above us, and represented a zig-zag climb of five miles.

Suddenly, from behind a rock, appeared the old bell-ringer of the nearby church and, with the familiarity of all dependents of this house, he demanded to know where we were going. He is the village wag and his perpetual smile and hearty laugh would dispel the gloom of the worst city-bred dyspeptic. He then pulled a flute from his pocket and played for our edification. It was not long before a group of young women and servants of the household joined us, the servants carrying on their heads huge baskets of food. Later on, there came from somewhere among the trees little peasants bearing musical instruments, each one begging to be permitted to accompany us. This was granted, and with a gesture indicating the power which my host possessed, he commanded that no one should go before me, for I was the first American to ascend this mount. By half past ten o'clock we arrived at the ancient monastery, and were met by the old hermit, who had lived there for thirty-five years. It would take an artist to describe him in his coarse brown habit and wooden shoes, and with a severity of expression born of a vigorous life among these grey rocks. We rested until the bell sounded for Mass, when we entered the little chapel of the monastery built 395 years ago! We women were permitted to seat ourselves on the stone seats around the altar, while the men were sent to the loft above. Truly, while one could not subscribe to the letter, or, many times, to the spirit of this service, it would be a callous soul that would not feel the poetry of it and be touched by the dear, gentle old priest, and the devout shepherds who had wandered in and to whom this represented all the poetry or hope in this life, or in the life to come.

An hour spent in this place, where servants and master knelt side by side, refreshed soul and body after the long climb, and we all assembled in the court-yard below and listened to the music of the guitars and mandolins and the singing of the bell-ringer, who could neither read nor write but sank the folk songs handed down for generations. In the meantime the dinner was being prepared, and later was served in the rude dining-hall of the monastery from the huge brick oven in the same room.

I had to rub my eyes to assure myself that I had not been transported back into the middle ages. Our host was a typical baron, loud, genial and commanding,—the priest in his solemn gown looked benignly on us all; the hermit bore in his arms two bottles of precious wine, which he placed before our host and brought to me a cheese wrapped in a spotless napkin. A huge young goat had been cooked whole and was brought to the table with every kind of product in the way of vegetables that the land produces. The hangers-on of our train—and we now numbered twenty-five in all—were told to look at the table and prepare their stomachs for what might remain. We seated ourselves and everybody toasted everyone else, but above all every courtesy was shown "La Signora Americana," who had failed to be intimidated by the tales of brigandage and had honored them by her presence! After dinner we reassembled in the court-yard to listen to the music, when, suddenly in the midst of a song, came the voice of a wandering hermit from a nearby mountain. He came in with long strides and stood in our midst, staff in hand, wild-eyed and ferocious, and demanded to know why such revelry was permitted before the house of God. He denounced us all for such profanation. He was dealt with patiently by our host, the resident hermit, but was hooted at by the shepherds. Our gentle old priest reminded him that he did not know the customs of this hermitagé and our host told him to listen to his betters, while an irreverent youth told him to be gone and say his prayers for lost souls. The poor, half-crazed creature took him literally at his word and went to the chapel above and prayed for us all.

Leaving him behind we all prepared to go to the summit of the mountain, the musicians chanting as we climbed. It was, indeed, a strenuous journey, but well worth the effort, for we looked down from a dizzy height upon five villages, and such a combination of hills, valleys and sea I have never before dreamed of. In this contemplation of the magnitude of nature all the smaller things of life seemed of little value. No one wished to speak in the presence of this spectacle and we retraced our steps and came back to the monastery where the hermit awaited us for vesper service. Following him, we descended into the natural grotto down sixty-five flights of steps, with hanging stalactites of all colors forming a natural and beautiful roof. In the remote recess is the miraculous Madonna which, to my profane eyes, lacked the finish in carving that less heavenly hands could produce, but it was of purest white marble and the general effect was impressive. At the foot knelt the padre and the hermit, while the rest of us sat on the steps with the musicians at the top of the stairs, all chanting the vesper service. It was, indeed, a memorable day and we returned in the cool of the evening, contesting the path with the shepherds returning with their sheep. I shall leave this part of the country with sincere regret, but I shall also feel that I have gained something of permanent value among a people who are so little understood when they come to our shores.

JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Calabria, Italy, May 1, 1911.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Last Word

This is a little book, the joint work of James and Mary Baldwin, both of them Masters of Philosophy, published by the Broadway Publishing Company, of New York. It is very interesting to find a brother's and sister's name joined together on the title page of a book given to the severest thinking and devoted to pure philosophy, if by that we mean research and thinking quite independent of any of the practicalities or the utilitarian considerations which occupy the floor at the present time. It may be also worthy of further note that these students are Westerners, and are witnesses to the cultural life of the West. Here are two more names to be added to the already imposing list of thinking "Hoosiers." Their home is in Indianapolis.

Of course a philosopher has a right to frame his own terminology, and, if need be, to invent new words. It is only incumbent upon him that he define his terms, and the reader has to accept them. These writers have indulged themselves to the utmost limit in the use of new words and strange combinations. Perhaps this is evidence of the originality of the book, and an indirect witness that "the last word" in philosophy is not yet within the reach of even the intelligent.

We confess that we are not sufficiently sophisticated to be able to grasp the full purport of the first three chapters, entitled, "The Goal of Science," "The Infinity of Mentation," and "The Law of Mentation." But, by close application we are persuaded that the authors themselves knew what they were talking about, and that they have made a case to their own satisfaction concerning "the law of universal, eternal mentation, infinitely mediating between mortal cells, socializing admentation-exmentation," whatever that means. We think it means that the ultimate analysis in the laboratory of physical science resolves all the alleged facts of experience into modes of motion, and with great ingenuity and unquestioned research the authors have applied this law to psychical and social experiences.

The latter part of the book, the five chapters which apply this "ultimate generalization of science," comes more within our comprehension, and "the last word" in matters of religion, government, morality, art and education bristles with comprehensible wisdom, and shows much insight, though we fear that here the authors are more devoted to fitting the experiences of life into their theory than the fitting of their theory to the facts of life. For instance, we are not at all sure that the facts warrant the assumption necessary to their theory that "uneducated children and undomesticated animals are never unhappy." Neither are we sure that "civilizations go down to ruin in hysterical laughter." We hardly know what to make of the statement that "unhappiness springs solely from the disagreement of the ideal stage," that is, from the desire of fixity. But we are quite sure that they are sane when they speak of men "ruling through the pen rather than the sword," indeed, "that the modern sword is itself a product of the inventive pen," that "civilization based upon servility draws to its last fall," and that "every civilization has fallen hitherto from de-socialization."

"The last word" in religion rises to a fine climax when it describes the church of universal science as the church whose prayer is "communion in service without servility, its cathedral is everywhere, its ritual is unrestriction, its commandments are 'thou shalts,' its priest is conscience, its sociality is open to every being."

"The last word" in government is still more clear in its suggestions and stimulating in its insight, and this conception of the great industrial army, organized in such a way as to develop latent resources and the undeveloped man, a school more needed by the adult than by the child, provokes thought. "The last word" in government ventures to affirm that "patriotism as a passion is as deadly as anarchism." Perhaps there is a truth in the protest against the Red Cross and its humanities, for they say: "If no quarter, torture, pillage and all the rigors of savagery were advocated, there would be few failures in international arbitration agreement." This chapter closes with high appreciation of the Road-town, devised by Edgar S. Chambless, which seeks, not to ruralize the city, but to urbanize the country. These authors know how to turn a graceful sentence and to pack an epigram, such as "every one may acquire the Lincoln brand of beauty in gracious service without servility."

"The last word" in art, according to these dreamers, is that "the theatre is fundamentally the one perfect human institution * * * the next revolutionary 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will make its debut upon the stage."

"The last word" in education is a disturbing one, but re-assuring in its close when it says that "the proper basis of child education is agriculture," and that today the unspoiled conscience of the child is ready to meet the completed science of the adult, in affirming the law of the continuity of conscience, and this is the brightest augury for the swift realization of the gospel of 'The Last Word.'"

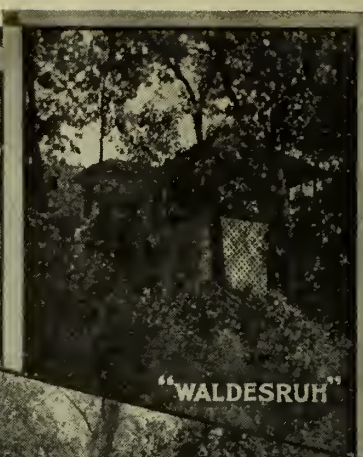
This is also the last word in the book, which we lay down with the feeling that this brother and sister have better work in store, that this amateur venture has cleared the way for something that will be less presumptuous in its philosophy, less dogmatic in its assertions.

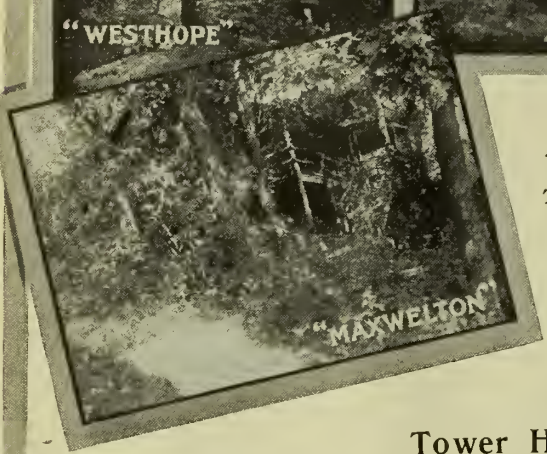
Now, with this work out of the way, and the deck cleared for action, we will wait for a "word" that is not definitive. There is a large element of agnosticism in true philosophy, the progress of which, as some one has wisely stated, is determined, not by the settling of questions, but by giving them up.

J. LL. J.

In the month of June, when the world is green,
When the dew beads thick on the clover spray,
And the noons are rife with the scent of hay,
When the rose is queen, in Love's demesne,
Then the time is too sweet and too light to stay;
Whatever the sun and the dial say,
This is the shortest day!

—*Edith M. Thomas*





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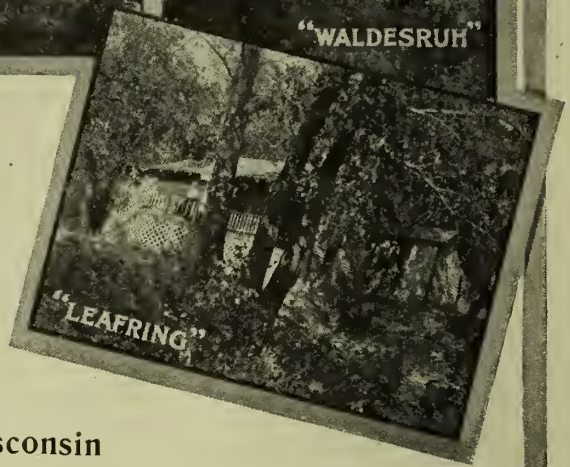

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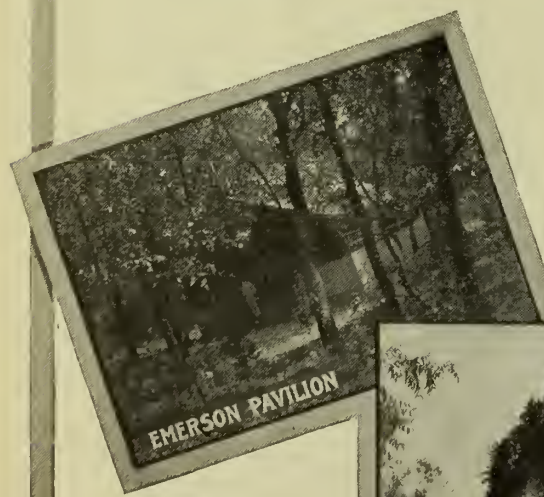

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES IN DOCTOR HALE'S PULPIT

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant occupied the pulpit of the South Congregational Church, Boston, Sunday morning, May 21, giving in the place of the regular sermon an address upon American and European Co-operation for World Peace. He paid warm tribute in opening to the memory of Doctor Hale and his great services in the peace cause. He had met and heard Doctor Hale at the New York Peace Congress in 1907, and the simplicity, vigor and prophetic character of his speech there had made a profound impression upon him, which had been deepened, he said, by reading afterwards his speeches at Mohonk. He was specially impressed by Doctor Hale's reverence for the founders of the republic, Franklin, Jefferson, and their associates, and for his constant effort to keep the present generation in America alive to their high principles. He remembered with peculiar pleasure the great meeting of 5,000 school children which he had addressed in Carnegie Hall in connection with the Peace Congress of 1907; and he had had occasion during his present extended lecture trip through the United States in the interest of international good will to observe the remarkable movement in behalf of the peace cause among the young people. It was, as he came to understand, the devotion and broad activities of Doctor Hale and men like him that had inspired the wonderful extent of fine feeling and enthusiasm among the young people. Our future was secure because our inheritance was so noble. He liked to think that the leaders of the revolution in France and of the revolution in America were actuated by the same principles of human freedom and progress, and that America and France would always work heartily together for the peace and order of the world. He rejoiced that President Taft, who was negotiating an unlimited treaty of arbitration with Great Britain, was negotiating a treaty of the same kind with France; and he congratulated the American people that, through the splendid effort of their president, they were at this hour leading the world in the most important movement of our age. He urged all who heard him to untiring effort in support of their president and their best leaders in their high endeavor. Everything depends, at least in democracies, upon right public opinion. The people must push their leaders to right policies; and when their leaders proposed right policies they must worthily support them. It was peculiarly the duty of the churches and of religious men to support these policies of peace. He was constrained to say that the churches, in human history, have not done their duty in this matter. The churches in France certainly had not done theirs. He spoke of the times of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., when the churches were almost constantly upon the side of privilege and power and war. The services in the churches, and often the very names of the churches, showed how wicked and unfitting their course had been in this thing. It was high time for something better; and he rejoiced that among the free churches of America and England we were seeing so much that is better. Yet he had read while in this country of utterances of men high in the church praising war. This was to him shocking; he could think of nothing so contrary to the spirit of Christ and the Christian religion as the defense of the killing of men by ministers in the Christian Church. What the churches need is the spirit of Edward Everett Hale. He was proud and grateful to have been asked to speak in his church; and the experience gave him new inspiration and new consecration in his own work.

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SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY. 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Priest. 269 pages; price $1.25 net.

The Dilemma of the Modern Christian. By Edward W. Eppens. 181 pages; price $1.20 net.

Man's Tomorrow. By William H. Kingsley. 190 pages; price $1.20 net.

The Evolution of Religion. By William A. Hinckle, M. D. 161 pages; price $.80 net.

Key-Notes of Optimism. By Calvin Weiss Laufer. 152 pages; price $1.00 net.

The Future Citizen. By F. A. Myers. 189 pages; price $1.20 net.

The Beginning of Things in Nature and in Grace. By Joseph K. Wright. 188 pages; price $1.20 net.

Psychic Phenomena. Science and Immortality. By Henry Frank. 556 pages; price $2.25 net.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Illinois. The Country Church and the Rural Problem. 153 pages; price $1.08 postpaid.

Y. M. C. A. PRESS, 124 E. 28th St., New York City. Men and Religion, 168 pages.

GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK, Publisher, West LaFayette, Ohio. War—What For? By George R. Kirkpatrick. 350 pages; price $1.20.

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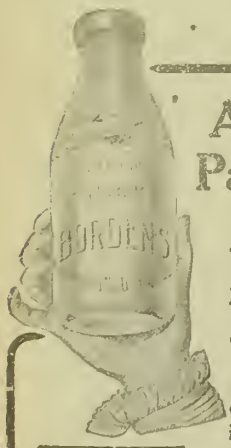

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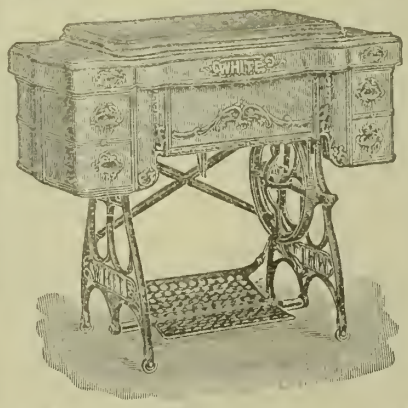

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I blew, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding;
I blew, I blew, the heart within me bounding;
The world was fresh and fair, yet dark with wrong,
And men stood forth to conquer at the song
I blew, I blew, I blew.

The field is won; the minstrels loud are crying,
And all the world is peace and I am dying,
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain,
Enough if I alone recall the strain
I blew, I blew, I blew.

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1911. NUMBER 15.

THE WAY OF THE FLOWERS.

Sweet, fragrant blossoms, rose-hued ones and white,
Who taught you how to draw the color line,
Deep in the dark of ignorance and night,
Before you knew the power of suns to shine?

Who bade you reach your sightless, mindless hands
To grope in all that wilderness of gloom,
And without faith that knows or understands,
Take only what was needed for your bloom?

Who drew your plan and scheduled you your time—
Who measured out the structure of your stem,
And whispered you the message how to climb,
And when you climbed but slow did not condemn?

Who fitted all your petaled wings with skill
And folded them before they yet were born
About the calyxed fragrance of your will,
To lift you into life's wide smiling morn?

Are you content to follow all the way
The flower-peopled path spells out for you,
Across the sunlit splendor of the day,
Into the twilight meadows deep with dew,

And on into the night of time and place?
Do you believe there ever was a morn
Filled to the level brim with joy and grace
Before your own sweet, gentle soul was born?

Do you believe that there can ever be
Another morning sky beyond the night?
And will you come again and look for me,
And shall I know your formless pink and white?

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

Unity Manse, Humboldt, Iowa.

It is encouraging to find how rapidly the peace propaganda spreads among the churches. For even this reform in its pioneer days has had reason to complain of the halting attitude of clerics and the hesitating movement of the churches. We have before us in an attractive vest-pocket form a searching sermon by the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York City, on "Militarism and the Christian Church," published for free distribution at the church and sold at the rate of $2 per hundred for missionary purposes. Here is a tract the distribution of which is worth while. The pastor of the Congregational Church in the University town of Champaign, Illinois, has just completed a series of twelve Sunday evening addresses on the movement towards universal peace, and we learn from the Secretary of the National Unitarian Conference to be held in Washington, D. C., next November, that a session is to be devoted to the problem of abolishing war, which means the practicing by nations of the religion that has been so strenuously confessed by the citizens thereof for many centuries.

Colonel Higginson has an essay entitled "The Cowardice of Culture," in which he makes some severe arraignments of those colleges and universities which have been too often found on the wrong side of reform, or at least cherishing the respectability that characterizes the conservative when their testimonials would be most valuable on the other side. Harvard College seems anxious to avoid in future the imputations of its honored alumnus. We have before us two interesting publications from the Harvard University Department of Social Ethics; one a pamphlet of forty pages on "The Housing Problem," a summary of conditions and remedies by James Ford, Ph. D.; the other entitled "The Social Museum as an Instrument of University Teaching," by Francis G. Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals. The latter pamphlet of forty-three pages contains an alphabetical list of the collection. It is interesting to note that under the head of "Anarchism," a portrait of Reclus represents France, of Nietzsche represents Germany, of Salomonson represents Holland, and Tolstoy, Russia; while the exhibit under "Socialism" offers no portraits except those of Babel and Marx from Germany. There are two picture exhibits from Paris and some socialist posters from Milan. We infer that this Museum is in its infancy and that Harvard University means to see it grow.

Wisconsin, the banner-bearing state in the Union on the advance line, is not content with its past laurels, but, recognizing the logic of the situation, has promised to commit the problem of woman's suffrage to the vote of its people in 1912. Here is an opportunity to do some high educational work. Wisconsin will be in the limelight and the result of the vote on woman's suffrage will be anxiously watched by the friends of progress throughout the world. The sober, thoughtful voter is not to be moved by noise and excitement and we hope that the women of Wisconsin will avoid the clap-trap, the band-playing, the posturing and the "hifalutin'" oratory with which the men have debauched the "stump." Let the women appeal to the better natures, and, above all, the better judgment of the men. We suggest to the Executive Committee that they save their campaign funds from the depletion incident to the employment of third, fourth and fifth-rate orators, and use their funds to issue a popu-

lar edition of not less than ten thousand, better twenty-five thousand of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's sane book on "Women and the Alphabet," which is, perhaps, all things considered, the most scholarly, as well as the most convincing and appealing all-round argument presented in one volume. A "Wisconsin Edition," published with the consent and co-operation of Colonel Higginson's efficient publishers, would be a great stroke. We hope the friends of woman's suffrage, men and women, in the Badger State, will take this suggestion seriously.

At last the long-promised report of the Theodore Parker Anniversaries celebrated in Chicago last November under the joint auspices of the Free Religious Association, the Congress of Religion, the National Federation of Religious Federations, and a local committe of One Hundred, is ready for delivery. The report was promised in UNITY immediately following the remarkable series of meetings which were held at various centers, including Orchestra Hall, the Hull House, St. Paul's Universalist Church and Lincoln Centre. The committee had in mind a fugitive pamphlet, paper bound, for which subscriptions at the rate of twenty-five cents per copy were solicited, but the plans of the Committee grew on their hands until now we have a handsome volume of over two hundred pages, printed in clear type and on good paper, containing a full reproduction of everything said as caught by the skillful fingers of Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly, well known as one of the most skillful stenographers in Chicago. The volume is substantially bound in cloth, contains a beautiful portrait of Theodore Parker as a frontispiece, and two dozen or more portraits of the executive and advisory committees and the leading speakers. The book is dedicated "To those who are to come after; the future generations for whom and with whom Theodore Parker will still be working;" and offers as an illuminating frontispiece a remarkable tribute, sent to the committee by a "Well-known Methodist Divine," who has since gone to his reward, translated like Theodore Parker out of the ministry of his high work and great usefulness. During the Centennial celebration throughout the country, a friend and lover of Theodore Parker wrote: "Why is it that Theodore Parker's name no longer kindles and glows?" However it may have been in other cities, in Chicago at least, Theodore Parker's name did both kindle and glow, it kindled hearts independent of and beyond all sectarian lines to speak glowing words, and his name glowed in unwonted places. Perhaps this was because the program was but little concerned with personalities relating to the dead man but was devoted to the consideration of living issues, the hot problems with which the living Theodore Parker is still concerned, and to the solution of which his words are still timely and his pages still eloquent and instructive. To those who were forehanded enough to subscribe for the work in advance, copies will be sent as per promise for the twenty-five cent subscriptions, but orders for the remaining copies will be handled in the order received at the rate of seventy-five cents per copy. This is a book for the library, one that will be much prized by the lovers of Theodore Parker, and, what is better, one that is well qualified to make new lovers of the great apostle of freedom, a prophet of the American Church, a herald of universal religion.

Ministerial Education

The Meadville Theological School has lived sixty-seven years of life quietly, and has accepted, in the main uncomplainingly, the degree of obscurity which belongs to its mission more than to its locality. The ministerial profession is by common consent regarded with increasing suspicion by the type of young man that a century ago turned toward it with love and enthusiasm as the noblest opportunity for right-minded men with scholarly tastes and ethical enthusiasms.

But this modest School of the Prophets has recently been stirred with a tempest of agitation. A proposition to move the school to Chicago and plant it under the eaves of the Chicago University called forth the aggressive championship of the President, and, we believe, of most if not all of the faculty and the majority of the non-resident trustees; while on the other hand it aroused the earnest, sustained and active opposition of the vigilant local board, with perhaps one exception.

Theoretically, the desirability of university affiliations and the advantages of a metropolitan neighborhood for a school designed to prepare men for the active ministry of religion is to our minds hardly a debatable question, but to move an institution with sixty-seven years of history is at best a drastic proposition, a process as difficult and beset with as many dangers as the transplanting of a full-grown tree, and we believe the test vote that decided not to disturb present relations was wise. The petty sum of $100,000, which the friends of the transplanting proposed to raise, would be wholly inadequate to give to the new school the proper relations and equipment, to give it standing and efficiency in the Chicago environment, and is a wholly inadequate money argument to offer for the abandonment of the present plant and the transference of an endowment that is rapidly approaching the million-dollar sum. Furthermore, a denominational school whose active and avowed purpose is to supply

ministers to the Unitarian denomination is probably better fitted to do its work at Meadville than in the atmosphere of Chicago. This does not indicate our lack of interest in the suggestion of establishing a great school for the study of morals and religion in connection with the great University of Chicago. We think the time is coming when the believers in untrammeled religious fellowship and the scientific study of religion and ethics, and the application of the same to the problems not only of individual life but of the community and the State, will join in the founding and the maintenance of such an institution, and we believe that, in the fullness of time, the Unitarians, Universalists, Independents, progressive Jews, the Ethical Culture movement, and other organized friends of the open mind and the applied faith in religion will help establish and maintain such an institution. But the initiative must come not from the representatives of trusts already sacred,—least of all can they be drafted into this service,—but from such representatives of progressive capital and civic enthusiasm as are ready to break new ground, create new moulds for the spirit, and woo, not coerce, existing organizations to co-operate with it.

Stumbling among the "scissorings" of long ago, a friend who knew of this agitation fell upon the following opinion expressed by the Senior Editor of UNITY in an interview given to a local daily eighteen years ago, on the eve of the great Parliament of Religions. Speaking of the tasks that were coming up before the representatives of liberal religion in Chicago, he said:

"And more important and more imperative than all these tasks is the responsibility laid upon the liberal minds of Chicago to provide for the future education of workers in the field of morals, religion and reform. The twentieth century will dawn upon us with tremendous problems in the realms of the spirit. Chicago capital, Chicago brain and Chicago conscience ought to provide for a great study of these problems. The Chicago University is an assured greatness. Its schools of science, literature, medicine and orthodox theology are already under way, and their growth and success are inevitable. There is yet one great gap, a damaging deficiency,—one which if allowed to remain will be a reproach to the liberal minds and the liberal churches of Chicago, a menace to the higher education which the university ought to yield. I have been waiting anxiously for the man or the men who would see this want and take steps toward supplying it. A "School of Applied Ethics and Applied Religion" is the next great thing that Chicago is going to attach to the university, and through the university give to the world. It will be a school where religion and ethics will be studied in a scientific spirit, uncommitted to creed or to church. Such a school will not only draw the young men and women who desire to study in such an atmosphere for the ministry, but the many more who intend to engage in journalism, teaching, philanthropy, state-craft and home-making. It will take $1,000,000 to plant such an addendum to the university, and there is somewhere a man or woman, or their equivalent in the way of a hundred men and women, or it may be a thousand men and women, who are ready to do this thing when the vision comes.

The West is full of "people out in search of a religion." Will not a religion that is scientific and a science that is religious, a reverent reason and reasonable reverence, satisfy them? Such the liberal movement above indicated would fain offer them."

Muddleheadedness

That is what loses more than half the battle in religion. Muddled, general, diffused ideas, lacking in clear point and application are fatal. Of course we believe in the better life, in character and goodness and truth, in a general sort of way. But practical power and result are not born of generalities.

Outside the realm of religion we recognize this The limitless sources of energy only do the practical work of the world when we pass from the vague notion that they are pregnant with far-reaching results, to the definite harnessing of their diffused forces.

We frame mirrors to concentrate the sunlight on one definite point and it pumps for us the water which is to make a garden in the wilderness. We harness our steam, set it to definite ends, under definite conditions, in the ordered complexity of the engine, and the soft diffused vapor becomes a working giant. Niagara, unfettered and lost at last in Lake Ontario, gets confined, some infinitesimal fraction of her in the penstocks under the humming dynamos, and a city is alive with power and light.

It is its definite channel, even of the most tortuous kind, that gets the river to the sea at last. Channelless it becomes a morass, the breeder of pestilence and the haunt of miasmic vapor. The ruddered liner on the high seas, big with stored and directed energy, is peerless mistress of the storm. Rudderless she is its helpless toy spite of all her power.

Calvinism was great in the clearness more than in the truth of her ideas. God, hell, judgment, salvation were to her no empty generalities. Of their very definiteness power was born; power to mould men of iron in dark and cruel days. Heritors of nobler truth, we have lost her power because we have surrendered the clearness of her thought. Not even the nobility of her ideals made for the heroic greatness of Puritanism so much as her setting those ideals in definite ways towards ends that she had made clear to her soul. Well does the epistle which Luther scorned say of the man of wavering mind, "Let not such a man think that he shall receive anything from the Lord."

The thought of God and the universe, the fuller understanding of himself, the splendor of the wider vision open to man today, are forces of limitless possibilities. They teem with the power of which nobler life may be born if we will. But not without clear aim and ordered purpose. Lacking these the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of a thought which, were it only clear, would be the mother of nobler resolution still.

Why are we banded together as a church? What

aim unites us? How do we propose to catch its inspiration? What are you and I doing towards its attainment, and what do we further clearly intend to do? Where men gather together with definite, resolute, clear consciousness of what things like these actually mean to them, a power arises on the earth. But to the church of delightful generalities, only sleep comes. It is not the sleep of which the vigor of the morning is born, but the impotent sleep of the drifter on a tideless sea.

One hindrance to high living is the lack of clear ideas. W. HANSON PULSFORD.

What Ails the Ministry?

One can hardly pick up a religious paper without noticing a reference to the shortage of ministers. In conventions and church congresses the old straw is threshed over: "Increase of the ministry." But the enlistment is meager. An object lesson presents itself, for there are hundreds and hundreds of ministers who find it impossible to secure a church. Hitherto, young men of their own accord entered divinity schools. Now they are solicited, buttonholed, cajoled and promised preferment. Some of the divinity schools have so few students that the well-paid professors must regard their services in the light of a farce.

Why is it that young men do not respond to the insistent call? The diagnosis is: A young man of noble and sincere purpose takes a college course and then devotes three or four years to professional training for the Christian ministry. As soon as he graduates his services are in demand. Accepting a pastorate he finds the ecclesiastical waters unruffled and all is smooth sailing. The novelty of a young minister with fresh stores of learning fills the bill for the time being.

But in the order of nature the young parson takes unto himself a wife, and then the seamy side of life opens. Roman Catholic priests takes the three-fold vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, yet the young minister is spared taking such a formal obligation. Meanwhile the average church enforces poverty, family cares multiply, appearances must be kept up, children educated, papers, magazines and books supplied, to say nothing of furnishing clothing and filling the larder.

With the average salary paid, and expenses soaring higher, the financial problem reveals that it is impossible to make both ends meet. What so natural as to seek fresh fields and pastures new? Frequent removals become the order of life, and, handicapped, the parson can not progress along the line he anticipated.

Poor fellow! he is now disillusioned, for his eyes are no longer holden! He finds his clerical brethren in a rough and tumble scramble for the best paying churches, and their antics almost duplicate those of an Indian pow-wow. And the only recourse is to join the motley crowd and pander to low ethics. Energy is sapped, scholarship is arrested and dissatisfaction ensues. However, he must keep the pace as best he can. When forty years old he is blandly informed that a minister with grayish locks and a few wrinkles is no longer desirable for shepherding human souls. Reaching the half century mark he is shelved, without friends, minus funds, and with no option for gaining a livelihood. Yet the Arabian proverb affirms: "No man is called of God till the age of forty." The clock of life has struck and then comes fulfilment of the deacon's prayer in behalf of his minister: "O Lord! grant him thy grace and we will keep him poor."

On the other hand, his companions in law and medicine, who were obliged to hustle at the start, find their services constantly enlarging, inasmuch as experience is the most valuable asset they possess. The young doctor settles in some country town, makes his mark, and his clientele augments year by year. The young disciple of Blackstone hangs out his sign in some out-of-the-way town, and very soon he fills positions of trust and wins enduring success.

Despite these facts we know that man is incurably religious. Even Voltaire affirmed, "If a man did not have a religion he would have to invent one."

Is not the statement this? *Churchianity is out of joint, not the real Christianity of the Nazarene.* A noted German thinker told the truth in this simple statement: *"Christianity has been in the world, but* THE RELIGION OF JESUS REMAINS TO BE TRIED." While noting the decadence of the ministry, there was never a time in the world's history when so much religion is manifest as we witness to-day. During the past year $163,000,000 have been given to the use of philanthropy. Of this vast amount, thirty millions were assigned for religion during the past twelve months. And since the close of our Civil War more than a billion dollars have been donated for the same purpose. Therefore, the administration of the churches is at fault.

At the core there is but one religion, yet there are many theologies, or man-made interpretations thereof. During anniversary week in Boston, the Reverend Dr. Crapsey mentioned that sixty million people in America do not go to church. Why this augmentation of non-church-goers? If the dynamic of the Spirit were in evidence, the altars of worship would not be forsaken. Re-adjustment within the churches must take place ere the new shepherds respond to the call. As long as salaries are on the gauge of sixty years ago, new recruits can not be expected to rally for leadership. In the age of commercialism we can not blame the young men of to-day for declining the one call which will pauperize them, make home the abode of distracting conditions, and, when no longer in the ecclesiastical market, then "over the hill to the poorhouse."

The missing notes in the religious life of to-day are aggressiveness, positive convictions of truth, and reverence. The churches are at fault—not the conscientious, hard working and illy paid shepherds. The only hope is to right about face, make the ministry self-respecting, and return to the simplicity of the Nazarene. Character, culture, experience and lengthening years of service must be honored. Otherwise Protestant churches are doomed to desuetude. NATHAN S. HILL.

Springfield, N. Y.

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod,
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do were I Lord God
And ye were Matrin Elginbrod.

—*An ephitaph quoted by George MacDonald.*

THE PULPIT

Christ's Definition of Men

SERMON PREACHED BY HENRY H. BURCH IN UNITY CHURCH, HUMBOLDT, IOWA, MAY 5, 1911.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill can not be hid."—Matt. 5:14.

I am more interested to know what the Christ thought about men than I am to know what men thought about the Christ. I have studied what men thought about the Christ, I have read the long quarrel between Athanasius and Arius. But the church fathers were mistaken in so many of their views regarding other matters that we are not particularly interested to know what they thought about the nature of Jesus. Had you asked those old authorities if the earth was flat they would have said, "Yes, it's flat, can't you see?" Had you asked them what the sky was, they would have said, "It's a kind of an inverted bowl, or a fixed firmament of blue masonry." Had you asked them if the sun moves around the earth, they would have said, "Yes, the sun moves around the earth; use your eyes." They lived in a geocentric universe on a flat world, and had you asked them if the blood circulates, they would have said, "No." Had you asked them to name the elements of matter, they would have stuck up four fingers, naming them one by one, first finger, "air"; second finger, "water"; third finger, "fire"; fourth finger, "earth." Had you said, "Is that all?" they would have answered, "Yes, that is all." Now since the early fathers were so far from the truth in so many other things, we are not so interested in knowing what they thought of the nature of Deity, or the sweet mysticism of the Christ mind.

We are more interested to know what the Christ thought about men, after he had walked with them in their cities, fished with them in their seas, worked with them in their fields and worshiped with them in their temples.

There are two distinct classes of religious thinkers. One very large class tells us that man is all bad. There is no good thing in him. His whole nature is corrupt. This class of people get happy and sing songs like this:

> "What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
> And every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile?"

There is a very small class of optimistic souls who tell us that man is divine. One class talks of man's evil propensities, and the other points out his God-likeness. One points to Plato's brow and says, "See that." The other puts his finger on the broken joint of a gladiator and says, "Notice this." The one measures man at his best and holds up the line; the other measures him at his worst and says, "See my line." The one finds David putting Uriah to the forefront of the battle line, the other catches him bestowing the benediction of sweet friendship on crippled little Mephibosheth. The one finds Solomon filling his harem with strange women from Egypt, the other finds him with his hands stretched above the altar in the great new temple praying for the whole world.

Jesus talked very little about men. What he said about men he said to men. He never got to the place where he sat in the cool shade of a palm tree and said to a liveried servant, "Fetch me my stylus and the parchment and I will write out a splendid new definition of men." He studied no bones with the anthropologist, no charts with the psychologist, no dust with the physicist. He cared less for the lime that is a man's bones than for the love that was in his heart, the hope that was in his soul or the tenderness that was in his service.

His laboratory was the farm with its peasants, the sea with its fisherman, the vineyard with its laborer, the city with its tradesman, the temple with its worshiper, the byway with its cripple, the throne with its king.

He studied men first hand. He lived in their fishing villages, walked with them as pedestrian, watched them under stress of excitement, studied them under temptation, saw them crawl like wounded beasts in the dust, writhe and recoil under the sting of conscience, waited till their tired and wandering eyes rested on the crystal stars of another world, and heard them pray out into the night while their souls went out to meet the stars.

He entered their temples, listened to their philosophies, marked their thoughts, weighed their motives, analyzed their hearts, tested their love, stood in their courts, examined their mercy, wept over their injustice, felt the sting of their cruelty, and at last looked upon them when their hate was one long carnival of triumph as they stood above the prostrate form of a defenseless man, who at last felt the stamp of their iron-shod boots upon his own broken body.

The Christ knew men. He had studied them in all their varied moods and phases of development. He saw them in the heat of hate, in the rapture of love, in the clouds of doubt, in the moment of ecstasy, in the hour of triumph, in the night of defeat; saw them smile in the morning; heard them curse at noon-day; saw them die in the evening. He heard the prattle of babyhood and the wild yells of carnality at midnight, and saw men stand and weep over the buried dead.

He stood in the home of the rich. He knew the power of purple and measured the passion of poverty. He heard children sing and priests pray and scribes dispute; and while Pharisees tilted the silver beams of the scales that weighed mint and anis and rue, he walked past a rich man's gate where Lazarus lay grateful for the pity of dogs. Jesus knew men.

He said to them one day, "Ye are the light of the world." Listen, ye stars of night, while the Master of men talks to fishermen. Hear it, ye swinging meteors, while the Christ compliments men whose hands are hard with toil and whose brows are decorated with the dew of labor. But lest we become boastful, let us see it all. "A city that is set on a hill can not be hid." Here is the key-word—and I am a city. The city is not all good, it is not all bad. It has places of worship whose tall spires point upward, it has public libraries, hospitals of mercy, splendid art galleries speaking ever of the glories of the past and rousing the fine idealisms of the present. But listen; there is the call of the fire-gong and lurid flames leap from the windows of yonder factory. The rattle of the police-patrol leads

us to look with blushing cheeks toward a "redlight district." The gamblers are out tonight. This is the city, this, with fine parks and sore spots on the river front. This, with tall temples of prayer and resorts for gambling men. Meeting and mingling in the streets are good and bad, and some who are almost neutral in the great struggle of life. This is the city. And listen to men, listen today, the kingliest of all men, said, "You are a city, a city, a whole city," and that you can not be hid. Did the Master mean it for a fine compliment, was it only a figure of speech or was it a tremendous challenge which he threw into the faces of all men to look at themselves, to govern themselves, to control thmselves?

Jesus may have had one of these three cities in mind when he said this. There was Athens ever speaking of beauty, her idealisms and dreams frozen in stone and sculptured in marble, the splendid Acropolis throwing her white shadows toward the sea, calling to all men the wondrous message, "Lift, lift, lift, stand your full height, reach your full strength, run your full speed, you are more than marble, you will live when I lie beaten in fine dust."

And then there was the city of Rome, the capitol and center of the political life of the world. Her name spelled power. And yet darkness brooded with black-winged night over all the city. Nero, the bloated imbecile and debauched king, is soon to come and sing his senseless drivel while the great black city is robed in the gown of red flame and bethrothed as a bride to the devil. Hideous Rome, her baths filled with the sleek, fat bodies of the perfumed dissolutes while poor and sick are dying together in the filth of the streets, and wealth wraps itself in royal purple and feeds from golden urns on the tongues of wild pigeons.

Yet Rome, with her great roads going out into all the world, reaching as conquering arms to the most distant parts, and all spelling power,—Rome is a city; man is a city. Rome's shame burns on the pages of history; her glory travels the broad worlds through roads she herself has made. She can not be hid. Man is a city; he cannot be hid; he is the builder of his own roads; he cuts the subjective ideals of his own soul into the architecture of his own temples.

There was yet another city,—Jerusalem, the city of prayer and of song, the city from whose altars lifted clouds of smoke and incense intermingled with the prayers of priests and songs of Levites, the city looked upon by all the Jews as a holy spot among all the profane things of a profane world. They needed but look toward the sacred place and their thoughts went out toward God. And what does history say of Jerusalem? The gates of her fair temples were thrice burned. Her fair parks and gardens were furrowed by pagan plows. Roman soldiers laughed loud and drank red wines where once her priests stood. And does this spell failure? If man is a city, does it carry that he must fail? I am sure not, for out of the past comes the winging spirit of the idealism of Athens, and the world's art feels the throb of new virtue. Come the splendid canons of Roman laws, and governments are made strong. Come the broken prayers of old priests, the ringing messages of old prophets, and the wondrous words of the new young Jew, and the world's religion is blessed. Rome is not hid, nor is Athens, nor is Jerusalem. Cities were they all, and they all do live and repeat themselves in every other city in the civilized world. So I, a city, with good and bad meeting and mingling in my life, greet you as cities, with good and bad in your lives. I have found some hard places in your lives, where the wheels of commerce and trade have trodden hard the ground, but I see temples in your minds, white places of prayer in your hearts, and the deep hidden places of your lives beyond the world's habits of valuation which it will be my work as minister, companion and fellow worker to search out. We can not be hid. We are lights. We are cities. May we occupy our hill with dignity and yet with humility, and spell our lives' best energies in services to men, for so serve we God.

A Great Book

On the table we find, from Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York City, their yearbook for 1910. This is the fourth volume in a series that began with the year 1907. The price in cloth is five dollars; and I put down the price, which I generally do not for the books that I review, because this splendid work is offered to us at such a low figure. I do not know of any volume that can in any way be compared with it, as a bright but thorough resume of each year as it passes. From an historical standpoint it is invaluable. It would be impossible to give your children anything of more importance. I have examined with a good deal of care subject after subject, and I find that the editors are progressive and up to the times. Take that subject of "Shipping Subsidies," the arguments for it are stated as fairly as possible, but the summing up is honest and judicial. In other words, there is no substantial argument in favor of establishing a subsidy system in the United States. "France has paid larger subsidies than any other nation, and yet has a relatively small and inefficient merchant marine." I could quote from dozens of articles, but I am surprised to find in a single volume, not too bulky for handling, such a capable presentation of the hundreds of issues affecting health, business affairs, moral life, and matters of interest to the general public. Unquestionably Dodd, Mead & Co. have hit the mark, and are giving us the most and best that can be given, and are giving us material that is quite up to date. The editor-in-chief is Frank Moore Colby; and with him are associated such men as Edwin E. Slosson and Charles A. Taylor, with Alfred Charles True and Edwin West Allen, of the United States Department of Agriculture. We have in this number, the one for 1910, quite a contribution from the census, which is admirably well used. You will like the article on "Postal Savings Banks," on "Arbitration," on "Taxation," on "Direct Election of Senators" and other reforms.

E. P. POWELL.

This is the gospel of labor; ring it, ye bells of the kirk;
The Lord of love comes down from above to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notices

Mr. Kirkham has written a capital nature book,* dealing with various nooks and corners of our inheritance, East and West, from Cape Ann and the Finger Lakes, to the Giant Cactus Belt and the Elysian Fields. His eye is keenest for plants and birds, and he charmingly describes both in their surroundings. Though he uses scientific words, he curiously misses absolutely the essence of evolution and the significance of fitness to environment. How can he write such lines as these : "Not only are the cacti adapted above all other plants to their part of the garden, but how admirably they preserve the unity of that garden. Nothing could have been better designed for that region." This is not a mere slip; it can be paralleled from several chapters. The condition of mind they betray was to be expected in 1850. In his preface, Mr. Kirkham says: "There are many, however, who, engrossed in affairs, have sold their birthright, this finer, far more beautiful inheritance, for a mess of pottage. To them, above all, this book is addressed in the hope that it may call them back to their own,—to their native land." Of course, the book will *not* do that; why cast pearls before swine? But there are many who have not cared for pottage, to whom these charming descriptions will bring delight,—recalling happy past experiences and helping to shape outings which shall be future joys.

Plainly by a woman, and plainly by an Englishwoman, is the little book about the Japanese, "Behind the Scenes."** . . . There is a kind of sarcasm —sweeping, unsparing, bitter, almost spiteful, yet with a hint of veiled tenderness behind it,—which is essentially feminine. And there is an irritating, matter-of-course assumption of superiority which is essentially British. In the book before us these two pronounced qualities are combined. The author has lived in Japan and knows some things; she loves some things, too,—some of the gauzy, pretty, poetic things of old Japan,—but the new Japan wears upon her. And like thousands of her fellow-Britishers, she is tired of "the alliance,"—it chafes her. Add to this the evident fact that she suffered from indigestion in Japan, and you will understand her book, into which she pours her feminine spite, her race assumption, her political dissatisfaction and her indigestion. She has a sharp pen; she says many a truth; she delights to lay bare sores. Though we smile at occasional just shots we are constantly reminded that there is no character, personal or national, but what can be ridiculed and held up to contempt by just that sharp and biting sarcasm. But what's the use? What is gained by such an outburst—even if an alliance does weary and gall? Stating that the Japanese are irritated by every reference to their smallness, she constantly refers to them as "Our Little Brown Allies" (always capitalized). She chattily narrates experiences which seem to her amusing. Thus she dislikes Japanese shopkeepers, who are not sufficiently keen for trade to meet her British standard. She cites the case of a lady looking for brocades in a Yokohama shop: "'Have you any good brocades?' she asked. 'Yes, we have,' he wearily replied. 'Well, will you get them out and let me see them?' 'Yes, if you are sure you want to buy," said he with a resigned sigh. "This very funny story illustrates his non-desire for trade," so our author says, but to one who has seen the foreign lady shopping in Yokohama, it suggests another explanation. As for the author's own experiences, here is one. She ordered some frames, (presumably in English or bad Japanese) and on calling for them found them quite different from what she had described. She says:—"it was most irritating, but, concealing my vexation as best I could, I began expostulating mildly on the fellow's carelessness, when suddenly the cheeky young carpenter burst into a rage and fairly shrieked at me in broken English, 'I 'vise you go back own country.' As far as his premises were concerned I took his advice and beat an immediate retreat with as much dignity as possible under the circumstances, while that impudent little toad of a boy continued to gibber and gesticulate until I was out of sight." The author's story illustrating the cowardice of the policemen in a Japanese town who were held off by a desperado at bay in a doorway will be more striking perhaps a little later on when the public has forgotten about the London police force, and the anarchists. We have said enough to indicate the spirit of the book. The author is an unsafe authority on facts. Thus who but she has known mochi as made of beans? Her book will sell well. Individually the English do not love the Japanese and a sharp attack like this will please and amuse them. As an indication of the drift of English opinion, the book is interesting. So far as it actually will have influence, it will strengthen the growing dislike. Japan may yet come to appreciate the full significance of the old phrase, "Perfidious Albion."

FREDERICK STARR.

*East and West. Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York. 1911. J. P. Puhman's Sons. 16°, pp. 280.

**Behind the Scenes—an Englishwoman's Impressions of Japan. Evelyn Adam. New York and London. G. P. Putman's Sons. 16° pp. xiii. 277.

Among the Recent French Books

Two volumes from the same pen, but of widely varying interest, solicit the attention of American readers at this moment. M. Francois Maury, of the staff of the well-known *Revue Bleue,* one of the most brilliant literary and critical weaklies of Paris, has the training and the authority of an economist, without having lost the color and form sense of the artistic connoisseur. In the latter quality he has recently offered a delightful little book entitled "Figures and Aspects of Paris," wherein all American lovers of the city, old or new, will refind their treasured souvenirs. As economist, he publishes a scientific exposition of "The Port of Paris," which, crowned by the Institute of France, is the definite work detailing the history of the Seine and its commerce in the past and present and forecasting its future under new industrial conditions.

The chapters on Parisian evocation that M.

Maury, in "Figures and Aspects of Paris," presents to the public are extremely delicate and compelling. Like a string of changing opals in the realm of history and fancy, they reflect in multi-colored lights all that is penetrating of contemporary charm. This feeling for color is one of the most notable attributes of our author. It imparts a sort of luminous reality to the pictures that pass before us. Nor has any writer understood better the psychological "seduction" of Paris,—seduction made up of measured harmony, of discreet urbanity, of elegance of conversation as well as of feminine grace; all that we understand by French "taste" in its finest acceptation, in short, and which none but a Frenchman can perfectly define.

And since M. Maury really knows the capital in all its aspects, he paints with equal veracity a Paris that is laborious. One sees its troops of workers, intellectual or industrial; one feels its self-contained anguish of production, powerful and creative, under an exterior picturesque and nonchalant. Then, too, different quarters of the magic city, little known to the tourist of the official monuments, are brought into value. We learn to appreciate in all their fascination those corners which our author compares to the villages of the province, tranquil islands of serene and modest life, uncontaminated by the cosmopolitan streams of the contiguous boulevards. Besides so many pen-pictures of Parisian life and spirit, the book contains sketches of a number of modern nobilities,—those "figures" of the world of thought that represent the Latin genius in its different manifestations. The names of the men—scientists, historians or poets—are familiar to Americans, who, let it be said, have a more generous curiosity concerning French talent than France as yet can boast for American achievement. There are more Americans who know the names of Albert Sorel, of Bergson or Bertholot, than there are French who know John Fiske, Lester Ward or John Muir. In the intimate evocations of M. Maury, the series of French thinkers becomes a group of individual portraits, the man explaining his work, and vice versa, in a manner that cannot fail to charm the ardor of the foreign searcher.

The scientific volume of M. Maury, "The Port of Paris," must, and no doubt will, be read in detail by the economic student of long view. This work resumes, under an abridged compass, the role of the Seine in the alimentation and mercantile development of the capital, from the Middle Ages to our day. The remarkable projects of Napoleon for extending the fluvial traffic, and the decline of the water-way with the development of the railroads, are explained and commented upon. The author occupies himself with those plans for the future that would, under approved industrial direction, render more active than ever in the past the part of this marvelously disposed river, and, by a series of junctions with the principal lines of railways, open the port of the capital from Rouen to Nancy. Paris would in consequence become veritably a seaport. The economic advantages of this incomparable and herculean enterprise will not escape the most conservative imagination. M. Maury has performed a distinguished task in bringing together all the projects thus far developed by the economists and studied by the public authorities.

A curiously entertaining novelty in the book world is "The Souvenirs of Guy de Maupassant," by Francois, his *valet de chambre* during twenty years. Literature democratises from day to day. During the winter, no novel was more spoken of than one by a humble seamstress, without (so it was said) previous literary training. A prominent critic is preparing at this moment the memoires of the modiste of Marie Antoinette. Here, the servitor of a brilliant man of letters describes in detail the life of his master, the quality of his mind and nature in those moments when the bonds of convention are unloosed and the most closed intelligence reposes in all simplicity. The familiar portrait of de Maupassant is reassuring and agreeable. We find a man of easy and unassuming kindness, affectionate and charitable, enamored of art, loving work, and incapable of conceiving life without work even though, personally, his circumstances would have enabled him to dispense with all effort. "Francois" recounts all the sadness of that tragic last illness, ending in folly, with the attempt at suicide, familiarly known. The inner nature of the great romancer remains charming to the last, in his moments of lucidity. There in the garden of the private mad-house of Passy, he is able to admire the tender green of spring before the failing of the light has dissipated it from view.

The same publishing house of Plon has brought out a novel of extreme beauty of thought and of a freshness of situation that will not escape commentary. "The Exiles," by Paul Acker, studies the successive and changing influences that, since 1870, have been exercised upon the French mind. The present generation of Alsatians are everywhere exiles,—in France as well as in Alsace. M. Acker depicts this drama in the mind of a young man who, after some years' absence from his native province, returns by chance, and is moved by the loveliness of the land that protected his childhood and by the tragedy of its fate. That unforgettable immortal, Emile Gebhardt, himself from Lorraine, once said, "It is a nobility to belong to a conquered country." In the romance of M. Acker this truth is proved, and the moral development of the author's hero, who devotes himself to the conservation in Alsace of the ancient Latin ideals, is a study of esoteric patriotism. The story that accompanies this message of high purpose is delicately chaste and captivating.

M. Henri Guerlin, art critic and connoisseur, gives in his turn an important contribution. A volume of voyages, "Toward Jerusalem," is sumptuous in a quarto of rare typographical perfection and ornamented by one hundred and fifty photographs taken by the author in the course of his pilgrimages. The book is a joy to the senses before it makes appeal to the imagination. On reading, the intellectual pleasure fully sustains the first impression of material luxury. Although the subject is one that has often been treated, it acquires a fresh originality because of the artistic temperament of the author, who sees the marvelous visions he describes in his peculiar personal manner. And this manner is altogether charming. The Orient, full of the spirit of the past and saturated with hierarchical prejudices, is now invaded by our modern agitation. These contrasts do not escape our guide. The glaring anachronisms of these veiled women in automobiles, or these sons of the prophet who say

"hello" before a modern telephone as readily as "Allah" at the signal of muezzin, afford the theme of amusing pictures and profound dissertations. In Greece, on the *chemin de retour,* the erudite art training of the author has full play. The archeological wonders of the land of art are described with a new charm, and the pictures that accompany the descriptions, wherein one feels the love of the artist for the beauty he details, lend an illuminating commentary to the text.

This ancient Greece is in truth an obsession for the mind of M. Guerlin, for he has not hesitated to make it relive in a romance entitled, "In the Shadow of the Acropolis." The story, placed at the beginning of the Christian era, and wherein the gigantic figure of Saul of Tarsus has the part of protagonist, depicts the moving struggle between the pagan and the Christian ideals. A young Grecian girl of exalted soul comes to have the revelation that there is a beauty superior to that of form and color and personal satisfaction. Guided by the apostle, she develops a true soul,—a comprehension of the moral grandeurs that may reside under the most repellent shapes of misery. This story of the past, illustrated also, and of a French home harmonious and simple, brings a note of sacrifice and self-discipline tempered by a calm serenity into the self-affirmation and restlessness of our contemporary life.

In all this creative Latin literature, the frank, uncorrupted, original, and even optimistic character is evident. The purpose of these reviews has been, from the first, to spread a truer understanding of the solid virtues of the Latin intelligence, and thus to dissipate the theory of the moral decadence of France. To finish the list of positive contributions that we have considered today, it is necessary to remark on a volume from the ranks of the French army. A soldier poet, in a group of vivid poems, celebrates the little private in his daily humble life of duty in the barracks. The most potent correction of the ferocious military ideal of the past will no doubt come from the army corps itself. The idea has not yet germinated to combat from within its own ranks the conception of the soldier as a brute and predatory force. In awaiting that era when armies will have crumbled away , their living walls being no longer necessary to sustain the bulwarks of a society governed from within, it is a refreshing pleasure to read the pacific songs of a gallant cavalry officer, who celebrates his men in the faithful discharge of their laborious and inglorious tasks; who makes us feel that these sons of humble homes are "braves gens," performing a task assigned; who show their virtues of disciplined obedience in ways that differ little from the ways of civil life, without many of the privileges of the latter. In these gay and eminently human songs that make up the volume called "La Soldatesque," the Captain Fabien Mougenot extracts the poetry of the monotonous life of the barracks. Endowed with the particular genius of the ballad-writer, his verses have all the lilt and gaiety of a fresh, undaunted spirit. As the great *"chansonnier,"* Beranger, in his admirably popular songs of grace and action, celebrated the miserable and oppressed, so Fabien Mougenot celebrates the young recruit. He offers the latter a joyous gleam of idealism in the time that he fulfills the often lagging period of enforced service. There is a new heroism inculcated and sung with art in this work by an officer-balladist.

J. S. G.
Membre des Critiques Francais.

A New Country Book

I find on my table "How to Live in the Country," by E. P. Powell, and published by the Outing Company, New York City. Of course I like this book, but it would not be modest for me to review it in my own words. It is a lucky man who can find such a critic as N. O. Nelson, and receive from him such kindly endorsement as he gives in the "Foreword." He tells me, or my readers, "You, readers, know that Mr. Powell has never written a dull article, or misstated facts, or wasted a paragraph on an idea not worth the while. But few of you have seen, as I have, the nine acres on which he has these forty years learned the solemn facts which he is telling us. Mr. Powell shows a defiance of years in recently making himself a winter home in Florida. The fatal trend toward the deadly city, preaching has been unable to stop; but towards saving some of the more rational no one has done so much as Mr. Powell with his fascinating, true, and persuasive stories about all sides of country life. It pleases me much to have the opportunity of putting a foreword to this book. I wish it may have a million readers, keep a million boys from straying away from the farms to the factory, and that it may be translated into a score of languages." It may not be modest for me to even quote these strong words of my friend Nelson. However, I should like to have the book well read and well circulated, to help those who are trying to make for themselvs homes in the country. It is so easy to make a blunder and a failure. My object has been to state the case attractively, but not to overdraw in any instance. The book tries to guide you in your first steps toward a home, in selecting a spot, in building the house, in making gardens and orchards, and in laying out lawns and planting shrubbery. It discusses our rivals and our allies, especially the birds and the bees, and it tells all that can be compactly told about orchards and fruit-growing. Perhaps, best of all, it makes prominent the new art of "making soil," while the "fine arts" of a country home, and how to make the whole thing "pay" are brought conspicuously before the reader. E. P. POWELL.

HALLOWED GROUND

'Tis not alone for ease or pleasure that I seek;
'Tis not to own increase of treasure that I speak;
'Tis not to gain applause from the unthinking mass,
But only that I cause a rose to bloom where I may pass.
This done, my greatest happiness in life is found,
In this I'm blest and bless, and tread on hallowed ground.

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If each of us were engaged in keeping
One soul peaceful from dusk to waking.
If each of us were busy in making
One soul peaceful from dusk to waking
What a happy old place this world would be,
What a jolly old place for you and me!

—Ed*mund Vance Cooke.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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PLATFORM OF THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION, MAY, 1911

The Seventeenth Lake Mohonk conference on International Arbitration expresses its profound satisfaction in the impressive advances of the past year, so signal as to make the year the most memorable in the history of international progress in the United States.

The president of the United States, in his declaration favoring the reference to arbitration of every difference not settled by regular diplomacy, and in negotiating with Great Britain and France general arbitration treaties without reserve, has taken the highest and most advanced position. We call upon our people for such earnest coöperation and expression of public opinion as shall ensure the execution of these treaties in such form that they shall not fall short in any degree of the public declarations of President Taft and of the just expectations that these declarations have aroused on both sides of the Atlantic; and we urge the offer of similar treaties to all nations ready to conclude them with us.

The efforts of our Secretary of State to secure the organization of the International Court of Arbitral Justice have during the year advanced so far as to promise the complete success of that effort before the meeting of the third Hague Conference. We urge the unremitting reinforcement by our people of the endeavor for the perfecting of this supreme provision for the administration of international justice, recognizing that it is only through the complete establishment of the system of law that the system of war will cease.

The Congress of the United States has by unanimous vote authorized the president to create a commission to consider the pressing problem of the limitation of the burdensome armaments of the world. We record our gratitude and satisfaction at this resolution of Congress in behalf of independent American action, and trust that the early creation of this commission will place the nation in as pronounced leadership in dealing with this momentous issue as that taken by the president in behalf of unreserved arbitration. We believe that resolute initiative on our part will win the practical coöperation of other powers and promote more definite and hopeful effort in behalf of the steady decrease of the machinery for the settlement of disputes by force, corresponding to the present steady development of the instrumentalities for their settlement by justice.

We call attention to the fact that the time for the creation of the international committee for preparing the program of the third Hague Conference is only two years distant; and we ask for such early and careful thought upon this critical work as shall ensure for the next Conference the most intelligent preparation, the most constructive activities, and the largest results. The nations are confronted by the serious needs of international provision for the immunity of ocean commerce in time of war; for prohibiting money loans to belligerent nations by neutral peoples; and for prohibiting betimes aërial warfare. To the full consideration of these and other imperative concerns in the period preceding the meeting of the conference we earnestly urge all friends of international progress.

We welcome and endorse the proposal recently submitted to Congress for a joint agreement by the nations of North and South America, that in case of war between any of them no taking of territory from one by another shall be permitted as a result. Such an agreement has been made by all the nations bordering upon the North and Baltic Seas; and we urge the speedy American following of this enlightened European example.

We earnestly commend to our people, while working for the establishment of general international relations upon a just and stable basis, the strengthening of a public sentiment which shall ensure at all times the most faithful and complete discharge of our own duties to every nation.

This conference, distinguished by the inspiring presence of so many of our fellow-workers from England and Canada, holds its sessions on the eve of the coronation of King George V. On this auspicious occasion we express our grateful appreciation of the enthusiastic response of the English government and people to the arbitration proposals of President Taft, and our high hope that the reign which has now opened may be yet more memorable than that of Edward "the Peacemaker" in the service of international justice and fraternity. We urge such comprehensive plans for the coming celebration of the centennial of peace between Great Britain and the United States as shall make that commemoration a notable landmark in progress, not only for these two nations, but for the great family of nations.

We gratefully recognize that in the recent munificent provisions for the promotion of peace by Andrew Carnegie and Edwin Ginn larger contributions for our cause have been made in the United States during the past year than in all the world during the whole preceding history of the peace movement. We hail this generosity as evidence of the new determination of strong men to cope at last with the evils of war in a manner commensurate with their gravity; and we express the hope and confidence that these larger provisions will stir such emulation and new devotion among our people and among all peoples as shall advance with vastly greater efficiency and rapidity the commanding interests to which the Mohonk Arbitration Conferences have for these seventeen years been devoted.

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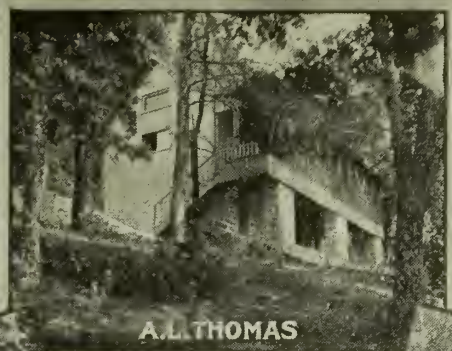

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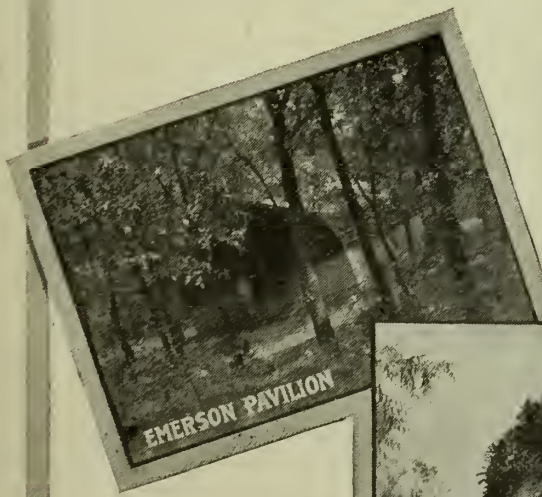

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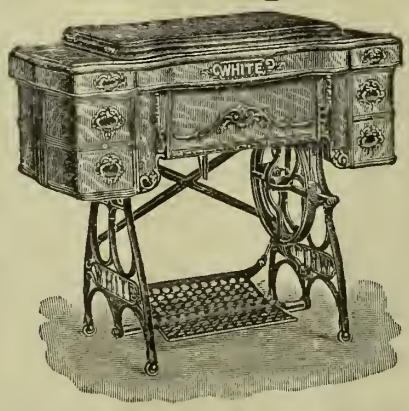

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

JULIA WARD HOWE

1819-1911

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Free Religious Association of America 252

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

ALASKA AND THE SCENIC NORTHWEST.

Most people who choose Alaska for a summer vacation do so with the idea that they will have to go through a good many rough experiences. As a matter of fact, however, one may see Alaska with a minimum of discomfort. One may enjoy on this trip much the same kind and degree of luxurious travel that has made a trip along the Norwegian coast so deservedly popular. The traveler to Alaska should disabuse him or herself of the idea that this land of transcendently gorgeous scenery is hard to reach, and offers primitive accommodations.

The visit usually begins at Seattle, or Tacoma, where are several steamship lines, with sailings every few days, that make the tour of southeastern Alaska at an average rate of $100, passing up the Gulf of Alaska to Skaguay, thence a short distance by rail to White Horse, where the Yukon and its tributaries are followed to the gulf directly south of Nome. On this trip down Alaska's great river system, Dawson City, with a population of over 10,000, situated at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers, 1,500 miles above the mouth of the latter, is the principal stopping-place. Here the traveler, usually much to his surprise, finds himself connected with the outside world by telegraph. Dawson City, lying almost within the shadow of the Artic Circle, has a modern telephone service, electric lights, waterworks, daily newspapers that publish telegraphic dispatches of the leading events throughout the world, branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and the Bank of British North America, to say nothing of schools, hospitals, churches, and good hotels.

It is the testimony of numbers of travelers who have spent summer vacations in Alaska that the hotel accommodations in Dawson, Skaguay, White Horse, etc., are above the average to be found elsewhere in towns of equal size. This fact of course recommends Alaska to the tourist as a country where one can settle down for a stay of a month or so to advantage and without discomfort. For those who plan a prolonged visit will be found numerous short and easy trips from the cities named into the interior, to points of rare scenic interest, such as, perhaps, can be found only in Alaska. For the sportsman there is an abundance of large and small game, and the streams, rivers, and lakes are full of fish. Caribou, moose, bear, mountain-sheep and goats are the principal game.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911. NUMBER 16.

A SONG OF THE ROAD

The man who lives in the Vatican
Is not so favored as I,
For he must stay forever and aye
A prisoner under one sky;
While I am as free as bird or bee
As I travel down road or lane,
And I love to lie with the starlit sky
For my blanket and counterpane.

I've my loaf of bread and some berries red
That I gather from hill or vale,—
And a kiss I trade with the milking-maid
For a draught from her foaming pail;
With my staff and book in a shady nook
I lie through the noon-tide hour,
And I say good-day to all on my way
Be it plowman or nodding flower.

Then ho! for the road, be it narrow or broad,
And the fields and the beaming sky,—
As I follow the Spring 'round the earth no king
Is as happy and rich as I!

June, 1911. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Our editorial confrere, Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, has been the recipient of more academic honors from across the sea. The King of Italy has decorated him with the "Crown of Italy" in recognition of his interest in and appreciation of Italian science. Mr. Starr has been also honored with the *Grand Prix* for his exhibition of photographs representing the tribal marks of people of Central Africa at the Brussels Exposition of last year. Mr. Starr's frequent contributions in UNITY on Oriental, Mexican and Spanish subjects are much appreciated by our readers and often quoted by our exchanges. He is one of the most tireless workers in the field of anthropology at the present day.

The prediction made in UNITY's editorial columns a quarter of a century ago, that the railway station was destined to assume the architectural proportions and the artistic aspirations that in mediaeval times produced the cathedral at its maximum, is fast coming true. Chicago is now rejoicing in the completion of such a civic cathedral. The three million dollar railway station of the Northwestern is a plant that rivals the Union Depot in Washington, D. C., and the Pennsylvania Depot in New York. It is splendid in its proportions, complete in its equipment and challenges the admiration of the intelligent in its effort to provide for the comforts of the traveling public as well as in its desire to realize splendid architectural proportions, solid, lasting, and safe. It is a study in architecture that invites criticism and appreciation of which it is not for us to speak, but we cannot forego a word of appreciation of the provision made for the protection and comfort of its immigrant patrons. Ample rooms are provided where the helpless foreigner is protected from the sharks and vampires that are ready to prey upon him. Intelligent and humane care-takers of both sexes are provided, with free accommodations for baths and the most modern equipment for washing and drying clothes with artificial heat, so that in an hour or two of waiting the thrifty mother can renovate the dirty clothes of her family and clothe them again in fresh linen. The railway station is perforce a cathedral building, a place where all sorts and conditions meet, a public utility, and the people will be glad to pay for such buildings. The people will also be glad to pay adequate salaries to those who conceive, construct and maintain these privileges. Perhaps none of these employes receive too high wages, surely many in the operating departments receive too little. The public would also be glad to pay reasonable interest on the actual capital invested, but the people have a right to object to the paying of big dividends on watered stock to men who contribute neither time, muscle nor brain to construction and management, but have come into the position of stockholders by barter and intrigue. Let these civic cathedrals, palaces of convenience and beauty, be multiplied in the traveling centers of America.

Emerson characterized the Unitarian agitation incident to the delivery of his famous and now almost orthodox Divinity School address as a "tempest in a washbowl." Unitarians do not like tempests; they are not given to generating electrical storms, and still their history is dotted with storm centers which also mark points of new departure and growing life. But from the report in the *Christian Register* and other papers, the usually placid "May Meetings" were this year disturbed by one of these storms. The carefully prepared program was rudely jostled. Set speeches had to give way to impromptu discussions. All this disturbance was caused by some young men fron New York who opposed the elec-

tion of Mr. Fletcher, a senator from Florida, as vice-president of the association, because he had officially defended the right of Lorimer of Illinois to a seat in the United States Senate. Of course the dignity of the body must be maintained and the report of the nominating committee was adopted, but not without developing a determined, eloquent, and ethically significant minority. We believe that upwards of one hundred votes out of four hundred, or thereabouts, were cast against the vice-presidency of Mr. Fletcher. As usual the discussion took a wide range, and, to our mind, the defenders of the nominating committee missed the mark. There were no charges made against the personal character of Mr. Fletcher; indeed the foes of Mr. Lorimer join with his friends in commending his personal habits. He is abstemious in drink and diet and faithful to wife and children. Mr. Lorimer himself undertook to vindicate the suspected Neil Browne of jack-pot notoriety on the ground that he "believed the Bible from kiver to kiver." The vice-presidents of the association are not simply men selected to an honorary position without responsibilities, but they are selected as representative men, specimens of the pick of Unitarianism, sample products of the faith. The very fact that there was a possibility of denying to Mr. Fletcher this representative character ought to have saved both the nominating committee and Mr. Fletcher from the humiliations of the open discussion. It was a violation of good taste, if not principle, on the part of the committee, while on the other hand, the frank opposition to offering such a man to the nation as a typical Unitarian was an exposition of good principle, albeit in bad taste. The majority vote of those who, for the time being, presumed to represent the American Unitarian Association, did not make Senator Fletcher a worthy representative of the genius of Unitarianism with its emphasis on civic piety and mundane holiness. Whatever is high and noble in Unitarianism and its relation to what is best in our national history is represented by such prophets of civic righteousness as Emerson, Channing, Parker, George William Curtis, Norman B. Eaton, Horace Mann, Charles Sumner, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and however Mr. Fletcher's vote for Lorimer be explained and his lack of vision extenuated, he has no place in this line of immortals. We believe the world, the intelligent world of those outside, as well as the majority of men and women inside of the Unitarian denomination will prefer to take these men and their living successors as worthy representatives of Unitarianism, rather than those who, for want of clearness of vision or the inspirations of the advanced, become entangled in "practical politics" and partisan intrigue. Those who still think that the question of Lorimer's moral right to a seat in the United States Senate is an open one, are themselves convicted of mental confusion and of spiritual obscuration. They are open to the suspicion of spiritual shortsightedness, or are found "cross-eyed."

Julia Ward Howe

The most original, daring and prophetic adventure that this great leader undertook during her long and eventful life was her Peace Crusade started in 1870, the plan involving the arousing of the women of England and America in a great world movement against war. Acting under the advice and in connection with her beloved pastors, Charles T. Brooks and James Freeman Clarke of blessed memory, her appeal was published in all the leading European languages and she spent the next two years of her life largely in correspondence with the leading women of the world. In 1872 she went abroad hoping to crystallize the sentiment developed, in organizations, congresses, etc. The reception was somewhat disappointing, though her own work and word were met with hearty appreciation. The women of the world at that time were too much bound by convention, too much under the spell of the martial spirit, to take active part in such a revolutionary movement. Disappointed but not defeated, Mrs. Howe dreamed of establishing a Mothers' Sunday for the purpose of educating mothers along these high lines, and she set apart for this purpose the second Sunday in June,—the season of Roses. The purpose and success of this suggestion she herself has thus stated in her interesting book of "Reminiscences," which brings the story of her life down to the eightieth year.

"I had desired to institute a festival which should be observed as Mothers' Day, and which should be devoted to the advocacy of peace doctrines. I chose for this the second day of June, this being a time when flowers are abundant, and when the weather usually allows of open-air meetings. I had some success in carrying out this plan. In Boston I held the Mothers' Day meeting for quite a number of years. The day was also observed in other places, once or twice in Constantinople, and often in places nearer home. My heart was gladdened this last year by learning from a friend that a peace association in Philadelphia still celebrates Mothers' Day."

We believe that this suggestion of Mrs. Howe's in modified forms has been accepted by many churches and clubs. Perhaps the specific date has been forgotten, the central object obscured, and the real "Mother" of the suggestion forgotten or ignored. But at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last Sunday the day was observed with a special program bearing the impressive picture which appears on our

front page. Mrs. Evelyn Leeds-Cole's beautiful hymn of "Peace" was sung, also the great "Battle Hymn," perhaps the one permanent contribution to literature from Mrs. Howe's pen, and "Home, Sweet Home."

Mrs. Howe deserves a place among the "Heralds of Progress." She was one of the apostles of the open faith, a leader in the humanities and the amenities of civilization. In her long life she demonstrated the possibility of converting wealth into leisure, culture into helpfulness, public spirit into a domestic reinforcement, rational life into devout experiences. Born for society, gifted to an eminent degree with social graces, she could live a sensible life even at Newport, and defy the silly conventions that gather around that wealth-ridden community, perhaps the most beautiful and most frivolous of American resorts.

In religion she was a radical, but eminently devout. She loved art, and had, to an exceptional degree the gift of expression, but she kept well up with her militant husband, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, in all the humanities and for all the reforms. In the early flush of her young womanhood she found her inspiration in the ministry of Theodore Parker, but when children came and she felt the responsibilities of motherhood she denied herself the inspirations of the great Music Hall services that the children might have the benefit of the more devout surroundings and the churchly helps of James Freeman Clarke's Church of the Disciples.

Mrs. Howe may well share with Mrs. Severance of the Pacific Coast, the title of "Mother of Clubs." Perhaps more than any other woman she shaped the woman's club activities of America. She was one of the founders and, for many years, president of the New England Woman's Club, the unattained ideal of all the women's clubs of America. At home and abroad she was the instigator and director of women's congresses, federations and mothers' meetings. But she was an ever-ready and efficient coworker with men and with the inclusive organizations of men, women and children.

To the end of her life religion was to her a living force, and the church an institution worthy of the high devotion she gave to it. She was not so "advanced" as to be above church activities or so "cultured" as to be bored by the ministrations of the pulpit and the sanctities of the altar. In all this she was a model for the modern woman to follow, an encouragement and reinforcement for the men who believe that the rational life can and should be devout, and that the favored life should consecrate itself to the serenities and sanctities of the home and the church.

She who sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was a "modern mother" who had time to take her little ones by the hand and lead them to the church and the Sunday-school, to share with them the devout life, which comes only by deliberate and slow training, by the beautiful discipline of noble life habits.

Is Orthodoxy Sinful?

That depends on the kind of orthodoxy.

Does it?

Is not the orthodoxy of the free thinker or the scientist just as sinful as that of the Hindu or the Roman Catholic?

For the sinfulness of orthodoxy of every brand lies, not in the opinions held, but in the way in which they are held. You may hold regally heterodox opinions in as orthodox, that is in as sinful, a way, with just as much infidelity to your intellectual responsibility, as the opinions which happen to be called orthodox in the hour and the corner of the earth which claim you.

He is alone free from sin in this matter who holds what he professes, not because others, in larger or smaller quantities, do so, or because such conforming opinions agree best with a comfortable income and seemly social prestige, or promise best to secure the interests of a sect, but because he is convinced of their truth. Then they are *his*. Then he discharges the obligation laid on every rational creature of contributing something towards the spread of conviction. Then he becomes a self-respecting citizen in the world of thought.

But the empty sounding-board, the echo, the man who thinks he thinks the spare opinions others are pleased to bestow upon him,—*he* is a sinner. For he cheats himself of his own intellectual manhood and cheats the world of that clear conviction on his part which he may be said to owe alike to his fellows and to his maker.

Orthodoxy dies when men learn to think their own thoughts without prejudice or fear. It alone holds back the future when the power of reasoned conviction shall deliver us from slavery to the sacred opinions of the crowd. The light against which even the most heterodox kind of orthodoxy continually sins is the light of intellectual liberty.

Now this is just as true of politics and other things as it is of religion.

W. HANSON PULSFORD.

Every man who admires a public officer for his success in serving himself rather than for success in serving others—who respects the man for getting the office rather than for deserving the office—shows himself to that extent unfit to be a member of a self-governing nation, and by influence and example diminishes the capacity of the nation as a whole for self-government.—*A. T. Hadley.*

THE PULPIT

A Clean Heart and a Right Spirit

A SERMON BY REV. FRANK A. GILMORE, PASTOR OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH OF MADISON, WISCONSIN.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

When we examine a drop of blood under a powerful microscope, we can see the red and the white corpuscles of which it is full. We may isolate one of these white corpuscles and study its acts and movements. As we do this we are amazed to see that it is a living thing; that it seems to choose or prefer its food; in short, that it has an individuality of its own. But if we withdraw the eye from the glass and let it fall on a drop of blood as a whole, we know that there are great numbers of these corpuscles in every drop, and millions in our bodies. We then lose the feeling of the corpuscles' separate individuality in the thought of then collective mass and function in the economy of life.

Yet both these views of a tiny thing are true. We cannot understand their work as scavengers in the body and protectors against the germs of disease till we watch them as separate cells and study their structure and habits. We cannot understand *how* they do this work till we mass them together and see the relation they hold to the other vital organs and processes.

Here is a truth that holds for all of us, for all individuals and for all societies of men. Each human creature has a separate and distinct life of his own: a structure, habits, wants, a language; in a word, an individual existence, by which I mean our own peculiar way of thinking and feeling; the way we hear, and see, and taste, and smell, and touch; the way the world affects us, and what the world says to us, or teaches us; the way we reach out upon the world. Now this reciprocity between the individual and his environments, between our inner life and the life outside of us, which is always going on, this is peculiar to each man and seems to depend on the combination of mind and body, of faculties and nerves and organs,—inherited traits, with which a man is born. It is, I think, in each case distinct from every other, and the sense of personal identity which runs through the whole combination and through all our experiences is never the same thing for any two men, but in its inmost essence is unique, unshared and solitary.

But this uniqueness and solitariness is not all. It is true, but only half of the truth. To see the whole we must know that the solitary life is impossible by itself; it would mean no life, only a miserable and dwarfed one.

Like the white corpuscle, our life finds its meaning and gets its development only because it is not solitary, but merged in a common life. What should we be without wife and children; without teachers, friends and helpers; yes, without opponents and enemies! It is only in the life of society that we as individuals can develop. A human being born on a desert island and growing up there without ever seeing or hearing other men, could never be a man. What the water is to the boy who would learn how to swim, what the air is to the bird's untried power of flight,—society, the aggregate life, is to each of its human units, "the necessary condition for the completion of an individual."

We can never truly live either as separate units or as mere links in the intricate chain-work of society. We can never truly know ourselves, what we are, what we can know and endure as distinct individuals alone or as atoms in the social mass. "Each atom," says Emerson, "poises for itself, and for the whole." We live for ourselves and we live for others. We think alone and we think with others; we feel alone and we feel with others. It is a wisdom for which we should labor and pray,—to keep these two distinct. The iron wheel in a great machine has its central hub and its toothed rim. The *power* of the wheel comes from its center (where it joins the whirling shaft); that power is applied at its rim where its iron teeth join with the teeth of other wheels. In the work of the machine as a whole, the single wheel has its smaller and larger part. No wheel without a central hub, no wheel without a toothed rim, is good for anything. Rim and hub —hub and rim. The power-giving center and the power-transmitting circumference make the true wheel.

I think you will agree with me that men are quite apt to lose sight of these facts. The tendency just at present is to over-emphasize that part of our nature which, like the wheel's rim, is made to act with others, and to ignore the solitary center where power is generated.

We can hardly keep count of the appeals which come to us for help; we respond to these as well as we are able; we give our time, our effort and our cash. We join societies, we are put on committees, we sign petitions, we appear before the city council or the School Board, or the legislature, and advocate certain measures which we think are right. How many lectures we hear, how many books we read that make this same appeal to our co-operative capacities and which constantly call us out and away from our own center. Indeed this is, it seems to me, just the characteristic thing about our literature today,—its fiction, its drama, its current magazines, its very school books are all sounding the social note. This is certainly a good thing—it is just as certainly only a part of what we need. In all these appeals that come to ask our help for good causes; in all these lectures and books which reveal to us the failures of our civilization, and which show us what needs to be done, in all these we get very little, or at least we get all too little that goes to the heart of a man and kindles the fires of consecration and self-sacrifice. Rarely do we hear any political speech, read any sociological book, attend any meeting of reformers where we are driven inward to the very springs of character and motive, where we come away saying, "Create in *me* a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within *me*." It is a standing criticism of socialism that it proposes to accomplish by majorities what can only come by the purification and discipline of individuals;—that it would use the sword of government to propagate the gospel of self-devotion.

This same over-emphasis of our co-operative life to the neglect of our inward and separate life is seen

in our modern education. I take the word of our oldest professors, who say that the leading thought in the minds of students is to study what will pay—in dollars and cents. Of any course of study they ask, "What immediate and practical benefit will it be to me when I try to make a living?" Hence natural science, agriculture and modern languages are crowded, while pure literature, poetry, ethics, philanthropy, and the classical languages have a much smaller number of students. Some educators approve this; others think it a loss; for they say these impractical studies adorn, enrich and develop the deepest soul of a student in a way which the others cannot do.

And once more the two facts, that we have a separate life as well as a corporate life; an inner personal care, no less than an outward rim,—these facts are forgotten by those who reckon everything by numbers and masses. But it is the units which combine to form the numbers: the individuals which compose the crowd. And quality is always just as real and just as valuable as quantity, and in most things it is much more valuable. We see this in education again when men boast of the mere numbers in a school. The deeper, more vital question is, what is the quality of its output? Along with the students' knowledge of facts have they also learned what to love and what to hate? whom to honor, and whom to despise? Which would you prefer, a thousand graduates equipped to make a living; or one hundred or even ten who would rather fail in life outright than to defraud or injure any man or deny that divine voice which speaks in the conscience? Can you say that the value of anything is measured by the numbers of people who patronize and support it? Here is a horse-race, and here is Emerson reading one of his essays. In the one place ten thousand; in the other one hundred. Perhaps more people are reading the Sunday papers or shaving or smoking this morning than are present in the churches. Does that make the church any less valuable to us? Is that a great book that is read by the most people? (On the contrary, a great book may be read by only a few people.) Is every man whom the crowd follows and applauds a great and good man? That would be to make the prize-fighter and the political boss to be great and good.

Ages ago a solitary man cried out in his solitude, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew in me a right spirit." Of course this man was a member of some family and lived in some town or city. But now he is alone,—he strips off and lays aside all these outward relationships and stands with naked soul before his God. What does he want? Not wealth, nor power, nor even food; he asks for a clean heart and a right spirit. This is the deepest thing in him,—this spirit which unites his tiny life with the great life of God. He wishes to commune with God; he wants God to commune with him; and the focal point of that communion is his own heart; he understands that the pure in heart shall see God. He wants also to be a true man in all his dealings with other men,—he wants to live the co-operative life, to act and work with others. But deeper than the co-operative life is the individual and solitary life; and in order to act worthily his part as a citizen he wishes to fill his hidden and secret springs with spiritual and moral power. And so he asks for a clean heart and a right spirit.

We have had certain similar experiences. When you read a good book, the author seems to talk only to you; when you walk through the forest alone, the trees seem to belong to you, to speak to you as though you were the only person in the world. When you look up to the blue sky, its light and fire please you as if you were the first one who ever beheld them. And when you feel remorse or the sense of guilt, how entirely central and personal it is. These experiences are ours as individuals—as distinct and separate souls; their lesson and their value are for us. Our own feelings, our own pleasure or remorse are never repeated in any other soul. Other souls have their own experiences—which are peculiar to themselves.

Religion makes this even clearer. My religion is absolutely unique; no other man has it or can have it. It is not the same thing as the religion of a church or of a sect,—it is as emphatically my own as my own eyes or my own brain. Religion is a kind of power,—spiritual and moral power. It is a force which invigorates the inmost heart of a man; it cleanses and enlightens his spirit. And this power lodged in his own center and peculiar to him as an individual, is what best prepares him for those outward and social duties where his separate life becomes merged in the life of others. First, power at the center of the wheel, then that same power carried to the rim and transferred to the other wheels. When the dynamo starts up, then the machinery begins to run. When the electric current is turned into the jar the separate atoms combine. When we have clean hearts and a right spirit, when our souls are full of love and good will, we can work for the associated charities, or the hospital; we can best fight social evils and best help all good causes.

As we sit together here in church and pray sincerely, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and in me renew a right spirit," we speak as individuals more than as a congregation. Each man, each woman, speaks from his or her own central solitude. For the moment we are detached, the relations we hold to other people are put off, our business, our friendship, our family life. The soul is alone, uncovered before its Maker.

Is it true that we have secrets which no human being knows? Is it true that our thoughts, our wishes will not bear the light of day? If it be so, remember that God sees, for "he hath set our secret sins in the light of his countenance." "Create in me a clean heart, O God," we call in a whisper that none but God may hear. And this very asking,—this very turning of the sinning heart to God, brings the cleansing that we need, as when we open the door and invite the sunlight to fall upon a mouldy wall,—the mould is destroyed.

"And in me renew a right spirit." What does that mean as we speak the words from our central solitude? I will try to tell you what I think it means. It means that if we are discouraged, burdened and unhappy men, we need not be so. It means that if we lack courage and cheerfulness we can regain them. It means that when we feel worthless and insignificant we are wrong; that when we have lost the power to work, and life has no enthusiasm and

no zest, we can find a remedy. We have the wrong spirit, and we need to find the right one. "Renew a right spirit within me." In all these times of depression there is one cause,—I do not say the only cause, but I believe the most common one. It is this: we have lost the sense of our own individual worth, we have let go our faith. "How tiny, how inefficient is my life," we say as we look upon a vast throng of people. In this great nation, even in this city with its 30,000 people, what am I; in this huge university what is my single life? And when we think of the whole world full of people and then all the millions of the past ages, we seem to shrivel up and be completely lost. And the very co-operative life which we try to live, the numerous calls to join in with others, the insistent demands that we come out and be merged into some party or some popular movement, this characteristic social impulse, by continually drawing us away from our own center and our own personal life tends to dwarf and weaken us and lessen the sense of our individual worth. We must return again to the central truth; my life and your life is valuable in and for itself. My work and your work, however humble, has worth, if for no other reason than for this, that you and I find delight in it. We are not mere atoms to be lost in some social compound; we have significance as separate souls. You remember that I said the forest seems to belong to us when we walk in it alone. The sun has many worlds to warm and much work to do on this planet besides warming me, yet it does warm me as much as if I were the only man in the world. God has much work to do, many worlds to visit, many souls to help, yet he stands as ready and willing and eager to help me as if I were the only soul he had ever formed in his own image.

"Like as a father pitieth his own children," says the psalmist, "so the Lord pitieth us." "Like the good shepherd," said Jesus, "like a good shepherd who sought his one lost sheep till he found it and bore it home rejoicing, so God cares for his children." We never can be so weak or sinful; never so lost in the crowd; never so discouraged that he cannot reach us; and when he does reach us,—when the father has found the child and the child has found the father,—there is joy and peace in the soul, life regains its meaning, we begin the day with enthusiasm and we end it with content. Religion is primarily a private matter—a transaction between God and the soul. From it comes energy which sends us out to do the world's work. Beginning in the heart, it runs out into the hands and feet. Generated at the center, vitalizing the personal life, it fits us for the co-operative life.

What shall we say, then, of an institution like a church, which more than any other does this very thing? Its whole business is to deal in religion. It exalts and glorifies the soul, it proclaims the preciousness of every soul, and the horror and shame of sin, which defiles the soul; it rescues men from fear and from sickness; it helps to heal both mind and body; it reaches to the deepest springs of motive, love and good-will. It renews in men the right spirit so that they become better fathers, better teachers, better citizens.

And when and if a church has helped men and women thus, there is no uncertainty about that church; so long as it thus ministers to the best in men, its life, its work will be perpetuated. Men will not reckon it among the luxuries or the adornments of life, but place it with the necessities, with bread and with clothes.

THE STUDY TABLE

Dr. Crooker's New Book, "The Church of Tomorrow"

Two years ago Dr. Joseph H. Crooker gave us a book called "The Church of Today," which attracted wide attention, as it well deserved to do, for it was an able treatment of a subject of vital importance in connection with the religious situation in Christendom in our time. As an argument for the permanent value of the Christian Church, a defense against its enemies, and a plea for its earnest support by all men and women who care for their own highest good and for the moral welfare of society, the work could hardly have been stronger.

Dr. Crooker now follows that volume with another, supplementary in its nature, entitled "The Church of Tomorrow," which is not inferior in vigor or timeliness to the earlier work. As the title suggests, the ground covered by the present book is not wholly new; in other words, there is much common ground between this volume and its predecessor, as of course was inevitable if either work was to be made at all complete. This, however, is only a very slight drawback; for, even when the author deals with lines of thought which he has presented before, he does so with so much freshness of statement and wealth of new illustration as to make us almost or quite forget that we are not treading in wholly new paths.

"The Church of Tomorrow" contains six chapters. Chapter I deals with "The Method of the Church," and makes a strong and, it seems to the present writer, an unanswerable plea for "Diversity in form with unity of spirit." The author does not believe that the Christendom of the future will satisfy itself with a single form of church organization and church life. In these days there is much advocacy of church unity. This may be carried too far. Unity does not necessarily imply uniformity. Life always expresses itself in variety. Too much outward unity means stagnation or tyranny, or both. There must be no sacrifice of denominational freedom or individuality. Let us have not the merging of church with church for the sake of mere size or even of increased mechanical efficiency; and certainly let us not have the crushing out of smaller or weaker denominations by larger and stronger ones, but brotherhood, co-operation, federation,—that true unity which is of the spirit.

Chapter II considers the "Task" of the coming church, which is declared to be "Feeding the Roots of Life." The great question for every human being is not what he shall get, or even what he shall do, but what he shall become or be. The task of the church is to help men to be,—to be their best and truest selves, to attain the largest, fullest, richest possible manhood and womanhood. Doubtless the

Church of Tomorrow will have other aims also, as, for example, that of doing good in many ways; but its supreme aim will be to nourish individual character, for this is fundamental in everything.

Chapter III discusses the "Thought of God," which it calls the "Top-root of Religion." The thought of God set forth is thoroughly rational, ethical and spiritual; it is essentially that of the greatest Hebrew prophets, the 139th Psalm, Paul and Jesus. An interesting comparison is made between the Christian idea of God (that of Jesus) and the God-idea of Zoroastrianism, Brahmanism and Buddhism,—the Christian idea being held to possess not only the highest philosophical reality but superior practical value in life.

Men's conceptions of God are often confused by names. Much so-called theism is really atheism, while not a little so-called atheism and agnosticism are really very true belief in God. The word God is nothing unless we give it a worthy content—a really divine content; and on the other hand a really divine object of faith cannot be destroyed by a name. A great and noble thought of God makes a great and noble religion; but a low, shallow or unworthy thought of God impoverishes religion as nothing else can do. A high thought of God necessitates a high thought of man, and a high thought of man leads inevitably to a high thought of God. Any conception of God that can permanently satisfy the deep needs of the human soul must include love and universal Fatherhood. "The Church of Tomorrow must deepen and broaden man's whole consciousness of God that it may irrigate his whole nature with the waters of a river of life."

Chapter IV has for its subject "Worship: the Fruitfulness of Prayer," and treats with insight and much suggestiveness such sub-topics as the ethical importance of reverence, modern difficulties about prayer, what prayer can and cannot do, the reign of law, man more than a physical organism, divine sonship necessitates prayer, young people and worship, how worship enriches life. "To worship is to appropriate the divine bounty and take our place consciously and gladly in the family of God."

Chapter V is devoted to "the Pulpit," which is described as "the Voice of the Moral Ideal." The preacher of the church to come must above everything else be a prophet of righteousness, a proclaimer to men of the moral law,—God's law in all worlds.

The last chapter of the book, the sixth, deals with "the Pews," or "the Congregation at Work." It describes the old method of the church as "Priest and Sacrifice," and the new as "an educational administration of religion." Among the leading subjects treated are: the alleged decline of the moral influence of the pulpit, forces hostile to the preacher, a working theory of ethics, the needed "social conscience," Christianity more than a moral ideal, and the educating personality of Jesus.

The whole volume is eloquent and throbbing with conviction; and it can hardly fail to attract wide attention both in liberal and orthodox circles, —probably quite as wide in the latter as in the former.

If Dr. Crooker's book is anywhere weak, it is on its sociological side. Certainly not a few readers will pronounce it inadequate here. The author recognizes a great social awakening taking place in connection with religion, and in some respects shows warm sympathy with it; but he seems to deprecate and resist its entrance to any considerable degree into the organized life of the church, as something foreign to the church's true mission. He would have the church stand for individual salvation and only indirectly for social salvation. Let the church direct its energies to making good men, then we may be sure that good deeds will be done, charities and philanthropies will be established and maintained, and movements for the public betterment will be carried on. Let the roots of the tree of life be nourished; then there will be no lack of fruit on the branches.

This view of the church which Dr. Crooker sets forth is the old one; is it the true one?

There is a new view rising which takes issue with it. It says, Yes, let the church interest itself, of course, in individual salvation; but it must also interest itself mightily in social salvation; indeed, only as it seeks to promote social salvation can it even save itself. It is not enough to make men "good," they must also be good for something; and that means they must be set doing something. Indeed, the surest way to make men really good is the laboratory method—that of setting them doing good work, unselfish work, work for others, work for the common benefit. No man can be saved alone; no church can be saved alone; "save thou a soul and it shall save thine own."

The "roots of life" must be "fed" certainly. But how? Can they be adequately fed by merely sitting in a church on Sunday and listening to sermons, however good, or singing hymns and offering prayers, however devout? It is a law of life that to be or become we must do; to receive we must give. Effective Christian nurture cannot be divorced from good deeds, from active service of others. Neglect here shrivels the roots of life for man or church. If Dr. Crooker realized this more deeply he would not speak so lightly of the "institutional church," the "every-day-open-door church," the church with social settlement features, the church alive with week-day as well as Sunday activities for the betterment of the community, the state and the nation. His book is splendidly strong on nearly every other side; the wish will be widespread that it were equally strong on this.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Summer Books

I have from the Macmillans a handful of sunny summer books. I always like to pick up a Macmillan book, for, although there is a difference, nearly every book from this house pays for the reading. In this handful I have one more of the novels of Luther, author of "The Crucible," The Henchman," and "The Mastery." This volume is entitled "The Sovereign Power." It carries you through Europe, and is a thoroughly good love story. I can not say that there is anything wonderful about it, but it is readable. It is good for tired days. It has a good deal to do with bi-planes and all sort of business in the

air, and it is not too psychological.

From the same house comes second in the pile "The Legacy, a Story of a Woman," by Mary S. Watts. Only the other day I laid down "Nathan Burke," with the conviction that it was one of the best novels of 1910. Indeed, it stands very high in my judgment. Mary S. Watts, who wrote "Nathan Burke," could not write an inferior novel, and "The Legacy" is almost as good a book in some ways. However, I laid down the book without a feeling of satisfaction and what you might call social comfort.

The third book in the pile is Owen Wister's last novel, entitled "Members of the Family." It is a book of short stories, and I think they will be just about what you will want during these hot days. Wister is a peculiar author, not without conceit, but at the same time not without a keen appreciation of wild nature, that is nature, herself—for she is always wild. Do not fail to read the preface to this book, for it is as full of life as it is of literature. If Mr. Wister could give us a volume fully up to the level of the seventh story, the one entitled "Where It Was," it would rank exceedingly high among tales and stories. I do not think so very highly of "Happy Teeth," and that class of tales, but the one to which I call especial attention is certainly very remarkable, and number eight, or "The Drake Who Had Means of His Own," is, in another way, nearly as good.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I am in receipt of "The People of Popham," by Mary C. E. Wemyss—a very pleasant tale, with a certain amount of humor, but the style is too jerky. It tires one to read the book. All the same, it is an exceedingly good story, and it shows to what New England has come,—the change that has come over society within the last thirty years. Imagine Sarah Orne Jewett, or Miss Alcott, or Miss Austin writing such a novel as this. They would not find the elements in their constituency; but Miss Wemyss does.

E. P. POWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Militant Attack Upon Militant Socialism

To the Editor of UNITY:

I sympathize very much with many things that the Rev. G. R. Dodson says in his sermon, "The Menace of Militant Socialism," published in your issue of May 25. As Prof. Rauschenbusch has pointed out, the Socialist movement will prove abortive unless leavened with the true spirit of religion.

And how to bring this spirit of religion to modern men who must solve modern problems, if they are to be solved, is the herculean task of the ministers and churches. This would seem very easy from the advice that any cub of a newspaper reporter or a busy business man feels free to offer. At the present time, from President Eliot of Harvard, who stands for specialization except for himself, to Mr. Morgan, a money king, who expresses his mighty displeasure by absenting himself from a religious assembly of his church, men of all classes think themselves perfectly capable of directing the affairs of religion and religious organization.

This is an excellent sign of the times. It may be the solutions are as impracticable as to try to enforce Harvard University methods in the Salvation Army barracks. But to make people think, or think they think, is certainly worth while. Before a subject is perfectly understood, all sides must be considered. And therefore I write this suggestion to Mr. Dodson, when he gives us his next sermon on Socialism, to please give the bright side, as well as the dark.

Certainly there is a bright side to this movement. The Socialists themselves, like all enthusiasts, sometimes lack the sense of humor. For instance, the verbose platforms of all political parties hardly mean exactly what they say. The socialists' attack upon the "Masters" sounds like brain explosions, if one did not know that the party embraces among its strong adherents wealthy men. A socialist orator in explaining this fact said that these rich socialists did not give all their money to the socialist party because they (the rich men) were not fools.

Then the "capitalists owning the nation intellectually," when many of the most prominent writers today are thoroughgoing socialists, belongs under the heading of jokes. These socialists are simply human beings, and their party platform is much like the party platform that Mr. Dodson's church members swear by,—I mean believe, so that the doctrine of correspondences, not Swedenborgian, might be of service, in Mr. Dodson's next sermon.

I hope, also, that in his next sermon he will explain more fully his quotation from Bebel that "Marriage will lose its reason for existence." If I understand his underlying philosophy, it is that marriage shall not take place as it too often does now, for economic reasons. My impression is that Bebel is for the true spirit of marriage, which all decent, mature people stand for. Bebel would certainly attack the social evil in St. Louis and Chicago, for which he would hold the present economic system largely to blame. Free love, which should be called free fancy (as there is no love except free love), is too prevalent among socialists, and so is divorce among Americans. Is it right to suggest that the whole socialist movement indorses this? I do not say that Mr. Dodson does this, but many critics of socialism do, and why should not Mr. Dodson, who so rightly and beautifully insists upon the domination of the spirit of good will, insist upon the recognition that socialists cannot be wholly defined by thinking men, any more than a Republican, or a Democrat, of the present day,—unless it be by an orator.

And in America we need to beware of the orator. He gives such sweeping generalizations. He makes statements to disconcert his opponent, to win his case, to convert to his view. He forgets to mention many of the relevant arguments of the opposing counsel, and he dresses up his facts with the dynamite of rhetoric to cause a unanimous brain storm. But alas, after it is all over, poor humanity must pick up the fragments that remain, and go to work again to seek the perfect.

Take, for instance, the materialistic conception of history that Karl Marx taught. I personally dislike the theory. I do not believe it. Yet I must confess that there is something in it. It is already making us write the history of the Reformation with new light, and see that there was something else beside Luther and the Catholic church in the struggle.

What I would like Mr. Dodson to do, is to be on both sides, and not only consider the "Appeal to Reason," but the "Christian Socialist;" not only quote Haywood and Debs, but Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, and his fellow minister, Mr. Holmes. Is it asking too much? I appeal from the orator to the philosopher. Give us another sermon.

Fall River, Mass. CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

Johnny Beaver Gets Squelched

Johnny Beaver sat on the river bank one day, biting away on a chip of wood, when along came Willy O'Possum.

"Good-morning, Johnny Beaver," Willy O'Possum called out, "what are you biting on that chip of wood for?"

"Good-morning, Willy O'Possum," replied Johnny Beaver, "I am sharpening my teeth."

"Humph!" grunted Willy O'Possum, "you ought to have teeth like mine, that you wouldn't have to sharpen."

"Yes," said Johnny Beaver, "but you can't do anything but eat with your teeth, while I can cut down trees with mine."

"But you can't swing by your tail as I can," said Willy O'Possum, and he wrapped his tail around the branch of a nearby tree and swung backward and forward two or three times.

Johnny Beaver looked scornfully and he said:

"No, I can't swing by my tail, but I can plaster a house with my tail. I am as smart as a man," he added proudly, "I can build houses and dams."

"Oh, but your tail is so ugly," said Red Squirrel, who was sitting in the tree above Willy O'Possum and Johnny Beaver. "Now, my tail is such an ornament."

"Your tail isn't any prettier than mine," chipped in Striped Chipmunk, "and besides, I am not just a plain red color; I have black and white stripes of trimming on me."

"You have only six stripes," said Federation Squirrel, "and I have thirteen. Anybody would think I was handsomer than you."

"Ha, ha, ha," all the animals laughed in chorus. "Why, you poor thing!" Striped Chipmunk said, "don't you know that thirteen is such an unlucky number? It's a wonder that you are alive!" And again all the animals laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks.

But Federation Squirrel said, "Thirteen isn't an unlucky number. There were thirteen original colonies in this country and it's the luckiest country in the world, for here we have personal liberty and equal rights."

"Personal liberty!" grunted Johnny Beaver. "Piff! you fellows ain't fit to have personal liberty; you ought to have a smart animal like me to make laws to govern you. I can tell you if I had my way, I'd stop this idle swinging by the tail, and I'd put animals who are vain over their useless tails and the stripes on their coats into jail." And Johnny Beaver glared at the animals fiercely, and snapped his teeth together so hard that he bit his chip of wood in two.

Now the King of Birds and Beasts was walking in the forest and he heard what Johnny Beaver, and Willy O'Possum, and Red Squirrel, and Striped Chipmunk, and Federation Squirrel said, and when they had finished he walked out and sat down on a stump and commenced to talk to them.

"You see," he said, "you are all different and you all like different things because the wise God made you so, and then, in justice, he gave you personal liberty and equal rights to act according to your natures. Only he declared that you must not do anything that would hurt yourself or any other animal and that if you did you must go to jail and stay there until you should have learned to behave temperately. You heard what Johnny Beaver said and so you understand that it would not do to let one class of animals, like the Beavers, make laws to rule all the other animals. Johnny Beaver likes to cut down trees and build houses and dams, and he ought to be allowed to do those things as long as he builds on his own land and does not interfere with any other animal's rights. But he ought not to make Willy O'Possum build dams; he ought to let him swing by his tail because that makes him happy and it doesn't hurt him or anybody else. As I came through the woods," the King of Birds and Beasts continued, "I looked into these storehouses of Red Squirrel, Striped Chipmunk, and Federation Squirrel, and I was shocked and grieved to discover that they were hoarding a great many more nuts than they and their families can possibly use. Now I know and they know that there are only so many nuts in the woods, and if some animals take more than they need, other animals will have less than they need and will have to go hungry while there are animals making themselves sick eating too much. Greed is the greatest sin in the world, and it is the mother of all the other sins."

All the little squirrels hung their heads and looked ashamed.

"I heard Red Squirrel, and Striped Chipmunk, and Federation Squirrel bragging about their beauty," the King of Birds and Beasts went on to say, "and they are beautiful to look at, but remember this, no animal who is vain and greedy is really beautiful. There are many kinds of beauty, and you are all beautiful in your different ways," said the King, looking kindly at all the animals, "but the most beautiful thing in the world is to allow others the same privileges that you wish to enjoy yourself, and its name is 'Lib-er-ty.'"

GUILHERMINA MENDELL

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

—*Southwell.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL

The warm days and the near approach of vacation make many of us long for quiet and a life out of doors. The most refreshing and upbuilding vacation is not an idle one. "Motive makes the man," and we would all do well to pay equal attention to the *two* commands in Walt Whitman's words, "Loaf and invite your soul."

Tower Hill is a place among the hills of Wisconsin, on the Wisconsin river, and about thirty-five miles west of Madison, where a group of people have for many years been obeying both. The cottages (which are chiefly screened porches) are dotted over the hillside hidden away among the trees so that one has privacy without loneliness. The table is supplied with fresh milk, eggs, cream, vegetables and fruit, in short, one can be comfortable at Tower Hill.

Then there is Emerson Hall and the talks and the music which invite your soul. Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones' lessons (this year in the Beginnings of the Religious Life) introductory to a study of Religions, are characterized by his usual breadth of view and power to relate all the activities of man to their fundamental source and highest outcome.

There are school teachers who, today, bear testimony to the inestimable value of his teaching in their own work. Besides Mr. Jones' lectures there will be a course of six lectures in the sociological study of the Bible by Mr. Louis Wallis. A course in music appreciation will be given by Mrs. Charles Carroll Brown, to be illustrated with piano, violin and voice—Maude Essex Sprays, Edith Stanton Brown, violinist. One may stay at Tower Hill without study if he choose. One of the things that make Tower Hill a haven is the spirit of freedom. It is not an amusement place; it is a resting place for mind and body and heart. There is provision for simple natural life for the children, too. Are you one of the few for whom there is still room? If so, write, for further information, and write soon, to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.—*School and Home Education.*

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Forty-fourth Annual Meeting

The 44th annual meeting of the Free Religious Association held in Boston, May 26, in point of attendance and the interest taken in its proceedings was one of the most successful gatherings in the history of the Society. Ford Hall, in which the morning session took place, was crowded, both floor and galleries, with an eager and responsive audience. Rev. C. W. Wendte, D. D., read his presidential address, which dealt briefly with the past history of the Association and intoned the new uses for truth and freedom to which it was called, especially in the social field.

The topic of the morning was "The Next Step, in Religion, Philosophy, Social Science and Civil Government," and proved to be a fruitful theme. Rev. Dr. Algernon Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., dealt with the story of religious development through the ages, giving a condensed and masterly review of the progress of the human mind in freeing itself from unreason and authority. With the aid of a large chart containing census returns he showed the present alignment of religious forces in the United States, and drew lessons from it for the present duty of the radical thinker in religion. Rev. Dr. Merle S. Wright, of New York, gave a militant and extraordinarily vitalizing address on "The Next Step in Philosophy." It is impossible to do justice in a few sentences to so brilliant and suggestive an utterance, whose gist may perhaps be summed up in one of its own epigrammatic passages: "Measure the world by man, not man by the world; measure nature by its highest type, human nature; measure human nature by its highest ideals." Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer treated of Social Progress, to whose elucidation she brought the qualities so characteristic of her public utterances, a well-informed, open and singularly sane mind, graceful speech, and that moral earnestness which is most convincing of all. Pleading for a program of social endeavor which should embrace all, and not be narrowed down to the immediate material needs of the poor and depressed classes, Mrs. Spencer epitomized this in three universal demands: "Socialize the water, socialize the air, socialize the earth." Prevent these great fundamental requirements of man from falling under the control of monopolists, or being abused by selfish greed. Write these aims upon your banners and take the next step onward in the social problem. Speaker Walker of the Massachusetts Legislature made a vigorous plea for various political reforms.

All these addresses and those at the banquet in the afternoon caught by the flying fingers of Mr. Frank H. Burt, will appear in full in the Annual Report of the Society, which will be edited by the Secretary, Mr. James H. West. Mr. William H. Hamblen, who for eleven years past has faithfully served the Association in this capacity, retires at his own request and becomes one of its directors. At the annual business meeting, on the 25th of May, Mr. Hamblen read discriminating and feeling tributes to seven persons connected with the Free Religious Association in years past and recently deceased, viz., Julia Ward Howe, Helen M. Treson, Sara C. Bull, Sam Walter Foss, Sara A. Underwood, Dr. Edmund Montgomery and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It was appropriate that the opening exercises of the Festival, held at the Twentieth Century Club rooms in the afternoon, should be devoted to these friends of the Association, and especially to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, both of whom had long served the Society as officers and kept up their loyalty till the last. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, who had just been elected an honorary vice-president of the Asociation, was the first speaker, and in concise, appreciative words told of his long-time friendship for both these eminent persons and contrasted their careers with each other. Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, Rev. Edward Cummings, and Rev. Ida C. Hultin followed in brief tributes, conceived in excellent taste and the impressiveness that comes from personal acquaintance and loving regard. Mrs. Maude Elliott, daughter of Mrs. Howe, responded for her mother in a moving address, a fitting conclusion to the commemorative exercises.

President Wendte now turned over the conduct of the proceedings to Rev. John Haynes Holmes, of New York, in recognition of the young life that is now entering the Association and bringing with it new ideas of religious, social and humanitarian service. The two hundred persons at the dining tables were reinforced by as many more, while many others were turned away from want of room. A bright and witty discussion of the morning's papers was entered into, Dr. Crapsey coming in for a generous share of criticism and comment. Revs. C. W. Casson, Frederic W. Perkins of Lynn, and A. M. Rihbany, Dr. George C. Cox of Cambridge, Powhatan Bagnall and others took part in the debate. After a hymn by Rev. Wm. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., had been sung, that gentleman himself, who had also been elected a vice-president of the Association, made the concluding address. It was to the effect that the next step in religion was a step inward to the eternal and fundamental revelation of God in the soul of man. With this thought as a benediction the meeting came to an end. E. D. M.

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3. The Deluge.
4. How Man Began.
5. The Antiquity of Man.
6. Man's First Home.
7. How Language Began.
8. How Tools Began.
9. How the Arts Began.
10, 11. The Evolution of Dress.
12. Our Poor Relations.
13. The Thought of Sin.
14. The Thought of Death.
15. The Thought of the Soul.
16. The Thought of Heaven and Hell.
17. The Thought of God.
18. The Thought of Sacrifice.
19. How Priests Began: The Ritual.
20. The Temple: Altars.
21. The Growth of Community: How Communities Began.
22. How Laws Began: An Ancient Code.
23. The Ten Commandments, 1st, 2nd, 3rd.
24. The Ten Commandments, 6th.
25. The Ten Commandments, 5th and 7th.
26. The Ten Commandments, 4th: The Institution of Sabbath.
27. The Origin and Growth of Easter.
28. The Origin and Growth of Christmas.
29. The New Commandment of Jesus.
30. A Civic Code: Sources of Wealth.
31. A Civic Code: Poverty, Living Wage.
32. A Civic Code: Rights vs. Duties.

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Kindly suggested by Professor Starr of the University of Chicago, Professor Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania, and Louis Wallis, Esq.

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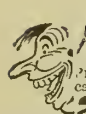

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Volume LXVII CHICAGO, JUNE 22, 1911 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

University of Illinois

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New Edition, Revised and Enlarged

Edited by

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Chicago, Ill.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1911. NUMBER 17.

Brothers of ev'ry clime
Led by a hope sublime,
We sheathe the sword;
Long has the earth been rife
With hate and deadly strife,
Pledge we our heart and life
For blest accord.

God grant us each the light
To know and do the right
Though loss obtain;
Seeing a brother's need,
Yield not to selfish greed,
When love is man's first creed,
Then Peace will reign.

Father in Heav'n we pray,
Speed Thou the righteous day
When war shall cease;
When nations hand in hand,
O'er ev'ry sea and land,
In love before Thee stand,
Oh, grant Thy peace!

Evelyn Leeds-Cole.

The *National Post* sees signs of religious liberality in the English show that is transpiring this week, in the fact that King George has offered one of the seats at his personal disposal to Dr. John Henry Jowett, an English Nonconformist, recently come to New York, and further that the Bishop of Hereford, who is to celebrate the Holy Communion in the Cathedral, has invited not only members of the Church of England but also "such of our Nonconformist neighbors and friends who may feel moved to join with us on this unique occasion." This is hopeful. "One swallow does not make a summer," but it does suggest that summer is on the way, that sunshine and warmth and flowers, green grass and singing birds are to be expected.

The United States has sent to the Coronation Festival of King George the biggest battleship yet made and a lot of the victims of superfluous wealth to see the show. We hope our English cousins will not judge us by this exhibit. Perhaps when the noise of the parade has ceased thoughtful England will have time to read of the Child Welfare Exhibit recently held in Chicago. Our friends will then think the better of us and will go forward in the high work of enabling the English-speaking world, pauper and peasant alike, to whom is given the high opportunity of supplanting superstition with reason, fashion with art, toadyism with self-respect, reactionary conservatism with a spirit of progress, aristocracy and its fell train of foolishness with democracy, to see that "A man's a man for a' that."

Colliers' throws light on the paradox in United States politics today which witnesses such reckless extravagance and foolish rivalry in the Naval Department of the Government, while at the same time there is a conspicuous growth of the Peace sentiment, a conspicuous disposition to limit the armament of the Nation and eventually dismantle our fortresses and discard our battleships, when it tells us that Senator DuPont, president of the Powder Trust, is chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and that he is a member of the committees on Coast Defenses, Expenditures in the War Department, and Pensions. Obviously these were the jobs he wanted when he secured the senatorial election. Perhaps he is justified in making the most of it, for when senators are elected by the people he may not be eligible. Further, we read in the same issue of *Colliers'* that "by doing away with our useless Navy Yards, the military burden of the country would be reduced by ten or more millions yearly."

We print in another column a report of the Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit from the pen of Cora Stanton Brown, published in School and Home Education for June. We hope it will help deepen the interest of the readers of UNITY who were not able to witness the exhibit. We believe with the editor of the above named paper that "No other one thing has been done in this generation that has touched so many deep things of interest and stirred such fundamental organs of the soul as this exhibit, held in New York and Chicago." Both the editorial from which we take this sentence and the article of Mrs. Brown emphasize the importance of the public school interests represented at the exhibit, particularly the live exhibit. The direct lessons of the exhibit are apparent and easily understood. The children who were chiefly in the minds of the exhibitors will doubtless promptly receive a benefit. But the indirect meanings of the exhibit, the psychical values to the ex-

hibitors and the revelation of the pathetic need of the children at the other end of the line, the poor unfortunate children of the favored who are being isolated from the grime and the microbes which were so hopefully exposed at the exhibit, but who are by the same processes segregated from the playmates, schoolmates, teachers and blessed playground associations, are not so apparent, and need interpreters. The lesson which the Child Exhibit most forcibly taught was that the exclusions of poverty and of wealth are equally deplorable, that democracy is a condition of sanity both physically and spiritually.

UNITY has for many years entered its protest against extravagance and the display of Graduation Day. What ought to be a season of unrestrained joy, of spiritual and intellectual uplift, is always menaced by the passion for show, so costly in time and money, and scarcely less so by the passion for fun and social diversion. We would not make the bright day a grim one, but we would reduce the number of boys and girls reported by *Collier's* who "dropped out of their classes before Commencement Day and sacrificed their diplomas because their parents could not afford the dress worn by the other pupils at the exercises." A superintendent in Illinois is quoted as saying: "Too often our High School Commencement Exercises are robbed of all their true significance and dwindle into a mockery, a cheap peacock parade." This quotation is justified by a report showing that the average expense for clothes and invitations in a class of twenty-five was $35.41 per boy and $58.18 per girl. Our exchange seems to be of the opinion that the dress becomes more costly each year and states that the "class photograph" and "personal invitation" have recently been added to the necessary expenses. The observation of the present writer would seem to point in the other direction. Of the ten Commencements which it was his privilege to address this year, five had resorted to the democratic cap and gown for the sake of removing the distinctions of wealth, and, in one case, at least, it was the boast that most of the girls had made their own dresses under the direction of the Domestic Science Department. The economy of money on this interesting occasion should be followed with an equally rigid economy of strength. The examinations at the minimum are strenuous, the breaking of school ties, the packing and the strain of transition are great; it is no time for the social display, the late banqueting and midnight dance. There is no danger but that the favored American youths will make ample provision for "fun." There is great danger that they will invade the most exalted experiences of life with a spirit of levity and mar the peace of a noble occasion with merriment and rivalry.

The *National Post* is the latest journalistic venture that asks for a place in the office, the library, and the family circle of the thoughtful. It is a fortnightly, handsomely printed, profusely illustrated, and edited by a group of young men who have been trained in journalism on progressive lines. It is emphatically interested in non-partisan politics and social problems, but promises also in each number an attractive amount of current news and palatable fiction. The issue of June 17 contains a most interesting and, we hope, typical article on "Checking Up New Zealand," by Charles Edward Russell. It is the first of two articles on the political and industrial conditions of New Zealand, whose government he calls "an experiment that was progressive." They are "doing things" in New Zealand, but Mr. Russell finds a "fly in the ointment;" although it be a government of the "wise and good," the fact that these same "wise and good" are not elected by the people, indicates the weakness and perhaps the menace of New Zealand. But here is Mr. Russell's list of the "reform record of twenty years,"—the "Reforms" that have remade New Zealand in spite of great structural and other defects, for they work. They suggest a program for other governments. The list is prophetic. Does not this list suggest what the best thinking in the United States is tending towards? Why not work for them the harder?

Woman suffrage.
A scientific land tax.
Supervision and rigid regulation of the conditions of employment.
Limited hours of work in many industries.
Extra pay at increased rate for all overtime in these industries.
Discouragement of child labor.
Reduced hours of work for women.
A weekly half-holiday.
Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes.
Legal recognition of the labor union and its elevation to a place in the Government.
The breaking up of the great estates by purchase and by taxation.
State aid to settlers.
State aid to home builders.
Public ownership of some public utilities.
State coal mines to make coal cheap.
State life insurance.
State fire insurance.
A State employment bureau to deal with the problem of the unemployed.
Old age pensions.
The beginning of compensation for injured working men.
A railroad system conducted solely for the public benefit with progressive freight rate reduction.
Free transportation of school children where required.
Housing schemes for the working population.
A Public Trust for the administering of wills and bequests and for other public services.

There is no Morrow. Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may;
God only gives one island-niche of space
Betwixt the Eternities, as standing place
Where each may work—the inexorable To-day.

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

Unity Hymns and Chorals

At last the long needed and patiently looked-for book has appeared. Thirty years ago UNITY lent itself gladly to the creating and distributing of the hymn-book bearing the above title. The book was unique in many ways. Its construction, with the cut leaves making it possible to bring any tune to view in connection with any hymn, was an experiment. The book was compiled on the theory that a few hymns sufficiently known and a comparatively small number of tunes sufficiently popular would best serve congregational singing. The compilers and editors of that book were liberal, not to say radical in their religious convictions, but they were men of faith and believed that the true radical was devout and that rational interpretations of religion must and ought to be spiritual, needing and calling for helps to express the altar attitude of the soul,—confession, thankfulness, aspiration and communion. In short, the editors tried to make a book that would jutify its name, one that would sing in harmony and avoid the differences and discords of the creeds. They tried to make it possible for congregations to sing in harmony with the deliveries of the pulpit.

And now after thirty years two of the editors, Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Gannett, have labored long and diligently in preparing the "revised and enlarged" edition. The old book endeared itself to a small but appreciative group of churches. It has long been out of print and the copies have been literally worn to shreds in the service. The old friends will be grateful that the new is so like the old in form and style and content that it promptly takes its place as an old friend. The preface tells us that there are one hundred and forty-eight new hymns added and seventy-three new tunes. The book now contains three hundrd and thirty-five hymns and one hundred and fifteen tunes. But so skillfully have the printers and binders done their work that it is still a small book, as hymn-books go. The editors modestly say that it was "made for the little church rather than the larger." But we believe that if tried it will prove itself to be an efficient little hymn-book for a large church as well as for a small one.

The first book fell into the hands of the present writer only a few days ago, as he was about to start out on a graduating itinerary. It proved a delightful traveling companion for two nights and a day. So many of the old friends remain, and the new friends made are so at peace with the old ones, that it seemed like a reunion with the comrades of thirty years ago. Doubtless to every pastor, particularly the old pastors, there will be painful omissions,—familiar hymns will be missed, but we venture to say that its sins will be wholly of omission. The hymns offered will prove themselves indispensable and when put to the practical test will prove adequate, for the size of a hymn-book should be determined not by literary but pedagogical standards.

We cannot enter upon a critical consideration of the contents of the book in this notice. Indeed it is too much of a family matter for the present writer to say much about it. Here are fifteen hymns of Chadwick's, twenty-five of Whittier's, twelve of Gannett's, seventeen of Samuel Longfellow's and thirty-four of Hosmer's,—none too many for any of them. The editors are by conviction and temperament prone to hymn "carpentry." In their preface this is frankly confessed and forcefully justified. But at the worst only ninety of the three hundred and thirty-five have been touched and changed, and they stand justified.

There are forty-seven pages of "Service Elements," material which adds to the book an elastic ritual of the liberal faith, and these in the main have been tried out in the previous edition. The number of choral responses has been doubled and there are now eighteen of them; three responsive readings are offered and thirty-two prayers with benedictions that will serve the lay reader.

The sub-title runs, "A Book for Heart, Home, Church." We would like to enlarge it and say, "A Book for Head, Heart, Home, Church and School." It is a book that invites the intellect, and is almost sufficiently cosmopolitan, universal and undogmatic to be eligible for use without offense in the choral exercises of the precious introductory fifteen minutes in the public schools.

But we meant only to speak a cordial word of greeting to this new book, only one copy of which has yet reached UNITY Office; but more are coming, and by the first of July the Unity Publishing Company, which has survived the thirty years, will be glad to lend itself as distributor of this "aid to worship" and "bond of fellowship," this glad singer of the faith that is loyal and loving to the intellect and heart, to the individual soul and the common life of the spirit. The appearance of this new book is opportune on the eve of vacation. We hope many ministers will have it in their vacation outfit and will study it and be prepared to try it with their congregations with the beginning of the autumn work.

We congratulate the editors and rejoice that UNITY has lived thus long if for no other reason than that it may lend itself again to the propaganda by hymns.

In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life and the fairest hope of heaven.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE PULPIT

The Pulpit and Social Endeavor

I take this text, though I shall preach no sermon: "The liberal man deviseth liberal things and by liberal things shall he stand." So with the liberal pulpit and social progress.

John Robinson, referring to churches of the congregational policy, said, "The people are the church and to make a reformed church there must first be a reformed people." This is the way of progress in a democratic society, whether it be religious, civic or industrial. Just the opposite holds true in a monarchic church or state. And with us "the people" includes the man in the pulpit. He must ever be ready to be reformed by the ideals which are urging forward social endeavor. The ideals are liberal; liberal things are being devised for social betterment and the pulpit which claims to be liberal must stand by them.

The people are growing in strength these days and, in spite of blunders, they are growing in wisdom, in devotion to service of just ideals; they increasingly urge the turning of this world into the service of the Christian ideal. If the liberal pulpit is to meet its obligations, is to prove its reason for being, then it must help the people to use wisely this power which they feel. It must assert and reassert democracy and help the people in the pews to exercise their religiousness in this direction.

Facing social problems we do not need so much that all people shall "think alike theologically as that they should act alike religiously." Our duty today lies in the direction of spiritual and moral precepts and activities. We need more of the real missionary spirit which consults the needs of others more than of oneself. And we shall do a greater work for the social life of our communities when we have once worked ourselves to the point of being human in our outlook. We are born into the service of an ideal which leads to the meeting of our social obligations! Do we follow that lead? The best way to follow it is by personifying the truth of today "not in word (only) but in power." How are we to do this? We need to feel that we are "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor, to proclaim relief to the captives, the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised and proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

It should inspire us to see people turning away from ecclesiasticism, tradition, etc., and toward social endeavor if they keep their spiritual foundations, their reverence, their conscious dependence on God, and a well poised attitude toward their fellows.

I know that some men in the pulpits have the idea that by breaking loose from the church they can do more and better work for the Kingdom of God. I know a man whom you know with a strong, social message, who has been tempted that way, yet he wrote me not long ago that he knew that whenever he felt like leaving the pulpit for the platform, he was the victim of his own conceit, weakness, impatience; that not the church but *he* was to blame. He want on to say (what we all know) that the great masses associate religion with all sorts of conceptions which are utterly false to our ways and means of doing things. But it is the business of our pulpits to teach them that *they* are away behind the times and that the true church is miles ahead of them.

Restore the pulpit to the respect and allegiance of mankind; don't desert it. Use it to bring in the Kingdom of God through an inspired social endeavor.

Is not the liberal pulpit peculiarly fitted for this work? Our Pilgrim fathers dreamed "an ideal of associated life which should embody and express the will of God for man." Liberalism urges man to that, to the interpretation of religion in terms of brotherhood, righteousness, peace. It is not our business to furnish any ready-made scheme of perfection; it is our business to stir the motive power of society, i. e., the spirits of people, to rouse impulses for social justice through righteousness.

"It is not by might," saith the Lord, "but by my spirit that the kingdoms of the earth are to become the kingdoms of righteousness and peace."

And we who stand for liberty, progress in religion. must by the same rule stand for the same things in national, social, industrial affairs. We should apply Jane Addams' words about her own position to our position, namely, that we "desire to bear independent witness to social righteousness," and "to be neither subsidized by the rich nor bullied by the poor." If the pulpit stands by these rules it will be nonpartisan, independent, for the right and against the wrong in any agitation! It will stand where it belongs on the eternal verities, showing men that it is worth while to apply eternal rules to temporal affairs.

The pulpit should conserve the values of the past but only as valuable for continual progress toward justice. Its duty is to keep the people mindful of the fact that those on top in industry (as in ecclesiastical affairs) must allow for evolution or get revolution. It must heed that "stern daughter of the voice of God" when there is such disparity in and opportunity for the wherewithal of bodily life that some families, willing and capable to work, starve, while others, neither capable nor willing, have more than they can ever throw away.

Our eyes are open to the conservation of our forests; they are still shut to the conservation of human life.

One does not have to be a socialist to see that conditions which breed crime are only in small part the fault of the criminal. The pulpit that does not help the endeavor to better such conditions is under indictment. We need to add to our individual efforts the social consciousness of the Old Testament prophets. Bribery on the part of some capitalists, of course, breeds dynamite on the part of some laborites, and each side in the present industrial war should clean its own camp by the application of justice or the people will do it for them. War has some rules. Capital and labor seem to have none. Therefore, no wonder suspicion, stealth, outrage exist. And if employers and employees will not straighten it out God will, as always, through people who will apply his laws.

Culminative revenge is piling up for those who, rich or poor, resort to anarchy, whether that an-

archy be brutal or refined! The pulpit is blind that does not see these things and does not point out to men that God's laws of progress toward justice are still operative.

Ages hence men will look back on the industrial blundering, the civic selfishness, the social injustice of to-day as we look back on the Dark Ages. But in the midst of to-day's endeavor the pulpit must not be pessimistic, else it had best cease to stand for Christian ethics when it sees child-labor, starvation-salaries, prostitution, an unregulated liquor traffic, cities exploited, bribery and dynamite, might making right and the devil taking the hindmost.

This is the dark side, but we also can see the quickening of social and civic consciousness, social endeavor on the part of both rich and poor, a proof that at last our social life is approaching the point where the struggle for life with others is outstripping the struggle for life of self alone. And we who profess evolution must help onward and upward this social endeavor or be false to our claim and name. Today God and man are working for a social mechanism (not Socialism), but an order more in accord with character, education, Christian ethics. Our churches should rejoice and lend a hand to those who are freeing the sources of power which shall bring the teachings of Jesus into actual practice, with those who are freeing the obstructed channels so that justice may flow down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream. Such interesting conditions and opportunities as exist will prove whether our pulpits contain prophets or priests.

It is a glorious time in which to stand for the spiritual above the material values till that just appraisement shall become an abiding part of the moral consciousness of the people; in which to stand insistently and intelligently for good will as the only power capable of producing a stable society; in which to point out that there is a will of God in these matters to be obeyed. We must keep our liberal traditions of simplicity, love of straight thinking, the religion of the spirit and of true liberty, but we shall lose them unless we make them vehicles for the carrying of ideals into action.

To paraphrase one of our own prophets: To those who are loyal to the spirit of truth and to the spirit of liberty God commits the holy privilege of preserving and honoring the seeds of the Tree of Life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. This privilege belongs to the pulpit which emphasizes the eternal things and which points out the spiritual meaning of daily happenings: to that pulpit which is neither subsidized nor bullied! It is lost to that pulpit which neglects its part in the social endeavor and fattens on the pottage of the world.

Social endeavor and the pulpit? Social endeavor is simply human endeavor to answer the beckoning of God: simply the demand of the people to be allowed to go on toward the better day. The pulpit is but the agency for helping in that task of everlasting importance which Jesus could not finish. The essentials of that task are to be found in the Beatitudes, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables and Teachings of Jesus.

It is a hard task, a challenging, glorious task, to try to establish righteousness and to make the world an abiding place of co-operative good will!

MAXWELL SAVAGE.

Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky.

The Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit

A Chicago woman remarked that the Child Welfare Exhibit was the greatest thing Chicago had ever achieved, greater even than the World's Fair, greater in the effect on the city afterward, probably, and certainly better in its influence.

If people had really understood the significance of this exhibit more visitors would have flocked to Chicago from other parts of the country.

It is the voice of an awakened conscience, with reproach in its statement of facts and their implications. It is the voice of a throbbing heart with its tenderness and aspiration for the little ones. It is the voice of mind beginning to understand not only that there is a problem, but with some idea of what must be done if we are to solve it. It is the voice of divine compassion with its realization of the solidarity of the human race.

It takes a long time, humanly speaking, for an idea to become common property, and the idea of the rights of the child has been growing slowly but surely until now it would seem that we are at last in the way of seeing it more clearly, considering it more rationally, recognizing it more efficiently than ever before.

It is my understanding that some three years ago someone in New York proposed to show what was being done by the Sunday-school, when a man said, "I have an idea larger than this which I have been brooding over, perhaps now it may be carried out—that is to show all the things which are being done for children in the city." So, like the snow-ball, the idea grew and in time became the image which expressed the attempts of all helpful agencies in New York City to give the child his right and his opportunity. After all, the latter is the only right humanity can furnish. Chicago conceived the idea of taking the New York Exhibit and adding to it a showing of its own work. New York spent three years and something like a hundred thousand dollars, having the co-operation of churches, settlements, public schools, societies for legislation for child-welfare, and when the exhibit opened, crowds of people came to see, to be moved, to be inspired and instructed.

In a few weeks Chicago set up the exhibit, with a still larger one of its own, and that exhibit has just closed its doors after having had a million visitors, it is estimated. The initiation of this project was made possible by the gift of $30,000 from Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, with the admonition to spare no necessary expense, as more thousands would be furnished as needed, and they were.

But beyond the money were the willing hands and hearts, the indefatigable spirit of welfare workers of Chicago. For years there has been organized work for children in this great city, first by Hull House and its sister settlements, later by the city itself through the establishments of courts, playgrounds and recreation houses in the parks, city board of health, parents' associations and aid to the public

schools, and the great public itself. Now that the exhibit is over there is to be a more united effort of all helpful agencies than has ever been made before; the proceedings of the conferences held during the weeks of the exhibit are to be published; pictures have been taken of screens, exhibits, and children, which may be used as slides for stereopticon lectures, moving picture shows, and, it is hoped, a book, which visitors over and over expressed a wish for, because there were so many interesting statements and statistics which we wished to carry away in permanent and accurate form.

Those who were unable to attend should send for the Handbook of the exhibit. Miss Jane Addams at Hull House would be submerged with requests (at ten cents each and postage) if the people understood its interest and value. It would be a good thing if every Mothers' Club had one, for although this exhibit deals primarily with the problems of the city child, and some of the exhibits emphasize the needs of the poor and delinquent child, fundamentally the problem of the child is the same everywhere, and then there is the fact of the solidarity of humanity which means that one cannot be injured without injuring all.

What New York and Chicago do needs to be duplicated in some form or degree everywhere, for they are only working for justice and loving-kindness toward these innocent and helpless ones who are the wards of the world, the wealth of the world, the future leaders of the world.

Roughly speaking, the exhibit may be divided as follows, the work of each overlapping or rather interpenetrating so that together they are unified into one great whole,—society.

The churches obviously can not exhibit their greatest work, but their exhibits of statistics, suggestions, pictures, show that the church is doing religious services. Kindergartens, day-nurseries, a great social and educational work quite beyond clubs, musical bands, summer camps, classes in everything people can study or work at, show how the church is feeling its social responsibility. They quite lap over into settlement work. Indeed, some really have a settlement, for instance, Abraham Lincoln Centre, in connection with All Souls Church, with Jenkin Lloyd Jones as its leader, is the larger sense of unity; its motto is: "Pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever a flower will grow"; its policy is one of fraternal relationship without regard to religious sect, race, or color.

The homes section dealt with housing, food, cooking, clothing, furnishing, toys, recreation, occupations. The exhibit began with a booth where the babies could be left in the care of trained nurses, and ended with model apartments, where cooking was done in the convenient kitchen and music was given in the living room. The cost of food, clothing and housing was given. In Laws and Administration and Work and Wages there was plenty to make men feel distressed and ashamed over the abuse of children, and to rouse the consciences of women who buy willow-plumes, ready-made clothing (without the white label), and even artificial flowers. The play grounds, the museums and children's libraries, brought comfort. sadly needed. The Chicago Health Exhibit was exceedingly effective, with some startling features calculated to shock some people into thinking.

Last, but not least, there was the splendid "live exhibit" of the public schools. Some one said the school needed the settlement to give the neighborly touch. Probably that is true. However it has come about, the fact is that the school exhibit was wonderfully suggestive of the joy of living as well as the joy of learning. Thousands of happy children showed the public their every-day work in the arts and crafts, domestic science, music, and physical culture. And thousands flocked to see. The people who do not visit the schools visited the exhibit and saw their children at work or at play and heard their beautiful singing.

There are a few impressions of the public school work which must be noted. First of all, the fact that children in such numbers are reached, that equal opportunity is given to all, and that the work tends more and more to the development of the spiritual life of the children. Then the fact that the so-called fads are the very things which were shown, cooking, sewing, basketry, wood-working, book-binding, special work for blind children including typewriting, designing, printing, chair-caning, and that these delighted the spectators. Then the special school which did not have "live" exhibits but which had pictures, statistics and interesting information enough to let everybody know that Chicago takes care of the education of the defective, delinquent, crippled, blind, deaf, and, with the aid of private benefaction, some tubercular children—having two open air schools and some open window school rooms, and, wonderful in its compassion and its results, the only school in the world for children victims of syphilis and gonorrhea, who must be separated from other children for fear of contagion. As I stood before the record of that work and saw the lovely picture of a child restored to normal condition, health, at present, to a life of usefulness and joy, from a terrible state considered hopeless, I thought we really are feeling the love and compassion of the Great Teacher, for what love it must take to patiently win back to health some of those physically repulsive little creatures.

In conferences on play and labor legislation, and "what next?" the idea of home extension was dominant. What was meant was this: The school is the extension of the home and the spirit of love must be carried into it. The street is the extension of the home (in cities often the "parlor") and must be safe and fit for the child. The court exists for the loving protection of the child. Yes, it has been a wonderful thing to see; it is a glimpse into the heart of the people and the heart is good and tender. And this is only the beginning. On one of the first pages of the Hand-Book is written Browning's hopeful

> "The year's at the spring
> And day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven;
>
> "The hillside's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn;
> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

And on the back cover is a picture of Lorado Taft's group, "The Blind," with the lifted child, and the saying, "And a little child shall lead them."

One of the most hopeful impressions of the exhibit is the sane attitude, the absence of sentimentality, and the presence of plenty of good sentiment.

At the closing conference the speakers felt, what any serious observer must have felt (the reproach of it) how little has been done compared with the child's needs. Chicago will have as a heritage new unity among all its helpful agencies, probably an annual exhibit, and a permanent Child's Bureau.

The artistic aspect of the exhibit, the grace and beauty of things done by settlements and schools deserves special mention, but must be left to a future report.

—Cora Stanton Brown, in "School and Home Education."

From Our Foreign Correspondent

During my stay in Calabria the fact was reported that I was a physician, and gradually to this fact was added the fiction that I must be one of particular ability, with the result that instead of proving myself a pleasure to my hosts I ran the risk of being a nuisance, for the huge knocker was sounded at every hour of the day and night by the sick and afflicted who came not only from the little village, but from the surrounding towns to beg of me to give them some encouragement or direction for their cure. Groups of people waited for me when I ventured to walk about the country, to talk to me of their physical ailments.

There was little that one could do. One could not prescribe a nourishing diet where there was nothing but bread and herbs,—neither could one suggest cleanliness where there was no water except what was carried to the houses with great labor,—nor fresh air in the homes where there were no windows. Finally I was obliged to take refuge behind the law which forbade a foreign physician practicing without a license, but in some way I seemed to gain the confidence of the people, doubtless because I was a strange species to them. But, whatever the reason, when it was announced that the next day was the time set for my departure I heard a great deal of excitement in and about the court-yard, and when the hour arrived for my leaving it required the four municipal guards to clear a way for me! An arch was formed at the gateway leading from the old palace made of the fabrics of all colors which I had admired in the looms, and under which I must pass. As soon as I reached the doorway a salute from guns was sounded and cries of *"Eoviva la Signora Americana"* came from all sides. Men carried baskets of roses and threw them on the ground before me and I was obliged to walk upon the lovely things, and from all sides heaps of flowers were offered me until I could carry no more. When I finally reached the carriage in the market place I was literally covered with a shower of rose leaves, and for several miles down the mountain, groups of men, women and children waited to bid me God-speed.

Curiously enough this demonstration gave me little personal satisfaction and I could hardly keep back the tears when I thought of the barrenness of the lives which made the coming of an unpretentious American woman seem of sufficient importance to provoke so much enthusiasm. I felt a little more reconciled to it, however, when I found that it was not all intended for my unworthy person, but that this was an occasion when the people could show the strength of my hosts in the anti-clerical movement.

It seemed a little strange to be, even for one day, in the majority, for in matters of belief I have always found myself with the minority. Doubtless had I remained long enough I should have found my natural place.

Since writing the above I have returned to a more complex but much less interesting life among people of refinement, where one must be careful to observe an order of precedence and give the proper titles without abbreviation, but one feels a resentment against living and moving in such confined space and longs for the freedom and poetry and even the struggles of these generous, impulsive and almost primitive people.

Doubtless the time will come when the waterfalls in that part of the country will be utilized to generate electricity and there may be more of physical comfort in many ways, but with this will come a loss of the poetry of life which now makes it possible to enjoy the simple blessings that come to them occasionally.

I left these people with sincere regret, but they have given me more than I could give them in a stay of many months. More than ever do I feel the relativity of values. The happiest people there are those who have some comforts, but whose care of worldly goods is not a burden to them and who have much time to enjoy the beauty of nature. Curiously enough I have found even among the most humble an appreciation of the landscape which those of us who live within the limits of great cities believe only comes to the cultured or to the poets. Often I have heard a farm worker say, "Did you see the color of the sea today?" or, "I hope you didn't miss the sunset last night," as if such beauty was so rare that we might never see it again. These are the people who are huddled in our cities or are working on our railroads. We open our doors to them and pay them wages. They leave us a just equivalent in labor for any money which they may carry away, but more and more I feel we are most neglectful of the best that is in them. They come as children with all of the faults and virtues of children, and as children they should be dealt with. Not long since I saw hundreds of them,—strong, well-built young men, embarking for our shores with hope in their faces, leaving behind them parents and wives, and I wondered if we could make good the promises of protection to the oppressed, especially when we allow them to segregate themselves in our cities where they are apt to know no protection or interest except such as is offered by some corrupt politician who sees something to his own advantage in his philanthopy.

This is not the time nor place to criticize our methods of education, but the fact is frequently impressed upon me that we are no longer an absolutely English-speaking people. Our relation to foreigners is almost as close now as their relations are to one another in Europe, therefore it seems to me that a little more emphasis should be placed upon the learning of at least two living languages beside our own, in our educational institutions. It is not a difficult matter of accomplishment as is proven over and over by those who attend the various international schools. One might

better leave out some things of questionable value in our schools and obtain the same amount of mental discipline in learning a means of communication with our fellowmen, which would widen our mental horizon and thereby enrich our own lives.

Rome, Italy, May 15, 1911. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Dedication of a Parish House at Madison, Wisconsin

On Sunday, June 11, occurred the dedication of the parish house of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wis. This service marked the fulfillment of a dream long cherished in the hearts of pastor and people, a fulfillment made possible by the generosity of Dr. C. H. Vilas, a former resident of Madison. The new building will house the social, educational and civic activities of the church and will doubtless bring a considerable increase of effort along all these lines. The building blends perfectly with the old structure in outward appearance, is finished throughout in quartered oak, and provides adequate space for the Woman's Society, the Sunday-school and various clubs. It gives class rooms and auditoriums of varying size, well appointed dining-room and kitchen, and splendid space for a gymnasium.

The exercises in connection with the dedication included the morning service in the church, with special music, a dedicatory service in the parish house itself at half past seven, and another service in the church at half past eight, the capacity of the building being tested at all three services. At the morning service Rev. Fred V. Hawley, of Unity Church, Chicago, gave the message, which was a call to use strength in the service of weakness, an ideal contradicted by much of human history, yet, as the speaker clearly showed, not impossible of growing attainment.

The dedicatory service proper consisted of responsive readings and prayer by the minister and people; a short address by the donor, Dr. Vilas, acceptance of the gift by Mr. George Kroncke for the church, words of fellowship and congratulation from local ministers representing the Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Congregationalists; a word of thanksgiving by the minister, and the reading of messages of congratulation and good will from neighbors and distant friends unable to be present.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was the chosen speaker for the evening, but railroad schedules forbade his presence and Rev. Ernest C. Smith, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, gave an address upon "The Church and Social Service." He paid a tribute to the church for its ministry of relief in the past and for its part in creating individual leaders of movements outside the church, but declared that the present time calls for new efforts and new methods,—efforts to prevent poverty, disease, crime, war, efforts to establish equal rights and equal justice, methods by which the influence of the church as an organized body shall be brought to bear upon the problems and needs of our time, becoming the preeminent organization for the widening and deepening of a sympathetic understanding, which shall overleap all barriers of class or social station. The address was thus an application to concrete conditions of the morning's message.

Be Good, Sweet Maid

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

Writers in the *Independent* have been discussing the subjects, "Be Clever, Sweet Maid," and "Be Sweet, Clever Maid." Those admonitions are all very well in their way, but I still think that Kingsley's word is the more vital. The important thing here in life today, as always, is that one be good. Epictetus tells us that we are concerned alone with what is within our own power. It is not entirely for us to say whether we will be clever or not. Some of us were not born that way; and while we have done what we could to cultivate the faculties that were given us, we are yet far from being clever. And as to being sweet, sometimes I think that the genuine sweetness of a woman is just one phase of her goodness. If I understand Mrs. Harris aright, it is not mere physical charm of which she speaks; the sweetness she enjoins is the sweetness of the maid who is gentle and considerate and unselfish and helpful,—and that is just being good, is it not? Somehow I think that being sweet is an inevitable consequence of genuine effort to be good. It should be no more sought for itself than being happy. If a girl tries to be good, to discover and do the right, to be gentle and kindly and considerate, to be just and generous, to be brave and cheerful, to "do noble deeds," why then, I think, she will be sweet, even though quite homely of face or angular of figure,—yes, even though fat.

What is the reason for any effort? Why should we try to be clever, or to be sweet, or to be good? Is it for any other reason than this,—that in our heart of hearts there is a sense of duty, obligation, a felling that we *must* try? Conscience, then, is the real reason for every effort. The demands of convenience, convention, expediency, even so-called necessity are shifting and superficial,—negligible, all, if we like. Conscience persists. And the one demand of conscience is righteousness, goodness. "Seek ye first righteousness." Isn't that the command of conscience yesterday, today, and forever? Jew and Gentile, Christian, Pagan, and naked, black savage, —all have heard it. Our interpretations vary. Your goodness is not mine, or mine yours; but our one chance for serenity of life,—yours and mine and every woman's, and man's,—lies in a conscious determination that we will try to obey conscience, try to seek righteousness, try to be good.

"Do noble deeds." They will make us sweet. And cleverness? Why, "Let who will be clever."

Pueblo, Colo. EDWIN G. BROWN.

Patriotism promises men nothing but a terrible future, but the brotherhood of nations represents an ideal which is becoming ever more intelligible and more desirable to humanity. Hence the progress of mankind from the old outworn opinion to the new must inevitably take place. This progression is as inevitable as the falling in the spring of the last dry leaves and the appearance of the new from swollen buds.

—*Tolstoy.*

Dreadnaught

Never was the church in better business than in helping to secure reciprocity and arbitration. These two words are good in every phase of their meaning, to honest people. More than that they are eminently Christian. The object of Christianity is not to preach a set of doctrines summed up in eschatology, but to preach peace on the earth—"On earth peace and good-will to all the world." This is the very initial utterance of the gospel we profess. So it comes about that we are out of our sphere at all when we take up this grand proposition that the nations shall swear to each other eternal good-will.

English-speaking nations can adopt arbitration as fundamental law and, in order that that may be done, every American and every Englishman can afford to have a few dollars of his income cut off. The tariff is a civic question, and when it gets out of legislative halls and into the hands of a civic commission we shall have our say about it, but what we want now is arbitration of every possible dispute, and we want war with its barbarism absolutely removed from the list of possibilities.

Understand that we are taking this ground strictly as Christians. What we want is a civilization that is civilized, but we equally want a Christianity that is Christlike. We believe that the Quakers were right, that no Christian can engage in deliberately shooting his fellow man. If we look over the list of causes for war during the last hundred years, it is impossible to deny that not one of them could have had the endorsement of our Master.

Jesus was the forerunner of universal peace. It is in this way that we must look at him. This was his distinctive and peculiar position, that of the preacher of peace based on universal good-will. War was normal to primitive races. The stronger ruled as a matter of course. Force was God. Jesus taught the new doctrine that God was love; that peace was right; and that we should suffer rather than retaliate. We have not understood the gospel. We have hardly believed its essential principle to be workable. We are gradually coming to a new light on the subject.

It is a great thing and a good beginning when all English-speaking people can unite in expressing a single wish and all the churches turn into tabernacles for the proclamation of universal peace and good-will among men. If we begin with praying and preaching, not at each other but with each other, we shall be pretty likely to reach co-operation in business affairs as well. Better yet will it be when we give up our thoughts and preparations for war altogether, in God's love. The one thing needed now is faith in peace, a Christian belief that peace is workable. We have our pessimists, who are continually croaking war, but there is a worse trouble in the fact that as yet the majority of the people do not believe that we can live together without fighting.

The present condition of the United States is a magnificent testimony that several nations may exist side by side with rival interests and yet practice the law of good-will and friendly co-operation. We have had but one war between the states, and that was between sections. We have demonstrated that from ocean to ocean we can work as a single people, although we are fifty peoples.

Ten years of warless internationalism will bowl this world along Godward faster and farther than five hundred years of Dreadnaughts and dread of each other. Our first great peace vessel should be christened the "Dreadnaught." Dread nothing, fear nothing, but hope all things. When the spirit of Christianity really gets into full possession of the civic affairs of civilization, we shall wonder that deep in the era of enlightened science we tolerated the most barbarous elements of brute force.

E. P. POWELL.

THE STUDY TABLE

Summer Books

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I get "The Long Roll," by Mary Johnson. This is a remarkable book in its ability to interest us once more in matters of the Civil War. I took it up with a distaste for recalling the infernal events of that magnificent period. I am glad that I overcame my prejudice, for the book is a brilliant sample of literary art and word-painting. The author's descriptive power has not recently been surpassed by any other American. It is written from the Confederate standpoint, but that we do not care for any longer. I remember being at William and Mary College a few years ago when on the Commencement stage one of the old Confederate generals, accepting a portrait of General Macgruder for the library gallery, said: "The war settled one thing, that hereafter the Fourth of July stands for a principle of growing unity for world freedom. It will be hereafter a symbol of unity rather than of division. We may be glad that the war was undertaken and the great principle of the right to stand alone in the world and shake fists at everybody else was fought out."

From the same house I am in receipt of another unusually fine novel entitled, "Queed," by Henry S. Harrison. The book is thoroughly original in its material and method. I always like to have a novel bring me into a mood of feeling acquainted with its hero and made the better for the acquaintance. I think you will feel the better for having read "Queed."

E. P. POWELL.

FLOWERS

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
  Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
  Should keep the dew of youth
Bright missals from angelic throngs
  In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn
  Were it of flowers bereft?

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
  The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
  Shares too their blessedness,
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
  Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
  Inviting it to prayer!

—*Elizabeth Oak Smith.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A NEW INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

UNITY has asked me to say a word in reference to the agricultural and industrial school now being founded in De Funiak, Florida, with which the name of Doctor Thomas is associated, and I gladly respond, not only because of my deep interest in the institution but because it gives an opportunity to bear testimony to the united and splendid work of many citizens of the town.

For years Doctor Thomas had been vitally interested in the broader and more practical training in the public schools. Every manual labor department was a step forward and he hailed it as a signal for a more universal democracy. Then when our home became wedded to the South-land summers as well as winters, we knew how acute were the needs of the people and under what fearful odds was the strggle of mind over material. Then what path to independence could there be for the multitude except in the line of training for the hand as well as the head? What hope for the great agricultural interest except in intelligent, scientific cultivation of the soil? So we talked much upon these things together and with others. He wrote and I wrote. My work was more local, with Sunday departments in two daily papers and two weeklies whose columns I used at will for the gospel of work. Our study table was loaded with publications of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. We were in close touch with the Rockefeller Demonstration Work of the South. Farmers met at our home with the Institute workers of the State Experiment Station. We took stock in the local fairs and helped in the prizes for the corn contests.

At last we bought a farm and the last ride the Doctor took was over to a beautiful field of cow peas that cut two tons an acre after a cutting of winter oats. "Some day," he said, "this will be like a garden," and he pointed over to the lowlands, the richest thereabouts but now in need of drainage.

All this was most interesting to him because it was dealing with the forces of nature and enlarging the creative life of the masses. Then the Gentle Light passed on, not out, and from that time I had but one thought of the farm,—that some day it should do the work he would love to have it do.

Last year an effort was made toward this end but the time was not ripe. Imagine my gratification then this year, when, on arriving from Cuba, I found that several thousand dollars had been subscribed by the citizens toward an endowment fund for an industrial school. This was my hour. Meetings were held; many became interested; a board of trustees was organized, and I gave the farm of two hundred and sixty acres with its equipments of dairy, stock and implements, several barns and three cottages, and when $25,000 is raised for the endowment I will double the gift just made.

Pupils are to work one hour a day and pay $100 a year for tuition and board, if they can; if not, and if they are worthy, some one will help them pay part or the institution will trust them to go out and earn it.

The man elected at the head as superintendent, the leading spirit, seems born for the work. He is about forty, tremendously energetic, consecrated, and with large experience in kindred work. He comes from he class the school is designed to reach and worked his way through college. This gives him a welcome to every cabin. He is a gentleman, not because of training but because his heart is in the right place. A splendid builder and one who "can get money from any living man," said one at a meeting. "Or dead one either, unless he is buried deep," replied one who had been held up for a $5,000 on the endowment. Letters came full of inspiration; other gifts were recorded, small, but large for the means of the givers. One citizen gives $500 toward current expenses.

This will all seem tiny to the reader who may be building scrapers of the sky or dreaming in many figures, but I own up it seems mighty big to me, for it is big in possibilities; it is reaching out for the realities, it is angling for boys and girls and helping them to self-help,—the only abiding help; it is looking to character, individual and state, now and tomorrow.

To be sure the beginning will be small. The superintendent is now in the field for a utility building containing girls' dormitory, chapel, reception and recitation rooms, dining-room, kitchen and laundry. The boys for a time will occupy the cottages. There will be chickens and hogs and a dairy with daily milk delivery in the town, there will be sweet potatoes and Irish, peanuts and chufas, velvet beans, cow peas, corn, sugar cane and vegetables of all sorts. The over-flow will go to the local market. There is no end to what may be done and alas, no end to the means needed, but I take this position. The first year for obvious reasons it must be a matter largely of local initiative and enterprise.

"Make good, however small the scale, make good."

Next year, after a record is made, very likely I may write to Doctor Thomas's friends and say, "How would you like to help some boy or girl to help himself, some one who has never lived in a house with windows, never had two months of schooling in a year, never heard a lecture or a concert, never saw a library or a painting, and never crossed the shadow of meagerest opportunities, and yet he looks up into the stars and wonders what it all means. How would you like to help put opportunity in his way?

Now the editor did not tell me to write this and I never dreamed of doing it, but this is the situation. In the name of one who poured out his life on this great city, on this greater Northwest, we are trying to build in the South, as he did, to make life larger and better and more abundant.

Chicago Lawn, Ill.

VANDELLA VARNUM THOMAS.

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The Selfishness of Grief ..... .10
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32. A Civic Code: Rights vs. Duties.

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Kindly suggested by Professor Starr of the University of Chicago, Professor Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania, and Louis Wallis, Esq.

AMES, Phychology of religious experience; BRINTON, Myths of the New World; BRINTON, Religions of primitive peoples; CLODD, Childhood of the world; CLODD, Story of creation; CLODD, Story of primitive man; CROSSKEY, Method of creation; DE COULANGES, The ancient city; ELLWOOD, Modern social problems; FRAZER, Adonis, Attis, Osiris; GOULD, Beginnings; GROSSE, Beginnings of art; HOBHOUSE, Morals in evolution; KEANE, Ethnology; KEANE, Man, past and present; KELLER, Homeric society; KING, Development of religion; LUBBOCK, Origin of Civilization and primitive condition of man; LYELL, Antiquity of man; MASON, Origin of invention; MASON, Woman's place in primitive culture; POWELL, Our heredity from God; SHALER, Domestication of animals; SMITH, Religion in the making; SMITH, W. Robertson, Religion of the Semites; STARR, Some first steps in human progress; SUMNER, Folk Ways; Tylor, Early history of mankind; TYLOR, Primitive culture, ed. of 1903-4; WALLIS, Examination of society from the standpoint of evolution; WEBB, Heritage of dress; WESTERMARCK, Origin and development of the moral idea; WHITE, History of the warfare of science with theology; WHITNEY, Life and growth of language.

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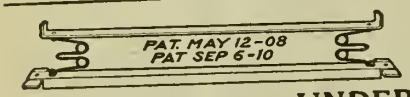

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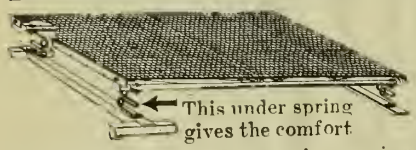

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1911. NUMBER 18.

TO PALEOLITHIC MAN

(RESTORED IN A MUSEUM)

My Father! Lo, thy hundred thousand years
  Are but as yesterday when it is past.
Today thy very voice is in mine ears;
  On mine own mirror is thy likeness cast.

Thy sap it is in these my veins runs green;
  Thine are these knitted thews of bone and skin;
This cushioned width lay once thy ribs between,
  As my heart did with thine its work begin.

Be it however contoured, this frail cup
  That holds the stuff and substance of my brain
From thy prognathic skull was molded up:
  Do I not share with thee the mark of Cain?

And shall I shudder at the thickened neck,
  Full from thy shoulders to thy sloping head?
It bore the brunt of many a rout and wreck
  That spared the slender loins whence I was bred.

And do I blush, my Father, seeing how
  Thy furry jowl is kindred to my cheek?
It shuts upon a tongue, I mind me now,
  Which stuttering spent itself that I might speak.

I and my brothers roam this rich To-day
  Unhindered, unafraid, because thy feet
Stone-bruised and heavy with primordial clay,
  God's winepress trod to make our vintage sweet.

—*Fanny Hodges Newman.*

After the first of July and until further notice the editorial office of UNITY will be at Tower Hill, Wis. All communications to the Editor through the mail should be addressed as above. The business office will remain as usual at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Subscriptions and other purely business communications should be sent there. Our readers are accustomed to this arrangement and we ask their forbearance for any shortcomings incident to this long-armed editing. The Tower Hill community is already gathering. The season will be opened July 1. "Old Helena Cottage" is already occupied by Rev. O. C. Helming, of the University Congregational Church of Chicago, and his family. The "Lanier Cottage" has passed into the possession of Professor J. A. Johnson of the Chicago Public Schools, and is to be occupied by his family during the entire season. David Lofts, one of the Trustees of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, has rented the new "Hotel Extreme," and his wife and daughter take possession July 1. "Waldesruh" is to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewis and family of Chicago. The "Ambrose L. Thomas Cottage" will be occupied by Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown, of Indianapolis, and her daughter, the gifted violinist, and other members of the family. Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Miss Evelyn H. Walker, Miss Bertha M. Howe and other members of the Old Guard are planning to take prompt possession. Miss Lutie E. Stearns was in consultation at the Lincoln Centre last week, planning for the Sixth Annual Woman's Congress to be held during the closing days of the Summer School, August 11—13, and it is to be the best yet. The Senior Editor writes this note from "Westhope Cottage," where he arrived last night, June 23, after a strenuous itinerary involving twelve commencement and other addresses all in the month of June, scattered through Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Here he had hoped to cease from toiling, but an emergency calls him back to Chicago to give a course of five lectures and readings from Browning before the Chicago University, June 27—30, after which the only cares of the summer will be the love-tasks of UNITY, the Tower Hill Summer School, July 16—August 13, and the care of seven promising Jersey calves.

The beatitude, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," is as applicable to the life of the community as it is to the individual. It is just as good a text for the city of Chicago as it is for any citizen in Chicago. It is just as fundamental in the politics of the state of Illinois as it is in the life of any individual, and it is just as imperative in the Senate halls in Washington on Monday as it is in the church on Sunday. It is as good a text for a Fourth of July address as for a Sunday sermon. It is the foundation for the highest patriotism as well as the basis for a well-ordered home. Chicago as a city needs to read this beatitude of the hungering, and know that there is no beauty for it, no sanity for it, no health for it, except such as comes from the masterful hunger for righteousness.

"Socialism" is a word of doubtful, ever varying denotation in current speech. The would-be representatives on the inside, if there be an inside, are making strenuous effort to force the word into a definite meaning. They would make it denote a specific program, a very definite theory of economics and government. But in spite of these self-appointed interpre-

ters the word continues to stand for a "connotation," to borrow the terms of Mill's logic, that is too large to be outlined, too fluid for a program. It represents a spirit rather than a body, a movement rather than a creed. *Life* is not considered a thought journal, still less an authority in politics or religion, dogmatically expressed, but it is often caught in much clear thinking. For instance: "Socialism in its largest aspect means simply that everybody knows what he is capable of becoming: then he will get what he wants and what he ought to have."

The Fourth of July is at hand and the cry of "Sane Fourth!" is heard throughout the land. But spite of all preaching and writing, a sane Fourth can come only by eliminating the insane fathers whom the *National Post* reminds that "during the last eight years 1,662 persons were killed on the Fourth of July, 37,526 people were injured, and the destruction of private property by fire has reached into the millions." But these "insane fathers" cannot be scared out of their insanity. They must be wooed and won by saner methods. The saloon-keepers, the sporting men, promoters of horse-racing, gambling, and the dissipations of life, have been allowed to arrange Fourth of July activities long enough. Let the ethical, educational and religious organizations make haste to take the lead and let them arrange such programs for thought, social enjoyment and the civic spirit and advancement as will inject sanity into the brains of the fathers who go insane from sheer vacuity of mind.

President Edmund J. James, of the University of Illinois, in his address upon the Economic Significance of a Comprehensive System of National Education, before the American Economic Association, December, 1910, pleading for a more rational use of the national resources, spoke as follows concerning our expenditures for war and armaments:

"The statement has been made that of late the appropriations of the federal government are distributed in such a way that nearly seventy-five per cent may be properly classed as war expenditures, that is, preparation for war, pensions payable on account of war, interest on the public debt contracted because of war, etc. My own estimate runs higher. Some twenty-five years ago I made a rough estimate of the expenditures of the federal government up to that time from the year 1789, covering nearly the first century of our national existence. I found that the total expenditure for all purposes on the part of the federal government had been something like eighteen billions of dollars, and of that amount sixteen and one-half billions had been spent for war, using the term again in its large sense, of money spent in preparation for war, in the conduct of war, and in settling the bills after the war was over. In other words, the expenditure of the federal government up to that time had been sixteen and one-half units for war and one and one-half for all other purposes whatsoever, including the so-called enormous expenditures for river and harbor improvements. Eleven-twelfths of the income of the federal government spent on war! And this is a peaceful nation!"

Brutal Economics

The following communication from a "Florida Operator" is clipped from a trade journal published in Savannah, Georgia, and is entitled "An Appeal to Turpentine Operators." Were it not for the source, one would be glad to doubt the sincerity of it. The logic of it is so archaic and brutal that one would be glad to believe it a piece of ironical writing.

At the first reading one discovers the belated logic of a slave-driver, for this man who proposes to make money in the turpentine business by enforcing the "nigger" philosophy of the slave driver is himself a strange survival of the old regime from which the South has been trying to free itself at the awful cost of the bellum and post-bellum days. Any true reading of the post-bellum business experiences of the South reveals the flagrant economic fallacy of this slave-driving "operator" in turpentine. One needs but consult the government census table and take note of the ever-increasing acreage of land owned by colored people, the number of banks controlled by them, the places of trust and responsibility occupied by colored men by the consent and direction of these very "southerners" that are misrepresented by the "Florida Operator." And a second reading of this production from the pen of a representative of the coarsest aristocracy, the would-be employer class, who assume that labor is a commodity that can be bought in the open market like the tar barrels which are to hold the finished product, and that of course it is the business of the employer to buy this, like all other commodities, at the cheapest price possible and to "sell" the same at the highest price available reveals an economic theory and a sociology so at variance with the primary principles of social science and civilized life that to state it is to refute it. So we print this letter in entirety and wish it might be circulated as a tract in the interest of the humaner, the more economic road to prosperity. Doubtless the tar-makers have their labor perplexities and their financial difficulties, and they have a right to the sympathies and the patience of those who are ignorant of the near and the inside view of things, but this is not the way out of it.

One thing I wish I could impress on the minds of the turpentine operators, and that is to remember a passage of Scriptures wherein it is said that the harvest is great and the laborers are few. The prices of spirits and rosins are high and the laborers are scarce. The more wages we pay the less work we get done. It is an established fact, as all southerners know, that a darkey, as a rule, will not make any more time at his work than he is compelled to make to satisfy his bodily wants. They are a class of people that cannot stand prosperity. The quicker the negro makes a dollar the quicker he will stop work. The more you pay, the more hands you need. High prices for chipping and dipping stop the chipper from chipping and the dipper from dipping. High wages means that the chipper will not chip ten thousand boxes any more. He has to go off to spend his money and let the work wait until the money he has earned

is gone. So, brother operators, please let us hold down the prices paid our labor this year, so we can make something and pay our debts. The negro does not need the additional money. He does not save it nor make any good use of it. We will ruin ourselves if we ruin the negro with more pay.

Very truly,

FLORIDA OPERATOR.

Walt Whitman, Prophet and Democrat

Walt Whitman, the most complete expression of American democracy which has yet appeared, was born on Long Island, educated on its fields and shores, in the Brooklyn public schools and the New York City streets. When his contemporary, Lowell, was entering Harvard College, Whitman was teaching school, having already served an apprenticeship at the printer's trade. He was subsequently in newspaper work in the East, in the South, and again in the East, with long intervening wanderings. About 1850, when he was thirty-one years of age, he had an unusual experience, comparable to that of the Apostle Paul, when he entered into a larger relationship which can only be called cosmic. He testifies:

I, too, following many and follow'd by many, inaugurate a religion, I descend into the arena,
(It may be that I am destined to utter the loudest cries there, the winner's pealing shouts,
Who knows? They may rise from me yet, and soar above everything.)
Each for its own sake,
I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake.

Subsequently he worked as a carpenter in Brooklyn, wrote, lectured, and made speeches, and in 1855, the year of his father's death, the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" appeared, the most significant literary product of American life. Its purpose and accomplishment cannot be better described than in his own words, "A feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and aesthetis personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America—and to exploit that personality, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book."

Whitman knew himself and America and the Universe in a more intimate way than any man this country has produced. He may have revealed himself too fully for conventional ideas. He certainly revealed a person who is not above criticism. But his entrance into the life of other men and of Nature and of the Infinite, is the most elevating and illuminating contribution which has been made to democracy. In his "Song of Myself," he identifies himself with others without reserve, and with a genuineness which it is almost impossible to duplicate:

Walt Whitman; a cosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and breeding,
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,
No more modest than immodest. . . . .
And whatever is done or said returns at last to me . . . .
I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy,
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

This unity of Whitman and man is no more vivid to him than his consciousness of identity with God and the Universe. He is not an egotist any more than he is an atheist. He naively considers himself a part of everything, even the Infinite, because he is a Pantheist:

I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass, . . .
I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,
I see that the elementary laws never apologize.

Whitman's attitude toward slavery or sex or death is explained by his cosmic philosophy. The body is good and is not to be abused, whether it is that of man or woman, slave or animal. He loved to lie by the river bank naked as he loved the beauty of a human figure, male or female, but it was the simple love of one to whom all nature is worthy. His respect for woman is shown in his repeated tributes to motherhood: "A man is a great thing upon the earth and through eternity but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman."

His conception of democracy was fraternal rather than political. The great city is one "where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds . . . where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority; where the citizen is always the head and ideal, and president, mayor, governor, and what-not, are agents for pay . . . where women enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men:

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

Chambers of Commerce for Peace

The World Peace Foundation in Boston has received strong resolutions endorsing President Taft's negotiation of the unreserved arbitration treaty with Great Britain from 138 of the leading Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce in the United States; and every mail is bringing similar resolutions from other commercial bodies. Many of them are accompanied by warm and earnest personal letters from the presidents or secretaries of the various organizations. These bodies represent the almost unanimous sentibent of the leading business men of their several cities; and the cities already thus heard from have a combined population of 19,000,000. The resolutions and many of the accompanying letters will be forwarded to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. The Chambers of Commerce in Great Britain and France are expressing themselves as earnestly as our American organizations. It is expected that the visit to Europe of the great body of representatives of American Chambers of Commerce will be the occasion everywhere of impressive and influential demonstrations in behalf of universal arbitration and international fraternity.

THE PULPIT

Joint Heirs and Joint-owners of the Two Worlds

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. QUINCY L. DOWD, AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ROSCOE, ILL.

And Peter said, Lo, we have left (all) our own, and followed thee. And he (Jesus) said unto them, Verily, There is no man that hath left house, or wife, or brethren, or parents, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life.—Luke XVIII; 28-30.

Plainly enough Peter had made a choice between two worlds, and his Lord accepted this fact, only saying that the man who chooses God's Kingdom first and last cannot really deprive himself or be deprived of large goods here in this life.

The one world, or two worlds, or possibly many worlds, is a poser for the human mind almost as old as thought. It is a great point gained to secure a faith and ethics corresponding, which find room for at least the two worlds named for convenience's sake spirit and matter. The division line between them may be only imaginary or illusory, there being such a blending and overlapping because both are necessary the one to the other. The two worlds, or the many, as the case may be, have their counterparts in realms of philosophy, theology, ethics and all the departments of the sciences of human life. How important, therefore, that the great discriminations made by humanity's best thinkers and prophets should be the common property of all our thinking and beliefs. Prof. Simon N. Patten, in an article in the *Survey* of June 3, on "The Ideals of Progress," says, "A new nomenclature of not more than twenty words, a half-dozen well established principles, and a month's reading will put an intelligent man in possession of the facts upon which the biologic contribution to progress depends." Paul found the same thing true in his case. Can we bring our minds into tune and agreement with Jesus and Paul and Peter, so as to take their view of the two worlds, that of time and that of eternity? Who can question that God has at least the two worlds, one present and visible, the other unseen and, for us, in the future? It is perfectly clear that Christ kept both these wonderful worlds in his thought inseparably and constantly. The one was as real to him as the other, or, if anything, the invisible world, what we name "heaven," seemed to him the nearer and held his heart fast; for from that second upper world he received all truth, all strength, all direction and rule. Still, Jesus did not separate the two worlds, save for convenience of speaking and in dealing with ordinary men, who seldom, if ever, can and do hold together in their mind and interest the one double-sided universe, visible and invisible. To be sure, many of the religious Jews had come to think of a life after death for men, and of their places of abode beyond the grave. The dark and gloomy Sheol of the Hebrews' original belief, or the Hades of the Greek faith, th Avernus of the Romans, this was their underworld of sepulchers and uneasy spirits, where practically all the dead were supposed to barely exist as "shades" of the departed. But that dreary, dusty underworld of the ancients gradually gave place in their minds to a future state of human immortals where they were divided and separated according to individual moral worth or unworth. These places of human abode in the future world are popularly and theologically known as heaven and hell. But, when Jesus lived and taught here, the beliefs of men touching "the two worlds" were very crude and materialistic, very harsh and ungospel-like. The ordinary Jew's opinion about the world to come was decidedly unspiritual and unethical, from God's standpoint, or from that of a sensible good man's either. It amounted, practically, to a Jew's heaven, and hell for the heathen. What, then, had Jesus for a faith as to God's two world's, and what does he offer to our faith on this subject? It is plain enough from many, many of his statements thrown out in the gospel that our Lord was a firm and convinced believer in both "the world that now is, and in that which is to come." He kept his own feet on the ground, and was always busy with the affairs of men around him; yet his heart, as is said of the Scotch laddie, was "in the Highlands;" he ever breathed the air of heaven; ever felt that he and God were in touch and were moving on the same business for both worlds, though one in reality. One instance is as good as another taken from his life-book. Once the matter came up of persons "bringing to him also their babes, that he should touch them." This was the very thing which pleased the Master most; and he declared that "the Kingdom of God is theirs." Then he went on to say it as a general truth—"Verily I say unto you, 'whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein.'" Right after this story it is related that a Jewish ruler, a man of some consequence, asked a question, saying, Good Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" This led on to quite a serious talk about matters of religion, and of man's duty and necessity; yes, of his chance to have and gain treasure in heaven as well as to hold property on earth. From what Jesus said about the hard case of this rich man the disciples themselves were upset and perplexed, saying, "Then who can be saved?" But Peter rallied somewhat at thought of how he and others of them had forsaken their nets and fishing and homes even to join Jesus in his life-task with God. Immediately this gave Christ the opportunity to speak out again his own definite faith and expectation regarding both the present place of man's life and doings and his certainty of the world beyond with its high good simply expressed as "eternal life," and left at that. Follow on, now to note what happened in the minds of those later, chosen, converted men and women who held to the faith of Jesus; beginning after his ascension to heaven and to God, they, too, thought and acted as people thoroughly alive to "the two worlds of God," believing that man's moral and religious course here bespeak for him, there a portion of "honor, glory and immortality" in the

inheritance of God; or else by his disobedience and ill-doing he lays up for himself in the future world—"wrath and indignation, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that worketh evil." I need not multiply passages from Paul and Peter and John and the other New Testament Christians to establish this single fact, that they heartily and unanimously took this view, even as Jesus their Master held the same, a belief that God has for us men two worlds to be heirs in and owners of.

But having settled this simple two-world fact in gospel-terms, it still remains to confess that men down the centuries have put their minds to work on such mighty subjects as both of God's worlds suggest; they reason and philosophize on several points not quite clear and complete in Bible-teachings, and about which thoughtful minds may and will differ. We naturally and perforce philosophize on things both of the here and the hereafter. The three leading groups of thinkers and theologizers may be ranked as "dualists," "monists," and "pluralists;" that is, those who believe in a dual, or two-fold state of being. They think they find two antagonistic principles, good and evil; two sorts of persons, good and wicked; also two worlds, that of earth and that of heaven, or the world of matter and the world of spirit. Such are the "dualists." The "monists" believe that there is but one existence; one Being or Universe; that good is only what has been developed out of the not-good, i. e., ordinarily called "evil," or "devil." In a word, God is all-and-in-all; he fills all worlds; hence there is no room or chance for that other dual person known as Satan. Nor can there be both hell and heaven; only heaven can be where God is, and God is everywhere. So much for the "monists"; and monism, as you see, comes very near to the level and stand of pantheism, whether in its ancient Hindu form, or in its modern image of Christian Science. There is yet "pluralism" to be dealt with. I do not profess to describe these three "cults" of philosophy with nice accuracy, but only to give account of them in the rough. I think to my best recollection that "pluralism" is a philosophic term invented by the late Professor James, of Harvard University. Plural means many, i. e., we are not shut up to just a "dual" world, and to "dual" beings, God and devil; nor to just two worlds, earth and heaven offset by hell; nor to just two clearly defined, mutually exclusive moral ideals, sin and holiness; but things are so in human experience, and in the natural world, and in our diversity of thinking and doing that we may safely reckon on many, that is, "plural" gods. Are there not many grades and varieties of souls? Are there not plural worlds and places, now and to come? In other words, one does not necessarily say, as "dualists" do, "this or that;" but one should say as does our "pluralist," "both this and that and as many more as we can find out and know." This is pluralism. I would not confuse and perplex anyone by using these strange, unfamiliar terms of the expert and scientific philosophers. It is enough that common people and mere Christians such as we are should simply get a clue to the great lines of hard and sensible reasoning about things of God and man, these lines or highways of thought being from of old down to the present day. You and I may be "monistic" in our way of thinking, believing and acting, without knowing it, as "monism" teaches; or "dualistic" in our ideas and practical living, yet unconscious of so learned a word as "dualism." I do not know how it is about any one of us being "pluralists" unconsciously, that is, whether we are indulging beliefs in many gods. How many grades of beliefs, how many shades of conduct, let me ask, are ours, so that we may be spoken of as neither indulging beliefs in good or bad, but just a mixture of all sorts of bad and good impulses and opinions? However, that we may understand ourselves and keep a firm grasp on the plain teachings of Jesus and his apostles concerning "the two worlds" and concerning the two grand divisions in souls and in morals, viz., good and evil, sinners and saints, believers and unbelievers, the saved and the condemned, heaven and hell, I say just to keep our minds clear on this one matter of faith and theology, let us hold fast to what Jesus told Peter and the rest of the twelve, saying, "There is no man that hath left house, or wife, or brethren, or parents, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." Here, to use the word loosely, is a degree of "dualism," i. e., our text contains a dual thought of the present world with houses, wives, brothers, children and all the rest as over against God's Kingdom, for whose sake a man can and will at the pinch surrender the former values. Then, too, there is the dual existence, the now-life fixed to this earth and the "eternal life," which, though one gets his inalienable part in it here is chiefly viewed as belonging to a future range of being and enjoying. With this explanation it ought to be possible for us to determine our own position among the reasoners and philosophers, whether as "monists," "dualists," or "pluralists."

I think it is safe to assert that nearly every one to whom I am speaking is either a "dualist" or a "monist." But it will be useful and helpful, perhaps, if I set forth a few definite statements of my own faith, both religious and moral.

(1). God creates and dwells in at least two worlds well described as spiritual and material, though substantially one and known as The Universe. It is not that I care so much for the Universe of two worlds however extensive, varied and magnificent, which makes my faith good and glorious to me, but that God, my God, is the Author and Upholder of all things created, both visible and invisible. What a splended truth, and how splendidly felt and told by men who gave us our Bible! And they used this, their knowledge of the truth, as their most powerful religious support. It gave energy of soul to master that other proud, ignorant, unjust and impious world surrounding them; and they could survive its worst doings and disasters. Read Isaiah, 40th chapter, to feel the force and victory in a man whose God is "The Everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, who fainteth not, neither is weary: there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength." Paul was another who lived in

the same thought of the God of both worlds, and all worlds. He has asked what possible enemies and calamities shall be able to separate us from the love of Christ, and answers, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." An old, old statement of mind and heart, yet how vigorous and new in my mind and yours to-day!

(2). God provides his two worlds (not merely one of them), for his human heirs to get possession of and to own with him. What does it mean when Paul says that Christ's believers are "heirs of the promises?" What do you imagine it to mean—those words at the close of the 11th of Hebrews, where after having told all about the ancient men of faith from Abel down to Samuel and the prophets, it is said: "And these all, having had witness borne them through their faith, received not the promise, 'that is, did not see or arrive at God's fulfilment of his faithful word,' God having provided and foreseen some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect?" Evidently God's plan and goodness stretches from the dawn of creation far, far on even unto us; and then along the distant ages of the unborn and the unknown. Enough to lift up our souls and fire our hopes that Jesus assures you and me, yes,—any one who now leaves this, that, or the other petty, home-bound, servile object of affection for God's kingdom's sake, saying that we shall surely obtain here and now "much more" than we by any possibility offer up, and "in the world to come eternal life."

(3). Again, man is so built and put together in body, mind and spirit that his entire manhood requires God's two worlds and aspires unto both. I know there are those who say, "one world at a time;" or, "one world is enough for mortal man;" or, "the world that now is is the only world that is or can be." Here is "monism" with a vengeance. If one can judge by actions and appearances to-day the crowds of people, whether in the churches or outside of them, are practical, if not theoretical, "monists" of the materialist sort. In other words, they take God's present world and say of it, "This world is ours, and we make it what it is, and will get from it what we can; then shall we lie down in the dust and be no more." But seek now a people at the other extreme from this material "monism" with its one world now in sight, for there is another order of monism and monists. Strange as it sounds to our ears there are millions of people, a few of them in America and clustered especially around Boston and Los Angeles, who are "monists" of another stripe from the secular, to whom this visible, matter-of-fact world we tread and which furnishes us a living is really a nonenity, i. e., a world of sensation and illusion having no existence of its own. Their so-called "other world," is the only real one—the invisible and infinite presence of Deity; this is the All, the One, the Good ineffable. Their religious and philosophic endeavor is to gain absorption into the "One"—and to be lost in the All. Nor can we doubt that there is in human mind and soul an irresistible hankering for The Infinite, for the Supreme Essence or Substance, for the Omnipotent Originator of all that is. Once the soul of man becomes abstracted in thought by peering out into the infinitudes of space, of time, of Being, then he is liable to get so far from home, so far from his ordinary useful senses, so far, too, from the God of his intelligence and his faith that he is daft and lost, having no real world at all.

It is reasonable and safe, to my own mind, just to allow that God, who has his two worlds also means man to share fully in both worlds; hence has fitted our nature to both, and sets our conscience and desires instinctively at this noble work of "seeking for glory, honor and immortality" while busily engaged in all well-doing right here and now these short years of our lives. My faith in God and in his two worlds is so confirmed and so dear to me that I can never rest content in having this "precious faith" to myself. Who of us, my friends, are of this faith in God's worlds of the present and the future. of the outer life and the inner spirit? of the eternal distinction between right and wrong, good and evil? Who of us believes our nature is built in the style of a two-world service and blessing? One more question: Who of us is busy all the days building our own conduct and character up to levels to fit the eternal and spiritual heaven as well as have it fit the transient earth?

(4). One important truth we must hold and act by ever, viz., the world-here and the world-there are both our joint-inheritance. We are "heirs together" of all that God has created, being, as Paul says, "joint-heirs with Christ." You remember that Jesus, telling his disciples of every one's right and chance to make the great "leaving of all things for the kingdom of God's sake, thereby being assured of abundance here and eternal life besides," put it all on the basis of "the kingdom of God." And, pray, what is "the kingdom of God?" Is it not the "common lot," the "common good," the "common obedience and reward of good work," the disposition and effort to serve one another in the spirit and power of Jesus? He himself labored to this end—his business of love,—to care for and to save everybody. He teaches us to pray: "Our Father in heaven, thy kingdom come; thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth." This is but the happy art of living together. This present world is our training school in this most human and most heavenly of all arts. In so far as we live happily and healthily and helpfully together in our earthly communities, just so far are we prepared to be translated to higher spheres of God's worlds.

An early Christian hymn runs thus:

> Let them take our life,
> Goods, honor, child and wife;
> Let all these go,
> Yet is the gain not theirs;
> The Kingdom still is ours.

A modern church in town or country serves and flourishes in proportion to the martyr-spirit of its members. Our individual and united power and willingness to give witness to the truth, and to how

it works in us, this is what honors Jesus before men, this is what becomes "a savor of life unto life" for ourselves. Just what forms and will-energies should and must a modern martyr-spirit call out? One and another figure of man and woman whom I have known in years past visit my mind just now; and what do they show me in regard to their faith and experience of the two worlds of God we have been talking about? Oh, how keenly alive and full of joyful interest they were here in our present world of flesh! Bustling, eager, cheery, hearty in thinking of the things of others as well as of their own things, always on hand among God's people at worship and generous in their contributions; and, what is of more avail, giving business-thought to how church-affairs were cared for; such are "the spirits of just men and women" living in my mind this moment, who dwell in the light of God unapproachable by mere mortals.

The Story of Mrs. Gaskell

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell was a personality gracious alike as a woman and a writer. She was born in that historic place where so many diverse thinkers have lived and worked—Cheynewalk, Chelsea—but her nature came from the North, for her ancestors were men of Northumberland. Mrs. Gaskell's childhood was spent mostly in that old-world town which lives forever in the heart of every lover of Cranford. Her mother died and she was taken to the home of her aunt, Mrs. Lumb, in the little Cheshire town of Knutsford. It has not lost all its quaintness now, for there are gable ends left in the High-street, and old-fashioned gardens bright with the hardy English flowers that bloomed long ago as well today. But a hundred years ago, when this merry-hearted but watchful-eyed little maid went about the streets of Knutsford, they were still full of the very atmosphere of Cranford, as we breathe it in immortal pages. One of the landmarks was the quaint ivy-covered Unitarian chapel, dating from Oliver Cromwell's time. It was bordered with wych elms, with fragrant lilacs, and laburnums, "dropping wells of fire." Here Mrs. Gaskell went as a child, and in its quiet graveyard she lies buried. . . . Growing up as a girl among the mellow gardens, the high walls and old ladies of Knutsford, that lovable book which will live whether her others do or not, was written in Mrs. Gaskell's heart long before it saw the light. A girl's love for her childhood's atmosphere looms large on every page of "Cranford." It owes its life to the life she lived, and there are about it still those trailing clouds of glory which belong to every childhood, but whose memory never dies or wholly disappears in an imaginative spirit.

Mrs. Gaskell loved quiet places, country lanes, and hedges in spring. She saw what was quaint before quaintness became the fashion, and she reveled in the charm of little country towns. Yet her happiest years were spent near to the centre of the black city of Manchester. In 1832 she married Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross-street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester, and with the hum of life in the city of mills and money-making, her own was henceforth to be lived. Mrs. Gaskell was a beautiful woman, and had a nature that wrote upon her face as she grew older that gracious inward beauty that has made many a plain face attractive. At first her home was a very modest one, in which money was scarce, and the care of two little children took all her time. But though at that time she never dreamed of a literary life, hers could never have been a narrow one. Side by side with her many domestic duties, she took a keen and active interest in her husband's work, and in the cotton weavers of Manchester. However busy, she had never neglected the cultivation of her mind, and so when a great sorrow came to her, instead of useless repining, Mrs. Gaskell turned for resource to a work that eased her own heart while it was poured out for the sorrows of others. Even in that day Manchester was a big, black place, but it was not the congested area of endless streets that it has since become. The grey, monotonous life of the mills was there, but individuality had not been well-nigh crowded out by machinery. There was still about Manchester something of the atmosphere of old-fashioned leisure. Here and there, to-day, behind the streets and suburbs, one catches a glimpse of a stately red brick house, a Georgian portico, a quiet corner that is reminiscent of the Manchester where Mrs. Gaskell lived and thought. Hers were the days of the cotton lords. Mill-owners made large fortunes and spent them royally on themselves. For a time the weavers earned good wages, and, following the fashion of their masters, spent them on food and gay clothes as fast as they were received. But the workers in the mills were literally regarded by their masters as "hands," and though many a rich magnate's wife had in her girlhood gone to the mill in clogs, with a shawl over her head, there was little sympathy between masters and men, and anything savoring of socialism was put down with a high hand. And then came the cotton famine, which was to make such a terrible and lasting difference to the life of Manchester. About this time Mrs. Gaskell's only little boy died at Festiniog, in Wales. She turned from her daily life sick with sorrow, and her husband suggested to her that she possessed literary power, and that the writing of a story would help her mind to keep its balance. One evening she was in the cottage of a distracted weaver, who during days of famine was trying to keep his home together on six shillings a week, with bread at sixpence a loaf. As he talked, wildly enough probably, his gentle guest saw the truth through his words, and the whole story of "Mary Barton" rose up complete in her mind. She went home and wrote it, straight from her own heart to the hearts of the English people, and the power behind her pen was her own sorrow and the sorrows of the people among whom she lived with so much sympathy.

As her life went on, the theme of most of Mrs. Gaskell's stories was one that had first touched her sympathies. This was the secret of her appeal, but it often gave her some trouble. The Manchester people were the ones who found fault with

"Mary Barton," and accused her of a sort of socialism. But that was a tribute to her truth, and the girls of Manchester, during days of want and stress, came very near to this woman's heart. She opened a sewing school for them, and many a sad story was poured into her sympathetic ear. To one of her detractors she said, "Ah! Perhaps you have never heard a father tell the story of how his only child was clemmed to death." Sorrow for sin, but sympathy for sorrow might have been Mrs. Gaskell's watchword. The idyll of "Cousin Phillis," the pathetic story of "Ruth," and the terrible power of the press gang in "Sylvia's Lovers," appeal to us because the writer felt them first. Her own life went on very smoothly and with outward quietness in Manchester. Prosperity came to her through her books, and she was able to buy for her family a country home in Hampshire. But she did not live to enjoy it, though she died there. She had always wished to die suddenly, and she had her wish. One day while talking to her children at her own table, she fell lifeless without a struggle, and her fine nature passed away into the unseen world. There is known to the writer today an old woman living in an obscure Manchester street. Riches and success have passed her by, and she does not mingle now with the kind of life that her youth knew. But she has a treasure house of memories of old Manchester, in which is a portrait gallery containing more than one famous figure. Conspicuous among these is Mrs. Gaskell, as a brilliant and graciously beautiful lady of fifty years ago. At many a notable gathering she shone, but always with a still and quiet lustre. She was retiring by nature, and there is a pleasant story told of one evening when a hostess tried in vain to lionize her. Mrs. Gaskell attracted two young girls to a seat on either side of her behind a large round table. Holding them spellbound by her talk, she kept the crowd at bay, and it was always in her home, or in small informal assemblies that she was at her brilliant best. The old lady who remembers her so well loves to tell of a great evening party at which she was once present. It was in the days when drawing-rooms were more magnificent than artistic, and mirrors set in velvet curtains hid the many doorways into this. Down below, dancing and music were the order of the evening, but on a dais at the end of the room three ladies sat in close conversation. One was the hostess, one the old lady who remembers it with such a sad, lingering fondness, and the other the gracious writer, whose talk was not only for those who could give back brilliance for brilliance. The words spoken on that evening have long been forgotten, but the personality of Mrs. Gaskell was one which made Manchester richer than all its gaunt mills and busy looms of industry.

—*Florence Bone, in the Christian Life.*

It is something to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful. It is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look. This morally we can do. —*Thoreau.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Hot Weather Books

We owe a great deal to a publisher of judgment; for there are such, who understand the public, and how to adjust their issues to the weather. I have just laid down a book from Little, Brown & Co., that has served a splendid purpose, during these over-heated days. It has served to keep me cool, not because the book is lacking in fire, but because it possesses wit, literary skill, fragrance, and is a genuine love story,—I hardly ever read a better. Indeed we have in "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol, a remarkable combination of Chaucer and Dickens, and something of the spicing of Spenser. The story would not take at all if located in America, for it is English in flavor,—old English and new English. There are chapters that for pathos are close up to Dickens, and there are not more than two or three chapters in the book that are lacking in rich originality. In other words, I like the book immensely.

Eaton & Mains send out a little volume about Siberia, written by Rev. Marcus Lorenzo Taft. It is a book that will suit you every way. It does not undertake to say too much, but manages to tell you just what you want to know about Russia and her Asiatic dependencies. He entitles his book "Strange Siberia," and strange everything is, from the scenery to the people. My personal acquaintance with the author makes the book doubly interesting, but I am sure that everybody that gets hold of this little book will slip it in his pocket to read on the cars or in camp, and he will be glad that he did so.

Appleton & Co. are still publishing "Bird Lore," and I hope that UNITY families will do their best to place this little magazine in the hands of their children. It is edited by Frank M. Chapman, and for that reason is edited admirably. The May number opens with the "Ceremonials of Courtship of the American Merganser," and this is followed by a delightful sketch by Mabel Osgood Wright, telling the story of the birds in her garden. It happens, however, that every article is delightful as well as instructive.

E. P. POWELL.

CAPTAINS OF THE DEAD

Not the first growth of spruce and pine,
  Nor the second, nor the third,
Was what I saw in ordered line
  And what at night I heard.

But often, when twilight would fold
  Their shadows in the lake,
While the sun would sink with dreams of old
  And a first faint star would break,

I watched them come to the water's edge,
  Before their vanished race,
Warrior-chiefs from wood and ledge
  And undiscovered place.

I saw them stand with feathered head,
  Unmoving and unmoved,
The captains of a people dead—
  Which first had fought and loved.

Then in the night I heard their prayer
  To Him they hold divine;
And in the dawn were standing there,
  Hemlock and spruce and pine.

—*Witter Bynner.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

APOLOGIES FOR WAR BY CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

I shall take advantage of this opportunity to press home a topic that has impressed me with increasing force. It is this,—is the church a growing or a waning factor in the world today? There are indications that might lead us to answer either way. Let us take one near home. Recently Bishop Codman of this state took occstion to remark with some force and at some length that war is a necessity if a nation is to keep from becoming degenerate; that it is absolutely essential to the moral tone and fiber of a race. Do you think that such an attitude and such a statement by a man in his position tends to enhance or lessen the power of the church? I know what I think of it. His statement is superficial, illogical, antiquated and absolutely and unqualifiedly unchristian. And yet his attitude and his statement are strikingly typical of the forces that tend to weaken the power of the church. Why, we may see later. Let us just now take up the substance of his statement; for through that I think we can readily approach the existing conditions that give the church so unique an opportunity for growth or decay in power.

It is with deliberation that I brand the statement that war is essential to the moral tone and fiber of a nation as superficial, illogical and antiquated. For I have a deal of sympathy with and insight into the point of view from which such a statement was made. I have always believed in the duty of every American citizen, under the peculiar conditions affecting this country, not only to defend his country when called, but to be trained and prepared to defend it intelligently. And I am proud to acknowledge that I am at present a member of the National Guard of this state. But I believe that such preparations should be in the interests of peace and not of war, and that, in fact, they are the profoundest guarantee of peace, the natural state of mankind. For peace is the natural state of mankind; war unnatural. Sherman said, 'War is hell!' His descendants are now busy at work trying to demonstrate that he really said, 'War is cruelty!' Perhaps our friend, Bishop Codman, would desire to modify further the statement into, 'War is a moral tonic.' But from all my knowledge of the art and tactics of war, from all I can learn from those who have seen its 'horrid front,' I am convinced that Sherman's definition is the profoundest that could ever be framed—war is unequivocally, unimaginably, hell. And by the side the denomination that has written a future hell out of the Christian faith will, I believe, be among the first to assist in wiping a present hell from off the surface of the Christian globe.

I appreciate fully the advantages accruing to a nation from preparation for war for a principle. It purges a nation of effeminacy, superficiality and materialism, and stimulates loyalty, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and that stern and rugged stoicism that endures all things for the supreme end. But the only war that produces any wholesome effects upon a people is the war waged for some great human principle; it is really the action and reaction of that vital, fundamental human principle that secures the beneficial results.

And right here we approach the conditions that present to the church the opportunity for either growth or decay in power. For right here we find the germ of the substitute for war. And there is a substitute, a moral equivalent for war; it lies in the great struggles for vital human principles. And that I believe to be the natural state of mankind,—not lethargy, nor supineness, nor yet the clash of armed men, but peaceful struggle. And with the advance of civilization, I believe that such great struggles will be peaceful, that they must and will proceed without war. And it is this great fact,—that there is a moral equivalent for war and that equivalent lies so peculiarly within the power of the church to influence—that renders so imminent the rise or fall of the church in power. For it is the business of the church, above all other institutions, to see that those great struggles continue and that they continue without war. And as the church participates and leads in those struggles that solve the problems of vital human interest, so its position will rise or fall, so its power will grow or wane.

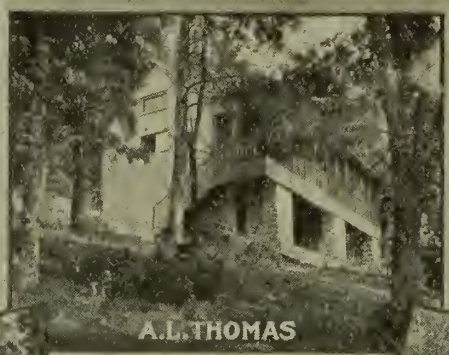
Our civil war was indeed an event of prodigious magnitude, as measured by any standard that history affords. But it was the work done in the years 1783-89 that created a federal nation capable of enduring the storm and stress of the years 1861-65." I believe that today this nation is facing a great crisis, is confronted with tremendous problems that will involve a mighty struggle for human principles, the very foundation principles of this government. We must prove that those great principles that stood the stress of war can stand the strain of peace and prosperity. And I further believe that the church should lead in the solution of these problems,—nay, rather, that the church and its spirit alone can ever finally solve them.

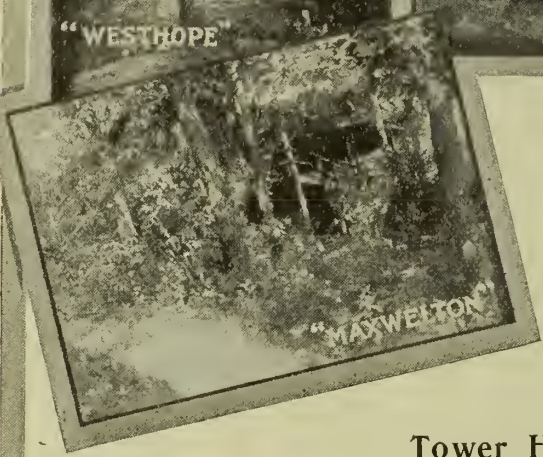
What are those problems? They are the social, economic and political problems that are facing us. They are imminent, they are critical, as every thinking man is aware. They are, in part, the fight for clean business, the fight for clean politics. They must and will go on until they are settled and settled right. And they are fights that will tax this nation in ways that no war could. They are issues that are not and can never be as clean cut and well defined, upon which men can take the decided stand as in war. They are the more insidious, but they are none the less critical, none the less vital. They must be fought out on a higher level than war. They are more complex and they are the more difficult of solution, but they must be as decisively answered if we are to endure. We must cut the cancers of San Francisco graft, of Lorimer election briberies, out of our system or representative government will become a farce and a dismal failure. We must solve the problem of vast and unscrupulous wealth, or its injustices will drive a reluctant people to a violent re-distribution of property.

And what part has the church in these struggles? I say it should have a leading part, if it is to grow in power. Why? Because the church is disinterested; because it is united or is uniting; and mainly because it is the great depository of that virtue of morality which Washington in his farewell address declared to be the necessary spring of popular government. Will the church rise to its responsibility, will it grow in power? If it does it must necessarily know and make known the good and the evil, and must uphold the one and attack the other. And this means that it must know itself and know the facts and be true to itself and true to the facts. And now, perhaps, we can see why the remarks and the attitude of Bishop Codman tend to weaken the church. They are not true to the church; they are not true to the facts. They do not voice the great conviction of the church—of humanity—of what is right, and they do not cling to the facts as they are today. And every attitude, every remark of the church that is not true to the church and true to the facts will tend to weaken the church.

GEORGE E. FOGG.

President of the Maine University Association.





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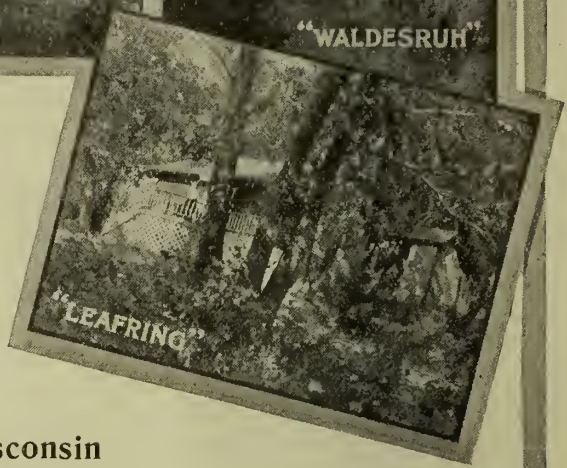

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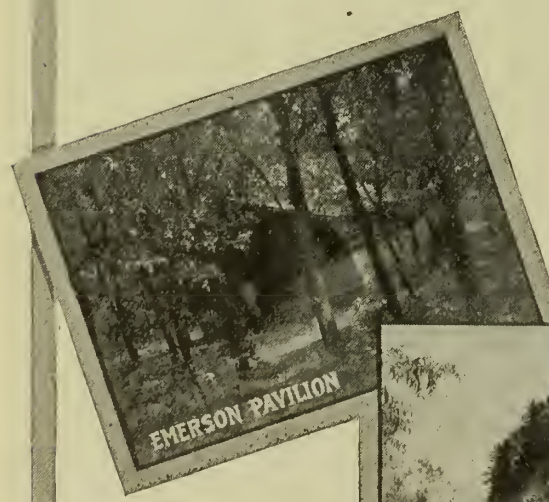

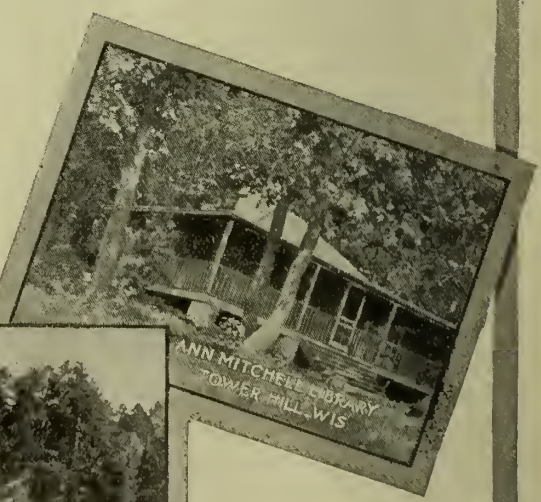

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23. The Ten Commandments, 1st, 2nd, 3rd.
24. The Ten Commandments, 6th.
25. The Ten Commandments, 5th and 7th.
26. The Ten Commandments, 4th: The Institution of Sabbath.
27. The Origin and Growth of Easter.
28. The Origin and Growth of Christmas.
29. The New Commandment of Jesus.
30. A Civic Code: Sources of Wealth.
31. A Civic Code: Poverty, Living Wage.
32. A Civic Code: Rights vs. Duties.

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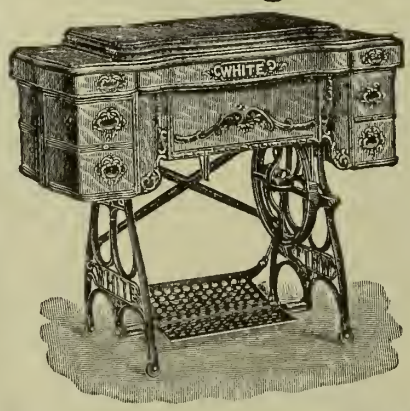

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Here has the battle its last vantage ground;
Here all is won, or here must all be lost;
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
America, last hope of man and truth,
Thy name must through all coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine
To lead all nations and outshine them all;
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.

—*Arlo Bates in "The Torch Bearers."*

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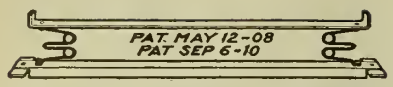

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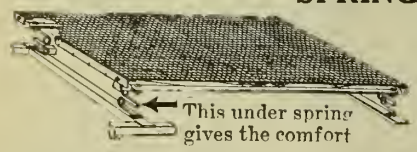

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1911. NUMBER 19.

AT A SUMMER RESORT

Yes, it is beautiful; this peaceful scene
Of shimmering lake, deep in the pine-woods green,
With happy, brown-kneed children, youth and maid,
And elder folk in summer white arrayed,
At tennis, golf, and boating—all at play,
Wherewith they while these golden hours away.

And yet—and yet—I wish I could not see,
Back in the city's heat and misery,
Those patient men who toil in shop and mill,
Their work-worn wives, their children wan and still,
Wasting their life in cruel sacrifice
To give these idle ones this paradise!

—*Brand Whitlock, in the American Magazine.*

Rev. F. C. Southworth, the president of the Meadville Theological School, is now Doctor Southworth. Buchtel College, of Akron, Ohio, which is related to the Universalist denomination of America, at its recent commencement honored Mr. Southworth with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Our ever-busy and versatile co-workers, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, have sailed for Europe, whence they will return early in October. Meanwhile, they will attend the International Peace Congress in Rome, and will be at the Lord's work whenever or whatever they do. UNITY's readers join with the Editor in wishing them God-speed on their happy voyage and high mission.

Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, in an interesting article in the *Christian Register* for June 22, summarizes the eventful meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections recently held in Boston. The question of the reformation, if not of the removal of the jail, the question of drunkenness, of child welfare, and the proper training of social workers, were among the questions that engaged the attention of the full week. "The Standard of Living," "The Minimum Wage," "The Question of Parks and Recreation," "Rural Colored Population," "Story Telling," "Buying Health," are among the attractive titles mentioned. Last year Miss Jane Addams was the presiding officer; this year, another Chicago citizen has been honored, and Judge Julian Mack has been elected to the presidency of the organization that will hold its next meeting in Cleveland, Ohio.

There is little to expect from petty attempts to beautify the city while it is rotten at the core and iniquitous in its management. No fighting of smoke or billboards or dirty alleys can do more than ameliorate a constitutional disease. It is poulticing the carbuncle that can be removed only by purifying the blood, making more wholesome the constitution. The city beautiful is not a thing of broad streets, of proportioned buildings or shaded avenues, though the City Beautiful will grow these and create them. The only City Beautiful is the city that wants to give value received for every dollar invested in it, that has an eye for the woes and wants of the poorest, that is as conscious of the filth and squalor across the river as it is of that on the avenues. The City Beautiful must have integrity for its cornerstone and justice for its foundation.

The report of the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society contains the following item:

> A request from a pastor of an evangelical church in another state for a large number of our publications to use in his church on condition that the Society's imprint be omitted from the title-page, was declined.

The above item raises the question as to whether a rose by any other name does smell as sweet. The problem that presented itself to the Evangelical Pastor and the one which the Unitarian Trustees were called upon to decide is quite a different one, and it is difficult for either party to put itself in the other's place. Did the Evangelical pastor make an unreasonable request? Did the Unitarian Trustees treat the same with becoming sympathy? These are questions that provoke endless discussion, and which can never be decided by a popular vote. It sets one thinking. Reader, what is your solution of the perplexity of the Orthodox pastor? How would you have voted? Would you have agreed with the Unitarian Board?

Of all the conventions held in the month of conventions, none was more significant, dramatic or efficient than the "Working Woman's Convention" held in Boston, June 12 to 17. This was the third biennial convention of the National Woman's Trade Union League of America. Seventy-seven delegates were present, representing seven different leagues, which in turn represented fifty-three different trades unions and twenty-six different trades. It is reported that busi-

ness was disposed of with dispatch, clearness and effiiciency. Of course the heroines on the floor were the women who led in the recent great labor strike on the part of woman. The New York shirt-waist strike, the garment-makers' strike in Chicago, the carpet-weavers' strike in Roxbury, Mass., the pearl button-makers' strike in Muscatine, Iowa, all were inaugurated, led and closed by women. The organization, though national, has its working energy in Chicago; the president, Mrs. Raymond Robins, the secretary, Miss E. M. Franklin, and the editor of the official organ, *Life and Labor,* Miss Alice Henry, are all from Chicago. The last two named are contributions to American life from Australia.

The recent death of Rev. Rush Rhees Shippen removes one of the most venerable ministers in the Unitarian Fraternity. We believe that Mr. Shippen was the earliest graduate of the Meadville Theological School, with whose history he has been so intimately associated by family ties, childhood associations and mature service as trustee and promoter. A few months before his death, his Alma Mater honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Long continued service in the ministry, characterized by high standards, diligent study and persuasive power entitled Mr. Shippen to such a degree. He had won it years before the tardy recognition came. The Editor of UNITY joins with a host of friends in grateful remembrances of a benignant spirit, kindly, genial, earnest and wise. The places that received his formative touch and the souls that came under his benignant influence are too numerous to mention. He began his early ministry in Chicago. He was for a time the efficient secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which he left to become the acceptable pastor of the church at Washington, D. C. He had a facile pen, he loved music, he was the diligent friend of the humble and the discouraged. We believe he was for several years chaplain in the local jail at Worcester, Massachusetts. Altogether, the life of Rush R. Shippen is a demonstration of the high service that still lies within the possibilities of the ministry of religion, —a service that is compatible with manliness, independence, civic interest and intellectual vigor.

VANITIES

How cruel a thing is wrath!
Some farthest, unkind ripple of our rage
Must beat against the one our heart would shield.

How idle a thing is grief!
Since endless tears call back not one small flower
That drifted to its death, the summer gone.

How futile a thing, revenge!
Since, ere our smouldering, heart-hid hate flares high,
All those who wronged us are but still, spent clay.

—*Maud Springer Nesom in McClure's Magazine.*

A New Declaration of Independence

On the morning of the fourth day of July, 1863, the Adjutant of a Wisconsin regiment that had been on the besieging line of Vicksburg for forty-seven days and whose approaches had come within visiting distance of the enemy's line, climbed out of the defenses and said to the comrades in his own regiment and the comrades on the other side of the parapet, "Boys, this is a good time to celebrate the Fourth of July, and if you will gather around me, I will read the Declaration of Independence." So, with the wearers of the blue on one hand and the wearers of the gray on the other, he read the Declaration of Independence from beginning to end. That boy Adjutant grew up to become the chief justice of a great southern state, and to represent that state in the United States Senate. The old declaration is still in order. It has stood the test of time, and will continue to be one of the world's great documents, sharing with the Emancipation Proclamation of Lincoln the honor of being the most unique, prophetic, and significant of state documents ever issued by any compact of people in the history of the world.

But that Declaration of Independence was not final; still less was the signing of it one hundred and thirty-five years ago or the reading of it on each returning anniversary of that adequate signing. There is need of bringing down the Declaration of Independence to date. There is a call for the patriotic interpretation of the same in terms of the twentieth century. Still there are powers that hold our citizens in servile subjection. Still there are old tyrannies that need to be broken and new inspirations to be applied to the problems of individual and civic life.

The tyrannies of fashion, of passion, superstition, partisanship in politics and sectarianism in religion, are burdens that are none the less tyrannical because the domination is unconscious, or even sought for.

Women need to be emancipated from the tyrannies of silly and wicked hats, cruel shoes, the fear of convention and the cost of the same in time and money; men need to be liberated from the tyranny of the cigar that stupefies, the glass that debauches, and the profanity that degrades the soul. Churchmen need to be released from the tyranny of the creeds which they do not believe in and the exorbitant taxes of movements which do not run parallel with their convictions and do not represent their aspirations. Men need to be released from the fetters of party tradition in politics that do not represent any living issues at the present time and are pepetuated simply in the interest of the selfish greed of office-holders and office-seekers.

There is need of a new patriotism that will issue a Declaration of Independence from the hollow pretentions and insincere "platforms" issued before election for the purpose of being ignored and defied after election. The words "Democrat" and "Republican" have long since lost their significance to the emancipated voter in the United States. The words "Insurgent" and "Standpatter" are new words in the vocabulary of the American voter, words scarcely defined by the dictionary, but they represent the "firing line" of advancing American civilization. There is need of a new Declaration of Independence that will permit the voter to face these words and the issues they represent without being accused of disloyalty and being characterized in his own or other people's minds as a traitor.

There is need of a new Declaration of Independence from the tyranny of the "constitutions" of the nation and the states that sprang out of the original Declaration of Independence. These constitutions are but the safeguards of the timid. The present judgment and the growing intelligence ought to be free to express itself without being fettered by a document already antique and, perhaps even worse, by the interpretation of that document by a body of venerable men who have won the confidence of the state and secured their position by virtue of the insight and the prophetic outlook that characterized them half a century ago. Men grow old even on the supreme bench and their eyes grow dim, and the need of the hour is for a Declaration of Independence that will not call for spectacles, and for an application of the great principles that were declared one hundred and thirty-five years ago to the perplexities of the problems and the duties of today.

All this clamor for a "sane Fourth" will avail but little unless there is a revival of the Fourth of July enthusiasm for ideas; unless there is a new reading of the old document; a fresh application of the old principles; a reading of the Declaration of Independence on the battle lines like that of the Wisconsin Adjutant on the ramparts of Vicksburg in 1863.

SECRETS

O Rose, climb up to her window
  And in through the casement reach,
And say what I may not utter,
  In your beautiful silent speech!

She will shake the dew from your petals,
  She will press you close to her lips,
She will hold you never so lightly
  In her warm, white finger-tips.

And when—who ca ntell?—she may wsihper
  (While the city dreams below),
I was dreaming of him when you woke me,
  But, rose, he must never know.

—*Frederick Lawrence Knowles.*

Mark Twain, the Reformer

Mark Twain is a greater combination of contradictory characters than Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde and Robert Louis Stevenson all in one. There are included in this versatile personality the genial husband, father, friend, Samuel L. Clemens; the humorist and artist, Mark Twain; the pessimist, Samuel L. Clemens; the reformer and republican democrat, Mark Twain.

The education of this typical American consisted chiefly in the sharpening of his wits by rough experience. After brief years of schooling in Hannibal, Missouri, he became a printer's apprentice and, having learned his trade, undertook the still more difficult task of becoming a pilot on the Mississippi River, by which he received his chief education. In fact, in mastering the intricacies of this fluctuating stream, he gained the basis of that rare attainment, the scientific mind which, despite his extraordinary imaginative gifts, served him subsequently as reporter, editor, author, publisher, inventor, philosopher, theologian, historian and publicist.

His marriage and the rearing of his family mellowed and restrained him and then subsequently in its successive tragedies nearly crushed him. He lost in turn his baby boy, his beloved twenty-four-year-old daughter, Susie, the incomparable Mrs. Clemens, his intimate friend, H. H. Rogers, and his daughter, Jean, the last calamity occurring when his only remaining daughter was living abroad. Add to those unbearable blows his recurring business losses, and one has a glimmering of the temperament which could rebound and enrich American humor, wit and reform.

Mark Twain, the humorist, is so well known that it is desirable to emphasize the contribution of the artist. Not forgetting that there is abundant art in "The Innocents Abroad," "The Tramp Abroad," and other of his finest books, which we must use for other purposes, the triumph of wit over pretensions is nowhere better displayed than in such diverse books as Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Pudd'nhead Wilson and Joan of Arc. In Huckleberry Finn, Mark Twain's masterpiece, one sees the finest plea for justice to the negro that has appeared since the war, and that from the pen of a man reared in a slave-holding household.

Samuel L. Clemens, the pessimist, presents an entirely different character. He had love, but little respect, for the human race. They are hypocrites, cowards, tyrants, and possessed of servile minds. In the midst of exaggeration there is only too much truth in these criticisms of man, but one finds relief in turning to Mark Twain, the Reformer, slashing in Donnybrook Fair fashion at the evils he saw. He was a typical, honest American trying to correct wrongs without having the remotest conception of where he was going. In his picturesque white flannels, he advocated international copyright before Congress. He joined the reformers of our antiquated system of spelling, but went beyond them in urging immediate reform, since our American methods were necessarily revolutionary. He attacked King Leopold and the Congo abuses in unmeasured terms, equaled only in their bitterness and vehemence by his denunciation of General Funston for his unscrupulous capture of Aguinaldo. He demonstrated by impressive logic the impossibility that Shakespeare could have written the works attributed to him, or that Mrs. Eddy could

have produced "Science and Health" unaided. He criticised the Chinese missionaries who demanded immunities beyond their losses, finding no extenuation in the fact that they withheld one-third more instead of thirteen times as much. He wrote a condemnation of the Czar which rivals Sartor Resartus in its appreciation of the defective quality of clothes. He condemned the persecutor of the Jew, without absolving the Jew himself from blame, and repeatedly defended Dreyfus and condemned the French for their legal methods in terms which must inevitably apply to the servility of our courts to precedents. He was the best possible prototype of the delightful character in his story, "Traveling with a Reformer."

Mark Twain's contributions to democracy are chiefly in his vehement plea for the recognition of the common man, his unfaltering belief in essential equality, and his disbelief in all royal and aristocratic institutions. In the American Claimant, the Prince and the Pauper, and the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, Mark Twain's republicanism is displayed. Occasionally there is a suggestion of constructive democracy. He sees that all people are capable of self-government, because "The master minds of all nations, in all ages, have sprung in affluent multitude from the mass of the nation, and from the mass of the nation only,—not from its privileged classes; and so, no matter what the nation's intellectual grade was, whether high or low, the bulk of its ability was in the long ranks of its nameless and its poor, and so it never saw the day when it had not material in abundance whereby to govern itself." He sees that in this country, at least, we have a right to alter our form of govment at will: "Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet holds his peace and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal, he is a traitor."

While Mark Twain did not know how to alter that form of government, he demanded that we face the problem. No one has so well succeeded in keeping cheerful in the midst of troubles while fearlessly facing more suffering than most of us know.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

The *American Magazine* stands well at the front in discussing some of our vital problems. It is opening its pages to articles by Bishop Williams, of Michigan, and others who dare to speak the truth about the conflict between religion and the church. It certainly is interesting for those of us who were fighting the battle forty years ago to find the official church saying, after us, that for which they stoned us just a generation ago. All the same, do you read this article and cheer its author and all others who dare to be as brave as he. I understand that the editor, John S. Phillips, will let this matter go in, and we may expect a good deal more courage and truth. In the same magazine, in the June number, is Part VIII of a remarkable story by Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "The Secret Garden." Well, the truth will conquer, and it is amazing with what speed great changes come about.

E. P. POWELL.

We are beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.
—*Gerald Massey.*

THE PULPIT

The Oratory

SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1911, AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray." Matt. 14:23.

So we read in the "book of white samite, mystical and wonderful," which tells the story of the human life of God among men. It was a thronged and crowned life, full of the labors of love, and as he went about doing good he was often aweary. Again and again he went apart from the multitude to kneel, and look away into the heavens. Sometimes it was on a mountain side under the shadow of night; sometimes in a garden screened by the olive leaves; but wherever he prayed the place became a chapel—an oratory. If he needed to rest and pray and renew his spirit, how can we negelct the quiet hour?

It was this desire for a place apart that led St. Philip of Neri to found his Order of the Oratory—with chapels more simple than the great cathedrals, where men might take refuge and rest. They were homes at once of prayer and joy, retreats for men who lived not wholly in the busy world, nor yet apart from it. To that order Newman belonged, and under the sign of his patron saint he blended intellectual toil with spiritual culture. In like manner every man should have an oratory, a room in his home or a chamber in his mind, where he may go and shut himself away from the din of life, and muse and pray. As a fact every man has an oratory, and those who know how to use it find that it softens and sweetens the days as they come and go, giving to the woes of life a meaning and to its joys an added grace.

One may well hesitate to talk about such a theme, so intimate is it, and so interwoven with our innermost life. More than one master of the pulpit has kept silent on the subject of prayer, which is too much like a man discussing his love for his mother, wife, or child. They simply prayed, and left their secret faith to be inferred from their prayers. Even Santa Teresa would never have written her golden book, recording her life of prayer, had she not been ordered to do so by those above her in the church. Those who know most about prayer talk the least about it, for lack of words. They remind one of the mystical poem of FitzGerald, entitled, "Attar," a pretty allegory, which tells how the moths sent messengers to find their idol, the flame. The first and second stopped halfway and came back with slight and uncertain intelligence. A third went in their place—

"Who spurred with true desire
Plunging at once into the central fire,
Folded his wings within, till he became
One color and one substance with the flame.
He only knew the flame who in it burned,
Only he could tell who ne'er to tell returned."

If religion has been hurt anywhere more than elsewhere in our age, it is in the habit of prayer. A

scientific conception of the universe and a nobler idea of God have, strangely enough, combined to arouse doubt as to the value of prayer. If God knows what things we have need of before we ask him, why ask? If all things are ruled by law, and if those laws are good and wise, to answer some of our prayers would require a change in the order of the world, and a quite impossible favoritism. Such is the mood of the day, and the result seems to be that prayer is often abandoned altogether. If prayer were only asking for gifts or favors, this mood would be valid, but it springs from an unworthy view of what prayer is. At its best, prayer is not asking for gifts, but for the Giver—a conscious communion with the Father of our spirits without which personal religion grows dim.

Happily the mood is less crass than when Huxley and Tyndall proposed their famous prayer-tests years ago. They had much to say about laws, and seemed to think that prayer was an effort to alter the will of God, whereas it is a blending of the will of man to the laws of God, while, meantime, the founder of the gospel was disclosing higher laws and a higher power than is bounded by our small horizon. However, it was a man of science, no less a light than Darwin, who turned the tide when he said, "I find nothing in the nature of things to interfere with the possibility that prayer may be answered." At once the din of debate was hushed, and now we are assured that there is no law so valid as the one which is written, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." The words of Tennyson are now the most quoted:

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of."

So that prayer is now held to be a power, a foot-path to peace, a medicine for minds and bodies awry. By it great men made new epochs and wrought wonders, armed by some hidden and higher power not known to others. It was thus that Cromwell came down from what Rosebery called his Sinai, with a dauntless courage that swept men to victory. It was thus that Luther and Lincoln wrought their faith into action, while others quaked and failed. For it is now said the main end and efficacy of prayer is in the heart of the prayer, enabling him under the influx of hitherto unknown power to answer his own prayer. Which seems to mean that it is man after all, and not God, who answers prayer, by lifting himself by his own bootstraps. Wherefore the troubled mortal might as well pray to the images of a Chinese joss-house for any outside aid. Such is the subtle form which scepticism as to prayer now takes, and many there be who mistake it for faith.

Yet when one uncovers it men feel that they are engaging in professional advocacy of what the pulpit is supposed to defend. The better to avoid this blight, let me quote to you from George Meredith, who, though he was called a pagan—and he was certainly not ostensibly a religious teacher—knew the meaning of prayer, and has set forth its value as few men of the pulpit have ever done. He is not content to say that "Whoso rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered." That indeed is self-evident, but there must be a deeper reason why his prayer makes him a better man—something more than a psychological exercise. Listen to a man of the world:

"So, in our prayers we dedicate the world to God, not calling him great for a title, no—showing him we know him great in a limitless world, lord of a truth we tend to, and have not grasped. I say prayer is good. I counsel it to you again and again: in joy, in sickness of heart. We make prayer a part of us, praying for no gifts, no interventions; through the faith in prayer opening the soul to the undiscerned. Take this for the good in prayer, that it makes us repose on the unknown with confidence, makes us flexible to change, makes us ready for life. He who has the fountain of prayer in him will not complain of hazards. Prayer is the recognition of laws; the soul's exercise and source of strength; its thread of conjunction with them. Prayer for an object is cajolery of an idol. There you misread it. We who fight the living world must have the universal for succor of the truth in it. Cast forth the soul in prayer, you join with the creative elements giving breath to you; and that crust of habit which is the soul's tomb; and custom, the soul's tyrant; and pride, our volcano peak that sinks us in a crater; and fear, which plucks the feathers from the wings of the soul and sets it naked and shivering in a vault, where the passing of a hodman's foot above sounds like the king of terrors coming—you are free of them, you live in the day and for the future, by the exercise and discipline of the soul's faith."

Now this discipline of the soul, this disposing of our wills to the will of God, takes deliberate exercise, concentration of thought, and a conscious practice of the presence of God. It requires that we purge our mind of self-will, open the heart to good impulse, bare the permanent necessities of the soul. and no one who wants to live truly throughout one day can afford to neglect it. When we have done this we need have no compunction in going on to ask those things which then remain among our desires. One who seeks this communion first will find, when he comes to make his requests known—remembering how high and wonderful a thing it is to enter into that Presence—that his desires have been enlarged and ennobled. Some of his petitions may be foolish and wrong, for he is only a child facing infinity; but all that is true in his prayer will come to pass upon himself and upon others. Let no one say that this is purely subjective. There is no such thing. All true prayer is answered, said Emerson, therefore be careful what you pray for.

It is true that to work is to pray, and the ideal is to pray as if we could do nothing ourselves, while working as if no one could help us. Prayer is assuredly not a substitute for effort, but an inspiration to nobler effort, and a reinforcement of it. By the very law of our being wishes tend to beget facts, and what we will comes true, so that every young man should keep in mind the words of Goethe, which Mark Pattison, like many another, found to be true, though he did not believe them when he first saw them. "What we wish for in

youth heaps itself over us in age"—therefore guard thy heart, for out of it come the issues of life. So also, those who have long been seeking without any satisfactory finding, and their name is legion, may take to heart the words of the great Frenchman, who, after much doubt and questioning, finally learned this truth, so vividly in fact that he seemed to have heard a voice speaking it: "Be comforted! had you not found Me you would not seek Me!" The sought-for is also the search, and there is no surer sign that we have found God than that we are seeking more of him.

The first great element of prayer is aspiration—a hunger for better being and doing, a looking onward and upward to an ideal which, seen afar off, is yearned after; a discontent with present attainments and performances, an inability to rest in things as they are. When a young man gives up wild or careless habits, begins to save money, to use his time to good account, brace himself against the lure to idleness and evil, he is praying, though he might be abashed if one told him that his wistful reaching forth toward something higher and better was prayer. Wherever improvement is being desired and sought — improvement not only in what we have, but in what we are and do—there is prayer, even though no word is uttered. A man in his workshop, factory or office, who, from morn to eve, is striving to realize his ideal of honor, efficiency and service, is praying the livelong day. When an ideal of manhood is cherished, in the light of which our best is never wholly satisfactory, and which is evermore urging us to go beyond it, there is prayer. Such a man, though he kneel not during the day, goes prayerfully to his bed a better man, and the hum of his honest industry is the music of a liturgy.

Nor does he pray simply for himself alone. All prayer, by its very nature, is benevolent and intercessory. When a man is devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, caring more for it than for any worldy honor; when he is in search for truth, ready, if need be, to suffer that he may find it; when he desires to —when a man lives thus, he is exemplifying that help forward a good cause, willing to sacrifice for it love of the best things of which all prayer is the expression. Who can labor for the good and not begin to throb with desire for the good of others? What man, not cursed with hopeless selfishness, can enter the presence of the Eternal Goodness and ask only in his own behalf? When he closes the door of his oratory he remembers not simply his own burdens, but the griefs and woes of others. One who, like Abou-Ben-Adhem, loves his fellow man, need not bow his head and clasp his hands before sleeping, to save the day from being prayerless, since it has been full of prayer. Yet no one can enter his oratory before falling into the mystery of sleep without learning something for the comfort of his heart and the health of his soul.

Again, all true prayer has its roots in trust, and he is praying who dares trust truth, right, and honor, no matter the cost, though he may not kneel in a temple. Let him bow in the temple, but when on the day following he obeys the light within him when it points, maybe, to a lonely road, where he will no longer walk with troops of friends—that also is prayer. If prayer is trust, he who trusts the reigning rectitude, trusts conscience, trusts duty, trusts principle habitually, fearful only of unfaithfulness, and with tranquil courage pursues his way, is a man of prayer. No matter how loudly he may pray in the temple, if he seeks even a worthy end by unworthy means, his prayer has no wings. We pray by our desires, our motives, our tears, and by our acts—praying without ceasing to the God who is over all, in all, and working through all. "Tell me, do you ever pray to God, as other people pray?" said a man in the story. And this was the reply:

"Pray to him? Well, no—not often—not in words and on my knees with my hands together, you know! Thinking is praying, very often—don't you think so? And so is being sorry and ashamed when one has done a mean thing, and glad when he has resisted a temptation, and grateful when it is a fine day and he is enjoying himself without hurting anyone else! What is it but praying when a fellow tries to bear up and be brave, and do his work, after losing all he cares to live for? And very good praying, too! I tell you, pard, there can be prayers without words just as well as songs—don't you think so?"

Assuredly there can. In fact the highest form of prayer may be the mystical prayer of solemn silence —frost on the lips but fire in the soul—when the spirit, burdened with the weight of desire, flows with strong currents in its hidden bed till it reaches the heart of hearts. There are, it is true, altitudes of prayer which many of us never reach, perhaps because we do not cultivate the art. It took Santa Teresa eighteen years to learn how to pray, and at last she came to have such power with God that bishops came to her to learn her secret. One who reads her life-story, written by herself, will lay it aside with the feeling that he does not know the alphabet of prayer. Such joy, and power, and victory in prayer, such happy fellowship with God—it is wonderful! What hope is here held out to all who walk amid the lights and shadows of time! What fountains of power, what sources of comfort, what secrets of strength, if we but learn to pray

> "Not one day, but seven,
> Loving because we must,
> Doing for the joy of it."

What Is True Patriotism?

The foundation of all true patriotism is good citizenship, and sterling honesty is the basis of all good citizenship. The model home is the birthplace of all true patriotism. The spirit of mutual obligation and mutual helpfulness, of justice and loyalty one to another which characterizes the best home life, extended to embrace the nation, is patriotism in its best sense. Such patriotism is love of country, an earnest solicitude for its welfare, its honor and good name, its honest and wise administration. Our nation is not the land, (though we all love it) but it is the people who make up the nation. Love of country in its best sense is love of its government and of its people. Loyalty to government is loyalty to the people. No man can be

loyal to the government who is disloyal to the people; hence, the man who accepts the suffrages of his fellow countrymen and is elevated to a position of public trust, is bound by every principle of honor and patriotism to faithfully serve, not his own, but the public interest. The man who uses a public office to enrich himself at the public's expense is one of the meanest of thieves and blackest of traitors. Our youth should be taught that no more dishonorable act than this can be performed by any man.

Contempt for law and consequent violation of law among all classes is the most deplorable and perhaps the most universally deplored condition which now confronts the American people. The causes are many, but the primal and most important one lies in our failure to imbue the minds of our youth with due respect for authority. This delinquency is found in our homes and in our schools, because it has been discovered that the best way to govern children is not by force but by lovingly winning the respect and spontaneous obedience of a child; and because some are able to put this ideal method in successful practice, many people have come to believe that force is not necessary and should never be employed in the home or in the school. This is a fatal mistake. The facts are that children are not all alike; that some of them cannot be so controlled by any one; and still more important is the fact that probably not one parent or school teacher in ten is so equipped mentally as to be able to control any considerable number of naturally turbulent children in this ideal way. The result is that the majority of our youth are growing up without any, or with very little respect for authority of any kind, and are found to cherish those false ideas of personal liberty which tend to make every one a law unto himself. Here is the tap-root of the whole wretched situation.

The true philosophy of the proper controlling of children either by parents or school teachers may be summed up in these few words, viz., govern them by love and persuasion if you can, but be sure that you govern them. Do not let them govern you. It is a monstrous wrong to the child to allow him to get the idea into his head that he cannot be controlled. It is ruinous to his character. Can a greater wrong be done to any child than to ruin his character?

The children in our public schools realize that there is no authority there which can be enforced, and they take advantage of it and make sport of their teachers. Nothing suits the average boy so well as to tease and torment some one whom he finds he can worry. They are sometimes heard to say of their teacher, "What do we care for her? She can't lick us," and our teachers are being driven to nervous prostration by the distracting conditions that surround them. Is it any wonder that our Chicago school board finds it difficult to get a sufficient number of teachers and has been obliged to lower the standard of examinations in order to get more and poorer teachers rather than not have enough? Many teachers are being driven out of the profession because of the too great strain upon their nervous systems. The truant officer is allowed to use force; he seizes the bad boy upon the street and thrusts him into the school, and there the poor teacher is not allowed to use the force necessary to keep him from disturbing the school and he becomes a demoralizing influence upon all other boys.

The public school is a state institution supported by taxes, authorized by the state, and regulated by statute law. The school teacher of right is, and should be recognized as the natural official representative of the state. The teacher's reasonable demands should be regarded as the authority of the state and the boy who rebels against the school authority held to be a rebel against the state. He should be made to understand that the state is behind the teacher and demands and will enforce decorum and obedience to the rules.

Then I would have the teaching force employ all of the most approved methods of governing by love and persuasion. But the fact must be kept in sight that the state will tolerate no violation of duly authorized rules. Then again I would draw upon the best, ablest, and wisest minds in the land, to prepare text-books adapted to all ages from six years up, which should ably and forcefully cultivate apreciation of the necessity of civil government and with gratitude for its blessings and its beneficent uses, together with the duties of pupils in the schools and of all citizens toward the government; in short, they should teach true patriotism. These text-boks should be much used.

In this way, for ten years, from age six to sixteen, the pupils in our public schools would be carefully trained to respect the law. This priceless opportunity, afforded by ten years of schooling, is being sadly neglected by the state. The means for correcting and eradicating desrespect for law are right at hand. The state has only to lay hold of them, use them wisely, and in a few years a vast change will be wrought. The laws of the state should clearly define that the teachers are clothed with authority and are required to carry out this purpose in the schools.

Does this mean the use of corporal punishment in the schools? Possibly, but to a very limited extent, if at all. I believe in a better way and if space permitted I would gladly elaborate my views on this point and show how authority can be maintained in the schools and pupils taught to respect it without the use of the rod.

Children generally accept and imbibe what is taught to them in the schools, and if the principles which I am advocating were sedulously instilled Into their minds for ten years during the formative period in their characters, what revolution, what uplift in civic righteousness would it not work in a few years, both in the character of the people and in the administration of government? The children of anarchists can be reached in this way and taught a better philosophy which some of them might successfully teach to their parents.

An open road to better things lies before us. Shall we not enter upon it and push on to success? Is not an ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure?

Chicago, Ill. J. A. STODDARD.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Reviews

The life and work of the versatile Theodore Roosevelt furnishes the material for two great books of more than passing interest. "From Rough Rider to President," by Max Kullnick (A. C. McClurg and Co., Chicago, 1.50 net), attracts our attention first because it is unusual for a German scholar to interest himself in the life of an American. The book is a high tribute to the American people as well as to Ex-president Roosevelt, and is of especial value because it gives us the German view of a man who has attracted the attention of the world as no one has done since the days of Napoleon. But besides this the volume has real merit because it presents the life of the ex-president throughout his most interesting career with fullness of detail and with a keen insight and appreciation of real universal greatness not to be found in any other volume. This book of 289 pages translated by Professor Reithdorf, of Monmouth (Ill.) College, should certainly be given a place in every public library and in every home where there are boys, for no living man is more inspiring to nobleness in the youth of our land than Theodore Roosevelt.

Admirers of the personality and advocates of the political philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt will welcome the appearance of his "African and European Addresses," with an introduction giving the setting to each address by Lawrence F. Abbott (G. P. Putman's Sons, New York). The work includes nine addresses, among which are: "Law and Order in Egypt," delivered at Cairo; "Citizenship in a Republic," delivered at the Sorbonne, Paris; "International Peace," Christiania, Norway; "The World Movement," University of Berlin, etc. The book not only puts in one's hands the text of these remarkable addresses, but, with the introductory setting to each address, throws light upon this most interesting career.

The attention which will be attracted by the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" during the summer and fall gives special interest to the little volume of 150 pages on "Men and Religion," just out, by the Y. M. C. A. Press, New York. The introduction by the secretary presents a brief sketch of the origin and progress of the movement to the first of the present year. At the Buffalo Conference in October, 1910, there were fifteen addresses on different phases of the problem of the work of men in the churches. These form the substance of the present work. They are by such men as Marion Lawrence, John R. Mott, Francis W. Parker, Ira Landrith, John Timothy Stone, Graham Taylor and Fred B. Smith.

The second volume of "Religion Rationalized," by Rev. Hiram Vrooman, has just come from the Nunc Licet Press, Minneapolis, Minn. The author has not freed himself from the dualistic philosophy of the past, and his words reveal no acquaintance with the work of the men who are today approaching the whole subject of religion from the historical and psychological standpoint. Leaders of UNITY will hardly care for a work that talks of the "dual personality of Jesus Christ," the finite part of which is inherited from the Virgin Mother Mary.

"Oh, to be Rich and Young," by Jabez Sunderland, is a little volume of 100 pages and three chapters: (1) Wealth Which All May Win; (2) Beauty Which All May Attain; and (3) Perpetual Youth for All. There is a sort of homiletic air about these chapters, but they are none the worse for that. The author emphasizes the truth that wealth and beauty and youth have a spiritual as well as a physical basis, and that true riches, beauty and youth may be attained by all who will live the life of the spirit. The clear style and abundant illustration from literature and biography give to the book a charm that is likely to induce one to read it again and again at times when in need of spiritual refreshing. (American Unitarian Association, Boston, 1910).

William E. Watt, Ph. D., principal of the Graham School, Chicago, Ill., has given us a valuable book entitled "Open Air," with the sub-title, "A statement of what is being done and what should be done to secure right air in homes, schools, offices, factories, churches, etc." The sub-title is a description of the scope of the work, which is scientifically accurate in its statement of the effects of bad air, and the reforms which Mr. Watt urges have the advantage of having been tried in the Graham School and in other places with carefully measured results. The book is a valuable contribution to the open air campaign which the author believes could be made to add twenty years to the average life of Americans. The chapter on the ventilation of churches and the part they should have in the general campaign of education in the need of open air should be read by every preacher. Besides disseminating knowledge and quickening interest in the open-air movement, the work makes many suggestions about new methods of teaching that are being tested in the Graham School. Every one would do well to read this stimulating and suggestive volume; and those by whom the health of others is conditioned,—parents, teachers, preachers, managers of factories, offices stores, owe it to those in their care to inform themselves of the scientific truths presented in the book. (The Little Chronicle Co., Chicago, 1910).

"The Future Citizen," by F. A. Meyers, is the title given a book which discusses a great variety of subjects, as Marriage, Race Suicide, Boy, Education, Home, Why Boys Go Wrong, Child Labor, Socialism, Labor, Cities a Problem, The Church. These are all viewed in the line of patriotic interest, and with a suggestiveness and breadth of view that will prove valuable for the general reader who desires to know the trend of thought on these various subjects. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, 1911; $1.20 net).

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

MR. AND MRS. EDWIN D. MEAD IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

Edwin D. Mead and Mrs. Mead of Boston will spend the month of July in England, and August in Germany, giving addresses in the interest of international fraternity. They then visit Austria and Hungary, and will be present at the International Peace Congress in Rome in September. They will speak in several cities in the north of England before going to London, where Mr. Mead is to give an address at the Universal Races Congress. In Germany they will address meetings in Berlin, Leipsic, Jena, Frankfort and other cities, and they go to Budapest by special invitation of Count Apponyi, who recently visited the United States, and who desires to have the American peace work presented by them to his countrymen.

The nineteenth international peace congress is to meet in Rome on Sept. 25, and continue during the week. The date of the congress was first fixed for Oct. 17; but the change to Sept. 25 has been made in response to a widely expressed desire. The request for the earlier date has been urged especially by American peace workers, who have represented to the Berne bureau how difficult and almost impossible it is to hold any large number of American people in Europe so late as the last of October. The international peace congresses furnish the most important opportunity which exists to bring the friends of peace in the various countries into personal touch and efficient co-operation.

Mr. Mead is the secretary of the World Peace Foundation and editor of the International Library and the Foundation's other publications. His "Organize the World" and other pamphlets have had a world-wide influence. He has been for many years one of the leading American peace workers, speaking and writing untiringly for the cause. He was the chairman of the organizing committee of the International Peace Congress at Boston in 1904, and he inaugurated the movement for national peace congresses in the United States, the first of which was the great congress at Carnegie Hall in New York in 1907.

Mr. and Mrs. Mead have attended many of the peace congresses in Europe during the last 10 years; and he was the American vice-president of the London congress of 1908, speaking for America in response to the address by the prime minister at the banquet with which that congress closed. He has for many years been in close touch with England and Germany. He once studied for two terms at the University of Cambridge, lived for a year in London, and studied for three years in the University of Leipsic; and he has been a constant worker for friendship and co-operation between Germany, Great Britain and the United States, believing that it is peculiarly in the power of these three great Teutonic nations to unite the world in justice and order.

He is an ardent worker at this moment for the success of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, his pamphlet upon "The International Duty of the United States and Great Britain" having had a circulation of 50,000 copies during the last year. It is upon this subject that he will chiefly speak in England.

Mrs. Mead, who is as devoted as her husband to international interests, working also with tongue and pen alike, is pronounced by the secretary of the American Peace Society, in a recent pamphlet on "Women in the Peace Movement," as foremost of all living American women in incessant activities for the cause; and her many educational pamphlets, and especially her pregnant little "Primer of the Peace Movement," are everywhere known.

Mr. Mead has been as active in other fields as in his work for better world organization. Indeed his activities here are undoubtedly the more effective because he is not simply a peace advocate, but comes to his international work always out of the midst of a varied public and literary life. The chairman of a convention in New York at which he recently spoke charged him with being "a historian masquerading as a reformer," and said he strongly suspected he was more interested in Puritanism than in peace. He is the author of volumes upon Luther, Carlyle and Emerson, and has been a constant writer and lecturer upon literary, religious, philosophical and historical themes. His work upon "The Principles of the Founders" brings out with greater force than has ever elsewhere been done the strong international sentiments of the founders of the American republic and their enmity to the war system.

Mr. Mead was long the editor of the New England Magazine; and for 25 years he has been at the head of the Old South work for the education of the young people of Boston in history and good citizenship, editing in connection hundreds of historical pamphlets, which are used in the schools all over the United States. He was for years the president of the Massachusetts Good Citizenship Society, was the first secretary of the Boston Municipal League and the first president of the Twentieth Century Club, the leading Boston organization for the promotion of social progress. He has been for the last 10 years the president of the American Free Religious Association, which was founded by Emerson and his friends; and he is the president of the Massachusetts Men's League for Woman Suffrage. For his own city and state and nation and for the family of nations he works with equal constancy and devotion. He would probably say that it is all one work. He always emphasizes the idea that the first condition of being a good international man is to be a good national man. There is a story of his saying to a young man who asked him a year or two ago, after hearing one of his addresses in Boston on world organization, what he could do about it, that the best thing he could do about it was to work hard till election day to see that Boston got the best mayor; and he explained to him how he meant precisely what he said.

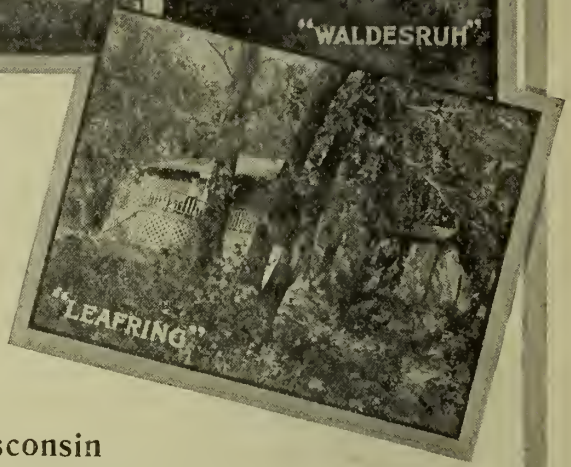
The influence of Americans in international conferences Mr. Mead declared to be proportioned always to America's reputation and moral power. With every wave of business and municipal corruption reported in Europe, American influence sinks; and our primary concern, he constantly repeats, if we could keep ourselves the right kind of world power, is to keep our own municipal and national life on a plane that wins world-wide respect.

This is not Mr. and Mrs. Mead's first peace campaign in Europe; they spent the summer similarly two years ago. Mr. Mead has said in a recent article that the chief weakness of the international work had been that it was not internationally done, that the American and English and German peace leaders had worked too much separately. A primary principle of his policy in the conduct of the World Peace Foundation is to bring them all into close personal relations and efficient co-operation. He aims constantly to get the strong European champions of the cause to America, and to bring our own men to be heard more regularly in Europe.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

And doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

A GROUP OF
TOWER HILL
COTTAGES



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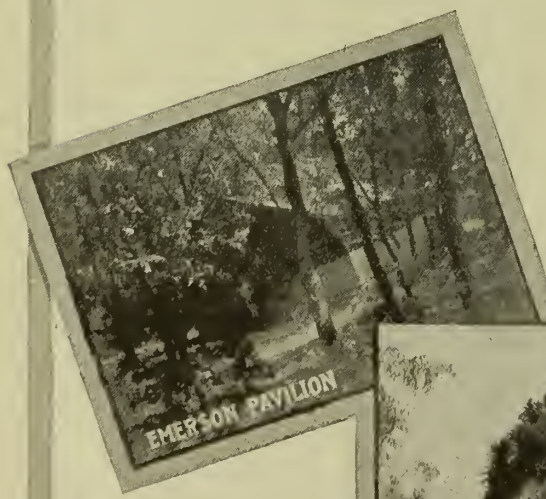

Volume LXVII CHICAGO, JULY 13, 1911 Number 20

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Tower Hill, Wisconsin

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For fuller particulars see UNITY for May 11, pages 163 and 172, and page 188 of the issue of May 18.

For further information address

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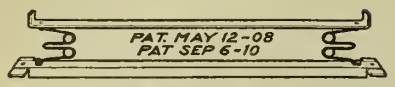

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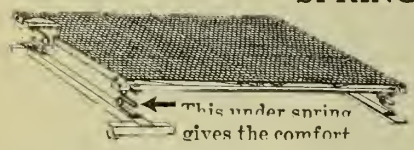

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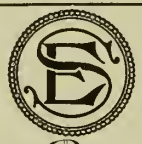

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1911. NUMBER 20.

DAY AND NIGHT

O the rapturous thrill of awaking
In the morning cool and gray,
When my pulses stir with rejoicing
For the gift of another day.
O a day is too short for such chances
Of love and of service true,
With the glory of sunshine around me,
And my beautiful work to do.

But the dear day slips from my holding
And the chances come and go;
While I love and I work a little,
And I worry a bit, you know.
Then the evening comes with its quiet,
And dreams of the hours past,
And I put off my plans until morning,
And I'm glad to sleep at last.

So my life grows rich with its meaning,
Until beauty and service combine;
And it claims me with power resistless,
It thrills me with longings divine.
Too brief are the years of our striving,
Far distant the brotherhood dream,
But we work with a courage unfailing,
And life holds a glory supreme.

But perhaps in the misty future
An hour of quiet may come,
When an evening hush may enfold me,
And each summoning voice be dumb;
I may sit perhaps in the stillness
And muse on the happy past;
Then say my few words of thanksgiving
And be willing to sleep at last.

—*Emma Endicott Marean.*

There are no freshly made ideas today. No man has a title deed to any section of truth, and there are no brand new dollars in the world today. The coinings of trade are consecrated with the sweat of unnamed multitudes who have contributed to its potency. We are merely trustees under God of words and of dollars. We are administrators of a bounty we did not create. We may halt, but we cannot defeat that bounty. Sooner or later the dollar consecrated with human sweat will redound to the needs of the race, and sooner or later the words coined from kindling hearts, passed on from generation to generation by an apostolic succession more real and vital than can be represented by the tips of a bishop's fingers, will make for power and for peace.

The tribulations of New York City concerning its intra-mural transportation problem may bring about light and freedom in ways unexpected. The quarreling companies have driven the authorities to beat a scheme into the clear that will establish a municipal system of transportation, owned by the city and operated for the city. This tri-borough scheme, if carried out, will say to the quarreling corporations, "A plague on all your houses. Get out of the way. If you want to run a railroad system in the city of New York for the benefit of the city, as well as for your own, make us an offer and we may hire you to run our railroads for us." Something like this is the short-cut solution towards which the problems of inevitable monopolies and essential utilities are tending.

Who are the men that are today shaping the ideals of our young men and women? Who are they whose words and lives mothers would be glad to have impressed upon the plastic tablets of the hearts of their little ones? It is dangerous to use names, but we all know who they are,—the Tolstoys and the Ruskins, the Toynbees and the Jane Addamses,—those who have in a measure entered into the power of the Kingdom because they are poor in spirit and pure in heart, because they have stood in with the holy, have made common cause with the unfortunate; it is not those who have fallen into line and kept step with marching multitudes of the successful, the fashionable and the opulent. The Kingdom is now, as it has ever been, to the poor in spirit, the holy of heart, the faithful in service. And what is true when verified by the outer records of the world is found equally true when tested by the inner experiences of the heart.

"A Sky-scraper Self-sufficiency," is the phrase which that new editor of the *Century Magazine*, Robert Underwood Johnson, applies to New York City. The *Literary Digest* gives to Mr. Johnson the title of "poet," and quotes him at length in a commencement address recently delivered before the New York University, on "Poetry and Modern Life." The above phrase is but one of many incisive epithets which this New York editor applies to his city. He talks about "the swamping of the city by the imported provincialism of the newly rich." He admits that "as a publishing center New York is vastly important, but as a literary center it is ridiculous." Perhaps many cities that aspire to New York's business fame and commercial methods would do well to read thoughtfully these strictures.

There are other cities than New York that are under the contented domination of the dollar, when they had better be seeking the inspiration of "the word," for after all Mrs. Browning was right when she said,

> Virtue's in the word!
> And plant a poet's word even, deep enough
> In any man's breast, looking presently
> For offshoots, you have done more for the man
> Than if you dressed him in a broad-cloth coat
> And warmed his Sunday pottage at your fire.

Apropos of our word concerning the Sane Fourth in our last issue, we print below this suggestion, prepared and circulated by the Men's Brotherhood of the Congregational Church of New Britain, Connecticut. These suggestions were translated and printed in the various vernaculars of the city. The *Congregationalist* says: This leaflet came to not a few foreign-born citizens as the first communication in their native language which they had ever received from the government whose flag was floating over them, and had an appeal to the conscience and an incentive to patriotism that was practical and intelligible." These suggestions must have carried far. Let other cities go and do likewise.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP MAKE A CLEAN CITY.

1. Take away all the ashes and dirt from your back yard immediately. Send your rubbish to the dumping-ground.
2. Clean out your cellar, stables, and sheds. Whitewash your cellar walls, fences, and hen-houses.
3. Burn all rubbish that will burn. Clean your vacant lots and alley-ways.
4. Avoid mixing ashes and garbage. This is against the law. You may be fined five dollars.
5. Refrain from throwing old paper, banana or orange skins into the streets.
6. Plant some grass and flower seeds to make your home beautiful. Every house should have a little green grass and a few trees.

Dirty yards cause flies, sickness, death.

Old tin cans hold water; water breeds mosquitoes.

Rotten garbage makes bad air, bad air makes weak bodies, weak bodies make big doctor's bills.

We are grateful to the *Kansas City Journal* for saying the word for Carrie Nation which has been seeking utterance in our own hearts, but which we failed to find for want of knowledge. It is very, very easy to dispose of Carrie Nation as a crazy woman, and her death from paresis lends gruesome confirmation to the flippant diagnosis. It is natural, almost inevitable, that the ungracious character of her work should for a time obscure the deeper outcome of her life, but the hatchet is the passing thing in Carrie Nation's career; her deep antagonism to the awful curse and her womanly appeal to indifferent officials and complacent judges are the permanent things. Well does this journal, printed within the zone of Carrie Nation's work, say:

> Carrie Nation will live in memory after those who have slurred and jibed at her work are forgotten. Like old John Brown, her body now "lies mouldering in the grave, but her soul goes marching on.

This journal, as quoted by the *Literary Digest* of June 24, says further:

> Had Carrie Nation not started out with her little hatchet the chances are that the state of Kansas would be disregarding the prohibitory law now as it had been before her advent. . . . At that time Leavenworth and Atchison had a saloon in every business block, and expensive bars were maintained in Topeka right in the shadow of the state house dome. Now Kansas probably has not an open saloon within its borders, and blind tigers and joints are as scarce as hen's teeth. Through her persuasion, officials have found that it was not so hard, after all, to enforce the law.

There is a curious lesson in the fact that out of the money which Mrs. Nation saved as a lecturer, she established a drunkards' wives' home in Kansas City, Kansas, in order, as she said, to give a home to women who had worthless, drunken husbands and, second, to shame public officials into doing their full duty. Then Kansas needed such a home. Now the home is closed in the absence of applicants. Carrie Nation was a successor of John the Baptist, who went dressed uncouthly, whose methods were grim, rather than of the Nazarene of more gracious presence and milder methods, but she had her place and she did her work. Let no one cast a stone at her memory save those who have a right "to criticize by creation." Let those who do not like her way go and do it some better way. Truly was it said that, like John Brown's, Carrie Nation's soul "goes marching on."

The lovers of art as well as the friends of Abraham Lincoln have already been placed under a debt of gratitude to Gutzon Borglun, the eminent sculptor, for the colossal head of Abraham Lincoln, which has been placed in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, a head which more, even, than St. Gaudens' great creation, reveals the power, the refinement and the thought of Lincoln. If we are to judge from the newspaper reports and the half-tone reproduction first published in the *Christian Advocate* of New York, he has carried his interpretation of Lincoln still higher in the statue recently unveiled in a public park at Newark, New Jersey. After the election, before the inauguration, while the perplexed president was brooding over his first inaugural, he wrote to a friend, "I am spending these days in the Garden of Gethsemane." This is the movement, the attitude and the spiritual condition which the artist has undertaken to portray in this statue and without any of the accessories which artists seek. Here is no stately chair with classic decoration, no suggestion of flags or togas, but simply a plain, bare-headed man, sitting on the plainest of stone benches, lost in deep meditation, brooding over higher problems. The *Christian Advocate* of New York, as quoted by the *Literary Digest*, in speaking of the unveiling, says: "Those who were close enough to appreciate the beauty of the modeling, mingled their exclamations of admiration with the exultant shouts

of the thousands who only knew that the unveiling had been effected." Ex-president Roosevelt delivered the oration and Chancellor Pitney, in dedicating the monument to the public, said: "It is impressive, unique; showing the man overwhelmed with sorrow, yet taking up the cross which his duty to his country pressed upon him." Here is one more art commentary upon the elusive and exhaustive life. And it is worthy of note that this artist, who seems to have penetrated deeper into the spiritual mystery of the great President's life than any of his predecessors, was born in Idaho two years after the fateful shot in Ford's Theatre. Perhaps it took an artist born into the traditions of the saints to portray the saintliness in the life of Lincoln. A child of the Church of Rome has come to teach Americans new lessons of love and appreciation of this representative of the Church Universal.

"First Universal Races Congress"

It is too late to promote the attendance upon, but not to awaken an interest in, the forthcoming gathering under the above title that is to convene in London, the 26th to the 29th of this month.

The secretary of the American Committee, Rev. Frederick Lynch, announces that there will be no less than fifty countries represented. There will be over thirty presidents of parliaments, the majority of the members of the permanent Court of Arbitration, and of the delegates to the second Hague Congress.

Twelve British governors, eight British premiers, forty colonial bishops, one hundred and thirty professors of international law, the officers and the majority of the council of the Inter-parliamentary Union, and many leading anthropologists and sociologists of the world will be present.

We are also informed that the list of the writers of papers includes eminent representatives of over twenty civilizations, and that every paper referring to a particular people is prepared by some one of high standing belonging to it.

The object of the conference will be to discuss in the light of science and modern conscience the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, and between the so-called "white" and so-called "colored" peoples, with a view to encouraging a fuller understanding, a more friendly feeling and a heartier co-operation among them.

Of course, in order to accomplish this, it will be the task of the various representatives to show what has already been accomplished and what the promise of accomplishment may be by their own people.

This very announcement is epoch-making. Nothing like this could have happened at any previous point in the history of the race; nothing like this can happen now, however inadequate, without insuring further efforts. It is safe to predict that it is the first of many similar ones to follow.

In the list of the American Executive Committee the name of Prof. Felix Adler appears as chairman; Prof. Du Bois represents the colored people; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, the Jews; Miss Mary White Ovington, the author of the latest contribution to the literature of the colored problem, entitled, "Half a Man," represents the women on the committee. The general officers, we believe, are all Englishmen, but men high in the confidences of the world.

No matter what may be said or done, the lessons of the congress can be anticipated, for above all arguments and beneath all prejudices this will be a demonstration of the brotherhood involved; it will be an object lesson that will prove the old Bible truth, "For he hath made of one blood all nations of men."

There will be different opinions, grades of intelligences, degrees of refinement, and, of course, a great range of native endowment, but these distinguishing and fundamental lines will obstinately refuse to follow racial distinctions that can be noticed or theoretically traced.

It was the privilege of the present writer to deliver the graduating address at the recent High School commencement exercises of the great copper town of Calumet, in northern Michigan. In that graduating class of a hundred and two he was told there were representatives of twenty different races, and in the list of eight printed on the program as deserving "Honorable Mention," because of having in all standing throughout the four years' work an average above 90, four of them were Finnish in their immediate ancestry; and the Finns are a submerged nation, Finland having no independent political existence.

When the speaker announced, "The members of this class look all alike to me, and they all look good," there was an outburst of tumultuous applause from the large audience.

The plain truth demonstrated in that far-off corner of the world was that science, letters and refinement, and the sense of justice based thereon, remove the racial characteristics, not by obliterating the same, but by perfecting and rounding out the same into the more perfect proportions of the universal type, the ideal man and woman.

It was no mere accident that derived this great "melting pot" out of the copper industry through the generosity and foresight of Alexander Agassiz, the founder and first president of the Calumet copper industry. This High School that has a capacity of a thousand to twelve hundred pupils, one of the best equipped and most wisely conceived buildings in the country, was the personal gift of this man, who became wealthy by virtue of his scientific training and in-

heritance. This benefactor was no more the son of Louis Agassiz than were these graduates the spiritual grandchildren of the splendid foreigner who in his youth came from Switzerland to teach Harvard boys the wonders of nature and to fill their lore with an enthusiasm for man, a love of liberty, and a passion for justice.

Let not the many distractions in the way of summer schools, congresses, associations and conventions without number mar the perspective that ought to place this Universal Races Congress to be held in London at the head of the column. Let us welcome it, watch its proceedings, profit by its deliberations, and take to heart its demonstrations.

THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST

Fifteen centuries ago
Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof at daybreak,
Watching if the toils began
Well to gild the cedar frieze
Of his palace galleries;
Well to nail the silver plates
On his inner palace gates;
For the Queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago!

Walking on his roof, he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming;
Saw his city spreading wide.
Ah! but mean and sad of seeming
Show those lowly wooden huts
Underneath the King's house gleaming;
Though each humble wicket shuts
One world out and one world in,
That so great and this so small,
Yet, to the poor hearts within,
The little world their all in all!
Just then then the waiting maid bore through
The breakfast of King Nintoku.

Quoth the Emperor—gazing round—
"Wherefore, when my meats abound,
See I not much smoke arise
From these huts beneath mine eyes?
Chimneys put into the air,
Yet no chimney-reek is there,
Telling that the household pot
Bubbles glad with gohan* hot.
Gild me no more galleries,
If my people pay the gold!
Let my gates unplated go,
If the silver leaves them cold!
This city of all tax I ease
For three years! We decree it so!
From all huts there shall be smoke,"
Thus the Emperor Nintok spoke.

Sped three years, upon his roof
The monarch paced again. Aloof
His Empress hung, ill-pleased to see
The snows drip through her gallery,
The gates agape with cracks, and gray,
For wear and weather: "Consort, say
If so the Emperor of Japan
Should lodge, like some vile peasant man,
Whose thatch leaks for a load of straw?"
"Princess august, what recks a glass,"
Nintok replied, "in gate or wall,
When far and wide, those chimneys all
Fling their blue house-flags to the sky,
Where the gods count them! Thou and I
Take part in all the poor folk's health—
The people's weal makes princes' wealth!"

*Boiled rice. —*Anon.*

William Dean Howells, Realist and Socialist

William Dean Howells was born in the Western Reserve in 1837 and has never lost the influence of his western youth, although he became saturated and sympathetic with the Boston school of letters, for which he has been the most disinterested apologist. His combined western and eastern experiences have made him the most catholic of our critics, while his temperament and character have combined to make a soul which in fineness has no superior in American literature.

Howells ran the gamut of youthful literary passions, ranging even from Pope, through the leading English, Romance, German and Russian writers to Tolstoy. When Howells came to Boston to make his career, he was frankly a lion hunter and had abundant opportunity to hear them roar, as it was not necessary for this refined and appreciative youth to pursue them. He met everywhere a welcome and absorbed the best influences which the literary center of America had to offer. The impressions, however, lacked depth until he came to Tolstoy. Having been editor-in-chief of the *Atlantic Monthly* for ten years, he had not allowed public interest to encroach upon his literary loyalty: "The love of literature and the hope of doing something in it had become my life to the exclusion of all other interests, or it was at least the great reality, and all other things were as shadows. I was living in a time of high political tumult, and I certainly cared very much for the question of slavery, which was then filling the minds of men; I felt deeply the shame and wrong of our Fugitive Slave Law; I was stirred by the news from Kansas, where the great struggle between the two great principles in our nationality was beginning in bloodshed; but I cannot pretend that any of these things were more than ripples on the surface of my intense and profound interest in literature. If I was not to live by it, I was somehow to live for it."

The great Russian opened his eyes. He had rejoiced in Thackeray's attacks on the aristocrats, supposing that snobbishness might be cured by ridicule, but when he had passed his fiftieth birthday and was just entering his home on the water-side of Beacon street, he says: "I came into a knowledge of myself in ways I had not dreamed of before, and began at least to discern my relations to the race, without which we are each nothing. The supreme art in literature had its highest effect in making me set art forever below humanity." He pondered the depths of social life and of his own nature in the conservative environment of Boston, but life in the metropolis made him a confirmed socialist. His socialistic sympathies crop out in his novels and criticisms, but they received definite exposition in a picture of Altruria, by which he tries to reflect our own inperfections. As he says: "The American ideal is not to change the conditions of all, but for each to rise above the rest if he can."

The naivete of the visitor from Altruria constantly embarasses all the sophisticated Americans, who for the first time see their own conditions under his searching questions. The black-list and the open shop have new meaning when the Altrurian remarks, "If you will excuse my saying it, we should think it monstrous in Altruria for any man to have another's means of life in his power; and in our country it is hardly

imaginable. Do you really have it in your power to take away a man's opportunity to earn a living?" Mr. Howells takes us into the fundamentals of sociology in his graceful and gentle picture. On arriving late at a summer hotel, the American says to the Altrurian: "We shall not stand so good a chance for supper if we are not there pretty promptly." "No?" said the Altrurian. "Why?" "Well," said I, with evasive lightness, "first come, first served, you know. That's human nature." "Is it?" he returned, and he looked at me as one does who suspects another of joking.

We began to see with Howells that "The capitalistic world believes that human nature cannot be changed, though cannibalism and slavery and polygamy have all been extirpated in the so-called Christian countries, and these things were once human nature, which is always changing, while brute nature remains the same." We begin to wince as our various weaknesses are satirized, one after another. They cannot understand in Altruria why we should make the families of convicts suffer because the husband and father is an offender. They do not see why we should send refractory children to a reform school instead of sending the parents there. They don't understand why workingmen should still be willing to fight for a country which has not given them a living, while the rich man who profits by the social conditions stays at home. Nor do they understand why American women of education have no real intellectual interests, but only intellectual fads: "I need not tell you that they are romantic and heroic," says the Altrurian, "or that they would go to the stake for a principle, if they could find one." An old seaman who was about to return from Altruria to America, remarks to the American wife of the Altrurian, "They used to have wars and trusts and trades-unions here in the old days, just as we do now in civilized countries." "And don't you consider Altruria civilized?" "Well, not in just that sense of the word, ma'am. You wouldn't call heaven civilized."

The writings and life of the Nestor of American letters both testify to the sincerity of his conviction that "it is one's obligation and privilege not to differentiate one's self from others, but to identify one's self with others."

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

"A-Roving He Would Go," is the title given a book of travel by Milton Reed, author of "The Democratic Ideal" and "The Sea of Faith." With a clear, interesting style the author describes his journeys through the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Korea, China, Manchuria, Siberia, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Germany and Austria, Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Turkey. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, Mass., 250 pp.).

"Engaged Girl Sketches," by Emily Calvin Blake, presents seven sketches of engaged girls in supposed typical situations, with the evident purpose of helping girls to understand something of the meaning and responsibilities of the married life upon which they are about to enter. The book will do good in the hands of many a girl perplexed by the problems that face her as she contemplates marriage. (Forbes and Company, Chicago, $1.00).

H. F. B.

THE PULPIT

On Meeting One's Obligations

SERMON PREACHED AT THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF CHICAGO BY REV. W. HANSON PULSFORD

In the plain prose of the world we all have a kind of contempt for the man who, in commercial relations, dodges, shirks, tries to evade his obligations. The mean man, who will yield only what is forced out of him, never a penny more, grows cramped and narrow and cheap. We have a sense that a different temper, having something of the full, fine, human quality of life, with a kind of largeness and ease about it, is important even in the financial world. Naturally, I am not going to talk about that. I want to use it in relation to life as a whole. I would ask whether, when you come to think of it, there is not a great deal, as we sum up life, in this matter of the payment of what is due.

When the patriot who had given everything to his country is at length being led out to the gallows by way of reward, you remember Browning makes him say:

> In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
> "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
> Me?" God might question; now instead,
> 'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

The problem is there brought into relation to a future life. It considers that man ill off who passes away from this world owing a great deal to God and has to repay it in eternity. But I think it is just as true without that element being introduced to balance the books. I have a feeling that, when you come right down to it, any thoughtful man who is trying to let his life, as between himself and himself, have real quality, asks for his ultimate satisfaction this question, How does the balance lie in the account between me and the whole? Have I met my obligations, or am I in debt? Have I taken all I could get, and given as little as I could afford to? Have I played for my own hand only, or made honorable returns to the world?

As you really grow, that becomes the ultimate question. The rest doesn't very much matter. Have I in this life of mine been demanding all that I could acquire for myself, or have I been giving out all that I could as my contribution toward the enrichment of the life about me?

Let us ask, first, what we have received. A great many things have come to us all for nothing. They belong to the life into which we are born. There is, most obviously, our physical constitution. Little by little through countless generations every lower form of life has been making its contribution toward building up, elaborating, perfecting this organism which we all inherit. Leaving everything else out of account, we have in our hands the most wonderful machine that life has yet known on the earth. It is self maintaining. Its capacity for work, for research, for the acquisition of power in countless ways, is well nigh without limit. It is such a miracle that when you begin to inquire into it you sometimes get nervous lest its wondrous artistry should break down. And it is ours, free, for us to use right through life. Its physical, mental, emotional,

personal qualities are laid in our hands to do as we will with. It has been capable sometimes of ministering to life in the world as naught else has. Sometimes it has been the hard, keen, calculating tool of a man who used its power only to grab for him all that he could get.

Moreover, life has done a vast deal in other ways for us. Take the common conditions about us. Sometimes one has tired dreams of getting off into some quiet place, away from all this rush and tear and hurry of the imperfect human life which so noisily besets us. Then, perhaps, if you have any sense of humor, it comes to you to wonder how you would be off in a solitary place dependent wholly on yourself. How about the insecurity of everything? I wonder how you would like to live where the first fellow who had stronger muscles than you could rob you of whatever you had won from the earth. Your defence against the wild beasts stronger than you are, is nil. Imagine your living cut down to the things which you could extort somehow out of the rude soil. Look at the life of the primitive savage. Yet everything beyond that you owe to the organized life about you. Here, through no claims of yours, you have security of tenure, and of life. You need not be physically the strongest man in the community to be safe on the streets. We enjoy without price conditions without which, for weaklings such as you and me, life would be neither long nor merry.

Nay, in ways far beyond that, the whole is, through no merit of ours, continually serving us. I wonder what kind of meals we should have if we had to depend only on ourselves, if it were not for other folk, all over the world, working on our behalf. The farmer growing grain, the cattlemen tending cattle for us, our fellows, far and near, gathering out of the living earth the wealth which ultimately alone makes life possible, and by their toil enabling us, every day of our lives, to enjoy, not only the necessities but the luxuries, which, but for them, were altogether out of our reach, all contribute towards our needs.

It is just the same with our inner life. We have a chance of looking at things far and wide, across the centuries. We can avail ourselves of garnered information immeasurably beyond anything which you and I, through our own effort, could possibly know. All human experience is at our service, ready, if we care to avail ourselves of it, to minister to our knowledge. Altogether apart from ourselves each one of us has a life opportunity which never before was paralleled, because the resource of countless generations is, free of all cost, handed over to us.

We have received from the life to which we belong not only faculty, the splendor of equipment inherent in our organization, the power latent in each of us of reaching out still further toward the fuller life which is ahead, but the unlimited service of all that life, from its most primitive forms, has slowly accumulated and made available. We are heirs, through no achievement of ours, of the results of the long labor of the ages. It is simply given to us generously, lavishly, for our use and profit. And we have done nothing for it all. We owe, not only what we are, but all which makes our finest life possible, to the wonderful process of the life of the whole, unfolding, enlarging, knitting together, to create the conditions without which we could not be. We are born heirs of the slowly garnered wealth of civilized life. It is all ours. It is the measure of our indebtedness.

What are we doing in return? When you ask what the things are which constitute your welfare, what do you think of? Is it of what you really owe or of what you have been able to render? Is it your boast possessions, laid hold of money and been able to live luxuriously and at ease? I have acquired, I have taken to myself more than others, you perhaps say. Then truly, "What dost thou owe me? God might question." Whatever your theology and whatever your definition of God, if you have any sense of high honor it is ill with you if you have to own that you have taken more from the world than you have given to it. You are a debtor, perhaps a defaulter. Even in your own eyes you may be a parasite, sucking the life out of the great tree which sustains you and returning nothing to it.

You might have known the high joy of letting the opening possibilities of the life within you, to which you owe all, so enchain your enthusiasm and enlist your loyal service and co-operation as to enable you to feel that you stood foursquare in the world. You had taken all you could, had used all you were, only that to the limit of your powers you in turn might make for life. You had made your life big and free, large-hearted and strong, and had done therewith what in you lay to make the big, free, strong, large life more possible for the community of which you were a part and to hand on to those who came afterwards, not a store impoverished because you had drained it and given nothing, but a store a little richer because you had taken to the limit of your powers all that life freely gave and allowed it through you to go out toward the sweetening and strengthening and blessing of the world. Your satisfaction might be honorable then.

That is the idea of life which thrusts itself on us as we grow. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is one of the ill echoes of primitive savagery. Even there it proved suicidal. Today Browning's phrase begins to come home to all the super-savage in us. But the power to which we owe it all is no longer to be figured as some great taskmaster, an almighty creditor God. He is rather like the great tree of life, rooted in the thrill of the atoms, climbing out of the soil, reaching out of the air, spreading branches manifold, voicing himself in the myriads of leaves, no two of them alike, and in every cell of the leaves. It is demanded of each of them that the wealth of its own life be for the service of the whole. What of the leaf that would draw its sustenance from the tree that bore it and sustains it and would in no wise, if that were possible, yield anything back? It takes from the tree its power to draw in from the air new life and refuses to contribute it, tries to store it in itself, tries to accumulate all that it can only in its own selfish interest. In nature you know that it withers. Do you not think that in humanity it withers? You remember the inscription on the old tombstone,

> What I spent I had;
> What I gave I have;
> What I hoarded I lost.

It is true of life everywhere, if you think of it, as we are being compelled to think of it, as an organic thing. The cell in the body (and I know of no better figure than to say that we are all of us cells in the body of God, that God is to us what the human organism is to the countless cells that build it up), that works for its own ends, if that were conceivable, that tries to use what it can get from the body without thinking of what it can render in return, is a monstrous thing. It is that which must at all costs be got rid of, which today we eliminate, even by the knife. When a group of such get together the surgeon calls it a malignant tumor. At once, at whatever risk, it must be removed and cast out for the evil thing it is.

What, on the other hand, if the cell were to learn to feel that it is part of a great whole that is waiting to pour the life of the whole through it, that it may return it, transformed somewhat, to the building up of nerve or tissue or cell cluster? Would not the bigness and sweep and power of the life far beyond its understanding thrill and move through it after a mightier fashion as it set itself on gaining all that it could from the whole which created and nourishes it only that it might have the delight of living so richly as to leave the life of which it is a part fuller of vital power because, for a little while, it had its chance to be a messenger, a vehicle, a channel, through which that life might come to its own?

Now as that is essential for a healthy body and a healthy cell, so it is essential for a healthy society and for each member of it. We have never yet had a healthy society. We are only beginning to work out toward such. Society at all only began yesterday. Primitive savagery was immediately before it and savagery is only beginning to be outgrown. The dream that comes to us now is that two things are identical, the glory of the individual life and the glory of the life that it serves. God and man are, in that sense, not two, but one. Selfishness and unselfishness are not two, but one. Service of others and service of self are the same thing, so you take it aright. The reason why we are so richly dowered is that we may know the glory of serving, giving, enriching life. The tide of that which the past has stored, waiting to run out through us in manifold directions, means first of all that, because of us, the life to which we belong may grow strong and deep and fine. It means, too, that we, for our own selves, may have the joy of feeling that we have been able to give, to enrich, to enlarge, to quicken, to *be*. For us, then, that we have met our obligations to the whole, is to have really lived.

What do I concretely mean? That we should all indulge in philanthropic enterprise, that we should all join the socialistic party, or do something else of that sort? No, I am not thinking of those things at all. I am thinking of this, mainly, that the particular way in which you exercise this power of discharging your obligations lies with you. The question I want to get at is not after what fashion you shall rightly discharge them, but whether you and I are large enough to discern that it is the discharging of them that counts. We are all different, just as different as the leaves are, but our glory of life is the measure in which we, through our difference, do something to make life more in the world.

Sometimes it means dreaming dreams. Sometimes it means catching God's thoughts and helping other folk to feel the contagion of them. Jesus was a dreamer. He took from the world only a short life, bare necessities, and his inward equipment. He gave it an awakening thrill of what God means to those who find him in their hearts. It was not hard for him to feel at the end that he had known the joy of meeting his obligations. His was the joy, not of fighting for his own hand, nor of demanding what a man of his powers might easily have exacted, but of letting something of the glory of the light which was in his own heart go out to his fellows.

Sometimes it is farming. The man on whom ultimately everything else rests is just patiently plodding along, making a little more grain grow where less grain grew. Patient labor done to the best of your power can help you at the end to know that you are no defaulter, that you have contributed your share. There is something about that life of sheer prose production that appeals to one at times. It is so concrete and sure that it tempts the preacher, the maker of words and phrases, to feel how good it would be if he could know at the end of the year that he had actually, out of the dull earth, brought food stuffs for hungry men. But for me somebody would have hungered. Here are so many bushels of wheat for man's daily bread that *are* because of me which, but for me, would not have been. Those simple men square their account, when they do their part not for what they can grab and get, but with something of the sense which lies in farmers, too,—for I have found it there,—that they are fellow-workers with God in helping men to the prolific wealth of sustenance this eager, living earth is waiting to yield.

But, take it where you may, if you are going to make life taste well, you have to see that your books balance right. You must have met your obligations, have returned what you could for what you have received. You dare not be a parasite or a despoiler, a cell in some malignant tumor seeking only to enrich itself at whatever cost to the whole. Life for you must mean that you have let yourself be a cell through whom the healthful currents have flowed toward enlarging life.

Then no work of any cell is more worthy than the work of another. We are all different. It is not the poets, dreamers, thinkers, artists that make life, any more than the craftsmen. The craftsman doing his work in order that he may render that which satisfies his own soul is serving the world just as much as the artist. It is the man who is part of the machinery of distribution through which civilized life becomes possible, just as much as the other, so he works after that fashion. Managing through his intellectual dexterity to make some commodity dearer for everybody that uses it because he has cornered the market makes him a debtor only. That the brains that were given him and the faculty that he had were, in this merchandising of his, used for this end, that he might make that which he dealt in, more readily, swiftly, manifoldly available for those who need it, squares his account. In his own fashion, in the prose of his

daily living, he has been a servant of life. He has used his power to make the machinery less elaborate, more swift, more simple, to knit together this aggregate which, little by little, is, through such service, to grow complete.

So life becomes really organic. So every one, in his own place, may feel as his enduring satisfaction that it was given him to contribute something toward the enlarging, beautifying, strengthening of the life which bore him. To feel that life fulfil itself in him is his glory and his reward. To it, at last, when his day's work is done, he goes home, not as a defaulter, nor as a parasite, but as one who, in the days that were his, loved to make for real wealth, for truth, for the larger life of man. All the manifold endowment which came to him from out the long past was but that he might worthily repay and in thus rendering service live as he could after no other fashion have lived.

I believe that in that fact lies the ultimate solution of most of our perplexing social problems. For I feel sure that in time men will find out that no other attitude is worth while. The real value of life to you is bound up with your meeting your obligations. The endeavor to get all you can because you think that in so doing you will become rich defeats itself. Men are finding out that vast hoarding is a disease. We are beginning to pity the millionaire and still more his children. It is growing more clear in the same way that just in so far as unionism means men's trying to do the least they possibly can for the largest wage they can extort, it is fatal to the life quality of its members. Endowment of every kind is for delight. But to bring delight it must be used to further the life that gave it. To be a man of great brain power means wealth only insofar as it is used to make for clearer vision, fuller knowledge, a finer and juster order in the world. Those of us who are not dowered with imperial wisdom or strength, who are just simple, common folk, are subject to the same law. At our own peril we fail to render to life in return for what we owe to life.

Signs are not lacking that men are finding out that to have hoarded much and repaid little means coming to be a parasite in this wonderful life of God. Here and there one fancies they are trying to square their account. For, after all, the great secret is to be able honestly to know at least that you have made good. The plain truth open to the sight of all men is that those who have fostered and spent all the faculty that was in them for the highest they could see, so making large return to the life of the world, are the men who have never been sorry of their bargain. Because the future of life is inevitable that larger temper is on the way. And you and I, in the measure of our endowment, may have it increase in us and learn to find life grow rich just in so far as we have loved, for the joy of it, to help God make the world more kindly and wise, more beautiful and strong and free.

Each eve earth falleth down the dark,
As though its hope were o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind tomorrow's door.

William Morris.

THE STUDY TABLE

"War—What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick, is a scathing denunciation not only of war but of the present industrial system of the United States. The book is written for the purpose of arousing the working classes to think of the injustice of the industrial system from which they suffer, and it will be effective. The style is trenchant, almost startling; but the book is manifestly unfair and filled with appeal to class prejudices. (Published by the author at West Lafayette, Ohio, $1.20 net).

"The War Maker," by Horace Smith, is a true story of Captain George B. Boynton, who was born with an uncontrollable desire for adventure, and with a disposition that led him into opposition against everything, from his family to governments and international laws. The chief value of the work, it would seem, is the description of a type of disposition which, while not wholesome, presents an interesting pyschological type. (A. C. McClurg and Co., Chicago, $1.50 net).

"Your Forces and How to Use Them," by Christian D. Larson, consists of a series of essays in which the author attempts to show the way in which men through thought and suggestion can come into possession and use of mental and spiritual resources which, for the most part, lie dormant. The ordinary man, not an advocate of what is called by the exceedingly indefinite term of "New Thought," will feel that the book strongly exaggerates its truth and does not face its problem in a scientific temper, but rather as an enthusiast for a certain view. (The Progress Company, Chicago, Ill. $1.50 net).

"The Temple of Life" by Ernest Newlandsmith, with the sub-title "The True Mission of Art," is a series of essays in which the author urges that art, as science, must not be for its own sake but for the sake of arousing the noblest emotions in men and thus bringing them to nobler living. In the chapter on "The Failure of Modern Art," it is contended that this failure is due neither to a lack of activity in art work nor of knowledge of the technique, but to the lack of a sufficiently sound and lofty motive-principle. "Nowadays artists appear to work at their art from one of three great motives: for the sake of art, for the sake of fame and applause, and for the sake of money. Not one of these motives is sound and good." He urges that artists must study more closely the relation of their art to the conditions of society about them and thus be able to kindle in the hearts of men those ideals which will help to bring about their emancipation from the misery and disorder of modern society. To do this, art needs a great motive-principle, and this can come "only through the restoration of the religious ideal as the one and only motive-principle of life and work." The book is a most encouraging sign of the re-incarnation of that spirit which built cathedrals, composed the great oratorios, and gave to the world the masterpieces in every form of art. (Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1911 3s. 6d. net).

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

CRUSADE AGAINST OPIUM IN THE EAST.

While the use of opium is said to be increasing in the British provinces of India, it is being repressed in China. The Chinese Government have indeed set a noble example to other governments which have encouraged or permitted the use of this fatal drug merely for the sake of the revenue which accrues from its sale. We find in *The Times of India* a dismal letter, written by Mr. D. E. Wacha, in which he gives figures showing how the pestiferous juice of the poppy is becoming more and more the bane of the people in Bombay Presidency. He writes:

"Temperance reformers have for long been so obsessed by the regrettable increase of drink among a sober people that, speaking broadly, they have to a great extent neglected the growing consumption of the other narcotic which is insidiously doing its michievous work. But it is time that fell-informed criticism was also directed toward the growth of 'excise opium' in the Presidency. Unfortunately, details of this consumption have been very incomplete. Moreover, the forms of divers excise tables have been subject to such a constant change that the student of statistics has to be very cautions and feel his way while quarrying in the obscure mine. . . .

"Be that as it may. Today I take up the parable of opium consumption in the Presidency as revealed by the annual reports. I will take the statistics for the last five years only, say from 1905-06 to 1909-10:

1906	Opium in pounds,		70,666
1906-07	"	"	74,554
1907-08	"	"	82,807
1908-09	"	"	85,818
1909-10	"	"	90,779

"From 70,666 pounds to 90,779 in five years is an increase of 20,113 pounds, or fully 28.49 per cent. And be it remembered, Sir, that in 1904-05 it was 74,373 pounds. Compare this quantity with the average of the quinquennium, namely, 80,924. Even when thus compared, the increased consumption is 10,551 pounds, or 15 per cent. Is such a large increase, at the rate of three per cent, per annum, in a vile narcotic like opium, which was the ruin of China for a hundred years, and to which awakened China is strenuously endeavoring to put a stop, to be viewed with equanimity? If country spirits are ruining the manhood of the Presidency with a vengeance, what are we to think of the greater ruin which opium-eating or opium-smoking is bringing about? While country spirits are doing their mischievous work in broad daylight, opium is doing its noxious work stealthily. The opium dens and the opium shops are hardly visible. That is the worst of it. Is there to be no check by means of public opinion on the government policy of excise?"

The example set by China in repressing the opium traffic is held up by *The Continent* (Chicago) as an example to other governments. "Few spectacles have appeared more sublime than this virile resolve of a vast nation to be rid of its besetting sin." America has a great share in this reformation:

"It is a just pride to Americans that in this great crusade China has had more aid from America than from any other nation. The United States helped first by suppressing entirely the opium traffic in the Philippines, which put American influence in the Orient on the right side of the question. Then it helped again when President Roosevelt summoned an international commission on opium to assemble in Shanghai in 1909.

"The credit for that significant and influential meeting rightly belongs to Colonel Roosevelt, for by his official invitation he gave it a diplomatic status. Yet it is but fair to say that the ultimate credit goes back to two earnest men behind the scenes—Bishop Brent of Manila and Dr. W. F. Crafts of Washington—who in 1906 urged on the president the origina lsuggesion of the commission.

"And now again President Taft has responded to a similar prompting and called an international congress on the same subject to assemble at The Hague in July. Fourteen nations will be represented by their delegates.

"The object which Mr. Taft particularly commends to the attention of these commissioners is the 'suppression of the opium evil' throughout the world by mutual agreement of all nations. The very proposing of that ideal has in it promise not only for the end of the opium curse, but also for the final suppression of other deleterious trades—particularly in liquor—by the same method.

"This Hague conference, therefore, aiming at so vast and so new an application of international law, should assemble under the eyes of intelligent lovers of mankind in every quarter of the globe. It is far too important to be ignored by any live world-citizen.

"And certainly the Christians of America should offer profound prayer in their homes and in their churches that the conference shall result in the early overthrow of the opium vice in every land."

One of the great obstacles in the way of the opium reform has been the *laissez-aller* conservatism of the British government, which for alleged prudential reasons encourages the cultivation of opium. The Puritan conscience of the English middle classes, who are the main support of the Asquith Ministry, has, however, been enabled to influence the government in checking to some extent the opium trade in the British dependencies, and we read:

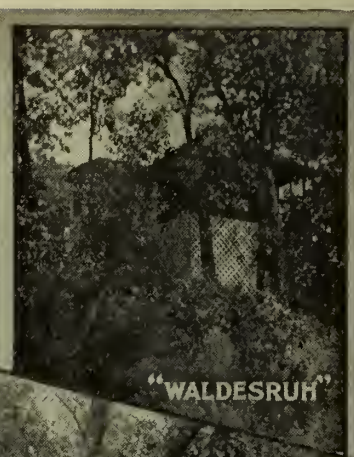
"For a compromise, it was agreed (by the Asquith government) that India would reduce one-tenth each year its exportations of opium to China, if China would likewise diminish one-tenth each year its internal production of the poppy. Ten years would thus extinguish both phases of the business.

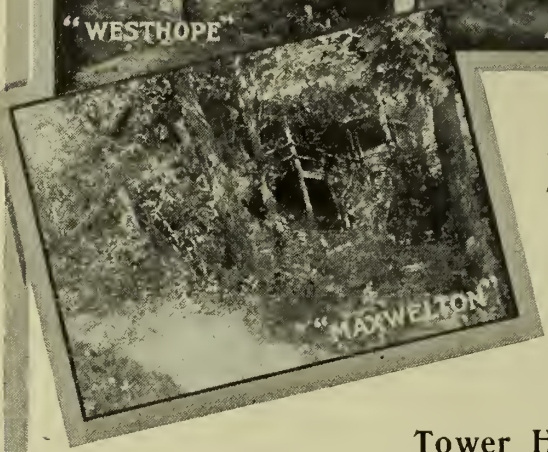
"Now China on its part has done vastly better than this contract. In three years, so urgent are the anti-opium measures of the government and so aroused is public feeling, China has cut down its own production three-fourths. Importation, in contrast, is diminished less than three-tenths.

"This has aroused immense dissatisfaction among the Chinese. Their new Parliament, by resolution, and great numbers of the people, by proper petition, have called on Britain to abolish all imports from India forthwith. In that case China promises that it will root every poppy out of Chinese soil in a year.

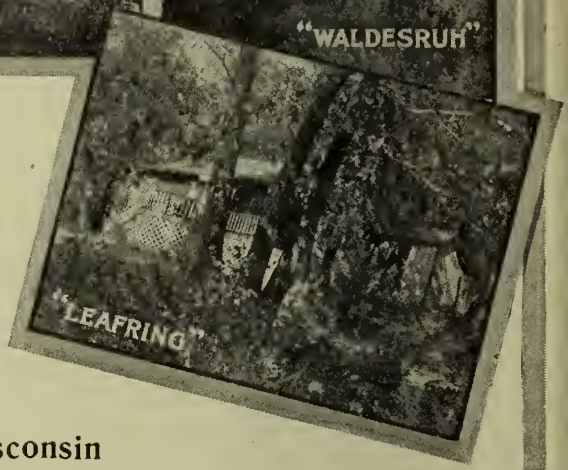
"American churches, missionary societies, men's clubs, and all forms of ecclesiastical governing bodies should hasten to adopt, by formal vote, resolutions and petitions indorsing President Taft in his great proposal that next month's Hague conference shall secure 'the suppression of the opium evil' at once and everywhere. Such petitions and resolutions, if forwarded quickly to President Taft, will greatly influence the forthcoming assemblage.

"Moreover, it is also open to church bodies, civic reform organizations, or individual citizens, if they couch their representations in respectful terms, to urge similarly on the British government, through Ambassador Bryce at Washington, the immediate surrender of the treaty right to introduce into China the cursing drug which the nation hates."—Literary Digest.





A GROUP OF
TOWER HILL
COTTAGES



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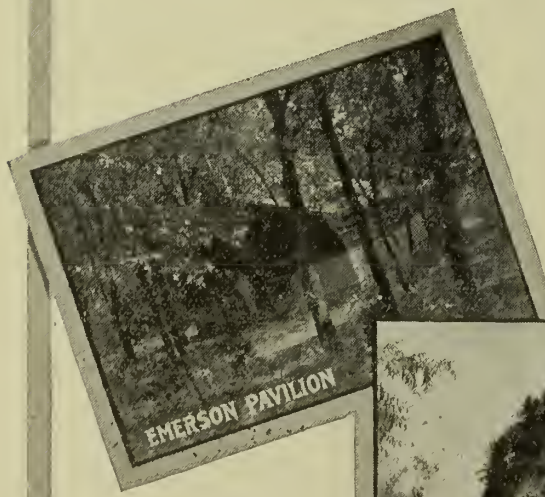

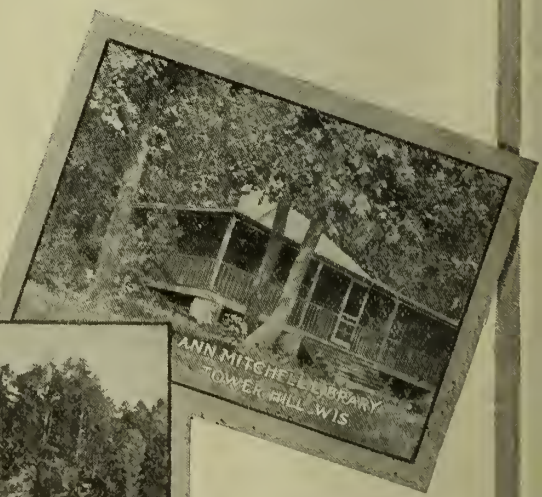

Volume LXVII CHICAGO, JULY 20, 1911 Number 21

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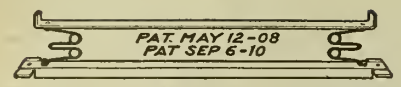

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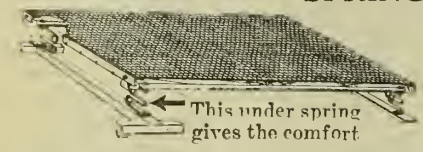

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911. NUMBER 21.

The Rev. E. A. Rumball, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Rochester, N. Y., has already made his place among that growing line of young ministers in all denominations, who are striving to render the gospel of life in terms of civic righteousness, municipal progress, and neighborhood good-will. We are glad to announce the following series on "Civic Idealism," which will be published from time to time in these columns during the summer vacation. If our readers are loath to go to church we will do what we can to carry the church to them, and we feel sure that Mr. Rumball will come to a second hearing in the pages of UNITY. Many will carry his words with them under the trees and will read and reflect, feel and be moved to noble action. Mr. Rumball takes as a motto for the four sermons the following couplet which is followed by the topics given below:

> "For each age is a dream that is dying
> Or one that is coming to birth."

The Relation of Religion to Civic Idealism.
The City Sensible as a Beautiful Dream.
The City Beautiful as a Practical Plan.
The Ethics of Civic Idealism.

William E. Curtis, the versatile correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, has found a way of going by trolley from Indiana to Maine and he has been indulging in this method of travel through scenic New England. He compares the ride favorably to the aristocratic automobile method. Nickels avail here more than dollars do there. The companionship is broader and higher and the possibilities of viewing the landscape greatly enhanced.

The newspapers announce that although a setting hen had been driven off the nest by the intense heat down in Indiana, nature continued the process and after two weeks the unmothered chickens cracked their shells and opened their eyes on a world which the mother hen, and doubtless the foster-grandmother in the person of the farmer's wife, considered almost intolerable. What place does this procedure have in the philosophy of life that befits these little chickens? We offer this note as an undeveloped text for our clerical readers to brood upon. Perhaps they may find an after-vacation sermon in this cosmic substitution of an inadequate hen providence.

It is too early to anticipate at this distance the out-coin-current on the Pacific Coast in these days Francisco, but it is interesting to note that the words "insurgents," "stalwarts," "progressives," "stand-patters," "conservatives," "Old Guard," etc., etc., are coin-current on the Pacific Coast in these days among the school teachers of the United States. It is worthy of further note that a woman, a woman from Chicago, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, is confessedly the leader of the "Insurgents," and those who glory in the word "Progressive" are rallying around her banner. Who will interpret for us the signs of the times?

The extreme heat that has invested the whole country as with a blanket ought to be turned into civic advantage. Chicago, with nearly twenty miles of a beach upon which break the refreshing waves of a great inland sea, is fighting a desperate and as yet an inefficient battle for the privilege of washing the feet of its citizens in this great refreshing basin. Little children are not permitted to wade in the surf of Lake Michigan. Boys and girls are prohibited the cooling comfort of a swim because perchance of certain "Riparian rights" claimed by private citizens and certain combinations of such, called corporations. There is something ghastly in this. The title deeds justified by human enactments are not co-terminous with those that rest in the nature of things and are justified by the equities of the Eternal.

An Episcopal Rector in Chicago on a recent Sunday, finding his pews deserted, advertised a "moonlight open-air service;" and standing on the church steps outside church walls, with the words of the hymns thrown by a stereopticon on a canvas back of the speaker, he found a large assembly ready to listen and join in the service. The pastors of the so-called "down-town churches" in Madison, Wisconsin, including the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Unitarian and others, are joining in a twilight ser-

vice in the Capitol Park. Although the welcome rain on the 9th instant threatened to interfere with the plan, the clouds broke only a short time before the announced hour. Still, several hundred people came and joined in the song service and listened to an address delivered by the Senior Editor of UNITY. Why not multiply these out-of-doors services, thereby escaping not only the burdensome heat and the burdened air, but also escaping the trammels of creed and at the same time winning the fresher fellowship as well as the fresher air.

The Ethics of Courtesy

The announcement that incorporation papers have been applied for in New York by the "Non-smokers' Protective League of America," has of course given the newspaper world a suggestive topic for comment and the victims of the pipe and the complacent residents in convention land, an occasion for witticisms.

It is easy to laugh such a movement as this out of countenance for the time being and still easier to dispose of it as absurd ideality or even unwonted and unwarranted encroachment upon individual rights, and, in America, upon that much-vaunted realm of "personal liberty." The name of the Senior Editor of UNITY appearing in the list of initial membership, he has been the recipient of some interesting comments, protests and appreciations.

Perhaps the two following may serve as types. The first is from a gentleman who, while giving his name, refrains from giving his address. Probably this recognition of his communication may never reach him, but we give him the benefit of a wider publicity than he sought. Perhaps if he were better acquainted with the "Pastor" in question, he would not have been so sure of the criminal "silence" he speaks of. Perhaps, also, waiving the question of courtesy, it may occur to him on further deliberation that the "They all do it and you are another," is but a bully's bludgeon and not an argument. It may knock out an opponent but it does not answer him. The classic retort of the courteous Greek is here in order, "Strike! but hear me!" But here is this valiant brother's thrust at one who allowed his name to appear as a member of the "Non-smokers' Protective League of America" alongside of the names of such men as Dr. Wiley of the Pure Food Commission, President David Starr Jordan of the Leland-Stanford University, Professor Burt G. Wilder of Cornell University, and Professor Winfield Hall of the Northwestern University.

"Pastor: Instead of invading the rights of citizens why not protect their morals? I hate church hypocrites like you, who are silent as to revealing the names in the Vice Commission who rent to prostitutes. There are too many churchmen implicated. Smoking is not hurtful."

The same mail that brought us the above belligerent note from a Chicago man, brought us the following from a Chicago woman:

"Dear Sir: I see by the Chicago paper that you are one of a party who are attempting to restrict the smokers and I feel I must send you my thanks. If you do no more than prohibit men from smoking in restaurants, your efforts have not been in vain. Is it not an outrage that a woman cannot eat in a restaurant or hotel, no matter how high class it is, without having smoke puffed all about her? And let me say a word for the motormen on our cars. I have heard them complain of having to breathe that smoky air all their working hours. Let us hope the men will be awakened to their extreme selfishness in this matter.

"I am sure all the women appreciate your efforts to right this wrong and we thank you."

There are many rules and requirements in the realm of etiquette that are purely conventional. Some of them are silly, many of them tyrannical and cruel, but at the bottom, the court requirements, courtesy requirements, are rooted in ethical law, they indicate organized morality, ethics crystallized into habit. Good manners represent minor morals, they are the "jots" and "tittles" of the religious life which cannot be neglected with impunity. Rudeness in company and indifference to the wishes and comforts of any companion represent the vanishing end of brigandage and highway robbery, or, perchance the fountain head of that stream that grows into the high-handed prostitution of public trusts to private ends by officials who win their position through intrigue, graft, and a wide subordination of public weal to private ends.

Manners are minor morals and in the realms of ethics there are no minor morals. Waiving for the time the physical argument concerning the harmfulness of nicotine in the human body, though the condemnation of tobacco in any form is almost unanimous by the men of science; waiving again the question of economics, though the statistics of the tobacco trade, the amount of human energy invested in the business, the acreage of fertile lands devoted to the culture of the nasty weed, the personal costliness of the smoking and chewing habit to young men in college, to working men, to men in the early years of business, in the struggles of home-making, are simply appalling when critically studied.

Waiving again the question of cleanliness, the filthiness of the habit, and the effect of filth on character, we fall back on the simple demands of courtesy, based on others' personal rights. The brutal indifference of the smoker and his perpetual defiance to the comfort of many of his fellows, brands the public smoker—we mean the man who persists in polluting the air of street and railroad cars, restaurants,

and other public places, where the unperverted nostrils and the normal lungs are assailed continuously by the incivilities, the impoliteness of the man who otherwise affects the refinements of polite society, are violations of the courtesies of civilization.

Recently an important branch of a Chicago suburban railroad aroused popular indignation, organized protest, almost mob violence on the part of the citizens of a fashionable suburb, one which boasts of the number and quality of its churches, libraries, lyceums and clubs, because the privileges of a smoking car were eliminated. We believe that the Oak Park branch of the Elevated System of Chicago has won out, that the gentlemen have been forced to respect the rights of the traveling public, and that they forego their cigars on that road, while those accustomed to the street car service of New York and Boston and other eastern cities, according to our information, are surprised to find that the nastiness of a smoking car is still maintained on all the other elevated lines of Chicago. Where there is a train of but two cars one of them is devoted to the smokers no matter how crowded the conditions and no matter how small a percentage of the whole traveling public indulge in the incivilities of a cigar, where the rights of others and the incivilities to women are involved. In the parlor car service of the railroads everywhere, the smoker alone is entitled to two seats for one fare. He claims and holds for one fare the chair which is occupied only by his grip, while he himself occupies for hours a second seat in the smoking end of the car.

"I hope smoking is not offensive to you," said a smoking parson to a venerable clerical guest. "I must confess, my brother, tobacco smoke is very offensive to me," was the reply, and the younger smoking brother told the story as an illustration of a lack of courtesy on the part of the venerable guest. "This he told me in my own house," and the host in this case would have been surprised and his parishioners would have been indignant, had he been suspected of wanting in politeness.

The question of culture here strikes its roots into the heart of morals. "Personal liberty!" Your personal liberty, sir, ends where my rights begin.

The widespread growth of the smoking habit in college circles, the rise of the "smoker" among professional men, the alleged invasion of the cigarette habit among ladies (?) is a sign of disintegrating politeness, a reversion to barbaric disregard of another's comfort, a revival of the old incivilities of baronial vulgarities. A recent glimpse into the well-ordered interior of a college fraternity house revealed the comfortable, not to say elegant furnishings, such as would make student life not only attractive but sumptuous. The boys were there hard at work at their tasks, deep in their communings with Greek, German, French or other masters of thought. But each one that happened to be in sight, four or more of the "Frat boys" were tugging away at a pipe, which, though shaped out of the foam of the sea, a most delicately tinted meerschaum, was a vulgar accompaniment, polluting the air, making unattractive and inhospitable the halls of this home for students.

Dr. Wiley, who has done so much in the interests of pure food and pure drinking in this country, has recently said: "There should be a law, strictly enforced by the authorities, prohibiting smoking and chewing in public places or on cars where other persons are obliged to be." Concerning the "Non-smokers' Protective League," he says: "Neither I nor my compatriots say a man shall not smoke his lungs to a frazzle and spit his head off, provided he does it at home or in the woods and meadows, but not where human beings are liable to be. It is not fair."

What if the facts of life should justify the logic of the situation and that minor morals should prove to be the only way to arrive at the major ethics, that the politeness that rejects the cigar in public places is just the exercise that will develop the conscience to spurn boodle and condemn the boodler? A recognition of these sweet amenities of life may be the shortest road to the solution of the problem of child labor, of the over-worked woman, the prostitution of sex, and the offering to unholy purposes the properties owned by the "unco guid" alluded to by our male correspondent quoted above.

Perhaps the arousing of the public conscience in the interests of every man's and woman's rights to pure air for breathing purposes may be the most effective way of establishing every man's right to a chance to earn an honest living, his claim to his portion of the streams' energy, the mines' wealth, the forests' glory, as well as the intangible inheritance of love and learning that is his birthright, his heritage from a far back and wide-reaching ancestry. Our friend, Edwin D. Mead, often quotes in these columns the saying attributed to Sir Philip Sidney: "Whenever you hear of a good war go to it." If there is to be a war against smoking in public places we are going to it, and we invite the readers of UNITY to join us in this crusade against the incivilities of the modern smoker, the injustice which the devotees of the cigar, the pipe and the quid, visit upon women and children and a large number, would we might say an increasing number of men who, in their manliness, by virtue of their intelligence, their refinement, refuse to vitiate the air which others must breathe.

Who will join with us in the "Non-smokers' Protective League of America?"

THE PULPIT

Remember

SERMON PREACHED AT THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

"All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord."—Psalm XXII:27.

Grant but memory to us, and we can lose nothing by death. Whereas if memory be taken from us there is not much that is worth keeping in this world or the next. With memory we piece together the facts of life, we gain a feeling of continuity, of each life forming in some sort a whole. What life, lingered over by memory, does not present itself as having a kind of sacred pathos, a dim and broken beauty like sunlight rippling on a stream?

It is memory that keeps the personality intact, and makes the beginning of life in some way fit its course and its ending, so that a man sitting before a lonely fire in a far off land sees himself the same person who grew up in a certain home, rich in kindred and in friends, and though all these have sped, they are treasured; held fast here in the distance by the one gazing into the flames. Otherwise life would be what Herbert Spencer described it—a series of successive and separate states of consciousness having no necessary connection one with the other. But memory strings those fleeting pictures together on a thread, giving unity to our else incoherent life, so that the earliest scenes are the most vivid at the end.

Yet there are those who speak of memory as though it were a menial faculty, employed to answer the bell and fetch and carry. They complain at it that it is imperfect, defective, and at times very naughty. But that is to confuse memory with recollection. It is true that we do not recollect everything, but as a fact we do not really forget anything. Often when we think we have forgotten, one suggestion and another quickens thought, resurrects bygone days, and it comes back, bringing with it troops of images. How wonderful is this power which keeps a record of all that we do and say and think. Not as we would like to represent it to others, but as it actually and unchangeably has been. At the last balancing of things, which are manifestly not balanced here, all that will be needed to convict us will be the tender, terrible words, "Son, remember!" What a paradox that some day this, the menial faculty, will ascend to the throne and pass sentence upon us.

There is also a great world-memory which too many of us forget. Nature, by the very make of things, records all her doings, and forgets nothing. Our pet cat curls round and round when he lies down, which is an unconscious memory of the time when his ancestors made their beds in tall grass. Birds go on long journeys led by what we call instinct, which is a kind of bodily memory. We ourselves do many things in the course of a day, when our thoughts are far away —do them accurately and in proper order. Our muscles remember what they have been taught. If Nature seems careless of names and dates, she preserves the fact, and nothing is ever lost or forgotten. If we disobey one of her laws she never fails to remind us of it, however anxious we are to forget it.

By the same token the soul has its memories, often dim and strange, as if it were haunted by an unknown past. How exquisite are the lines of Elizabeth Browning when she tells us she had not "so far left the coasts of life as not to hear that murmur of the outer infinite which babies smile at in their sleep, when wondered at for smiling." So Wordsworth thought, and not without reason, that the soul, our life-star, had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar. It comes not in entire forgetfulness, but with trailing memories of God who sent it forth, and surely it cannot utterly forget him. If all this seems fanciful, it may none the less be fact, for who knows the ways of the spirit? What is it that stirs within us when great music sets us dreaming? Music seems to know the path whence we came, and what it tells us wears an aspect of reminiscence. When we discover a truth our joy is mingled with a feeling that it is somehow old and familiar, as if we had somewhere known it before.

Since the days of Plato great thinkers have been pondering over the meaning of these high memories which haunt the soul. Plato himself, when at the end of tether, was wont to speak in parables; but he was very close to the truth when he saw that religion itself is, in its essence, a memory. Of all those who have dropped a plummet into the depths of memory, surely St. Augustine went fathoms deeper than any one else. The tenth book of his "Confessions" fills one with amazement. If he seems to recant his early vision later, so far at least as it committed him to Plato's doctrine of reminiscence, his insight is still true and sure. Listen to his words:

"When I wished to find the root of my knowledge of God I came to the great courts of memory. There was the foundation of the light of all other knowledge, and there were the unnumbered treasures displayed of every kind, and there I met again all I have discovered by the senses; there came the heavens most richly peopled, there came the earth, the sea, and all that in them is; there I met the unutterable past, and last and greatest of all I met myself, and all that I have been and done, when and where and how I was and did it, and that is the beginning and the ending of my knowledge of God."

Not otherwise could he account for the idea of God in the mind of man, since he belongs to that tissue-like realm whereof no nerve reports. He saw that it is a clinging memory, like Christianity itself, which he said "existed among the ancients, and, in fact, was with the human race from the beginning." So that when Jesus came, full of grace and truth, his appeal was to those eternal memories of heaven which men had been trying, in their many forms of faith, to recall. When he spoke on the mountain-side and by the sea, it seemed to the men who heard him, as it seems to us this day, that their own souls spoke to them, reminding them of things which they did not recollect, but which somehow seemed familiar. If our hearts leap at the words of Jesus—which unlock in us chambers accessible to no other speech—it is partly because they echo the voices that whispered about us and within us when life was in its morning. There is an awful element of reminiscence in revelation, of which we have not taken due account.

How appealing, in this setting, are those words of the wise man, bidding us "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" In youth, when God is near, when memories of heaven light up the face with

an idealism not of earth, and while the memories which will be the most vivid in old age are in the making. Happy is the man who remembered God when he was a boy, whose tender soul was touched and bowed by the Divine presence as the waving grain is swayed by the invisible wind, and who has not forgotten him. Of all ideas put forth as wise the most silly is that which suggests that a boy must sow wild oats in order to be a strong man, as though one had to take poison into the blood to know the glow of health. He who keeps his memory of God undimmed and undefiled is of those with whom the melodies abide of the everlasting chime, who carry music in their hearts through dusty lane and wrangling street.

Memories such as these save us in hours of peril. No one can forget the scene in "Jane Eyre" when Rochester is pleading with her to go away with him to the south of France and live with him as his wife. Legally they could not be man and wife, because of the poor insane creature in the attic of Thornfield Hall, but they loved each other, and to Jane, who all her life had dreamed of such a love, the appeal was almost irresistible. Her very soul fluttered under its spell like a flower in the storm, but the memory of what she had been taught as a little girl saved her in that awful hour. She said at last:

"Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation; they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigor; stringent are they; inviolate they shall be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth? They have a worth—so I have always believed; and if I cannot believe it now, it is because I am insane; with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have left at this hour to stand by: here I plant my foot."

Even so it was memory that brought the prodigal son to himself, and sent him back to his home. Faust was saved in an hour of passion by the sound of sweet-toned Easter bells, evoking memories of stainless days. The memory of Bible texts learned when he was a boy changed John Newton from a slave-driver to a hymn-writer. When Judah Benjamin—like the hero of "Somehow Good"—lost his memory, and went to consult an expert in such maladies, the first question asked him was, "What have you always preferred in life?" and by this clue he found his lost memory. The memory, it is true, will not be ruled as to what it shall bind and what it shall loose, but we have some power of selection, and the exercise of it means much in the making of a life. There is the memory retentive of unhappy things which beset Thackeray, and there is the ungrateful if not malicious memory which remembers the bad and apparently forgets the good; but there is also the habit, made up of memories, which records the hours of sunlight. Our preferences in life decide our memories, and he who prefers the good will remember it.

Even those who have been taken captive by evil are haunted, at times, by memories of the good, and by appealing to memory they are often reclaimed. There is a story—a true story—in the history of Tennessee, of an Indian band who raided a settlement, and after murdering nearly everybody, they snatched some little boys and made away into the forest. Two or three mothers were left, and they kept ever in mind the pictures of their little ones. Years passed, and in a skirmish with the Indians some of their warriors were taken prisoners. Among the prisoners were some men with faces almost white, and the three mothers thought that their little boys might be among them. So they walked along the line, peering into those wild faces looking for some trace of family likeness, some feature that would identify their lost boys, but they found none. An old man said, "Is there not some melody you could sing as you go up and down the line?" One dear old mother, her eyes streaming with tears, went slowly along the line singing the crooning melody she used to sing to her little boy. The spirit of other days came back and the song sobbed its way through her heart. All at once a great stalwart man, that the forest had not utterly swallowed up, broke from the line and came cautiously toward her. They looked at each other for an instant, she still singing, and the great savage man fell upon her shoulder and cried for joy.

It was the power of memory—deep calling unto deep, dim dead days coming back on the wings of a lullaby, changing a savage into a little child. As we sit here, with the din of the world hushed, there is a murmuring undertone of the immeasurable past whispering about our hearts. The great world-memory is upon us; it echoes in the words we read, in the songs we sing, in the prayers that ascend from our altar. Though we may not be able to accept the thought-forms of other days, it is at our peril that we cast aside the faith in which our fathers and mothers lived and died. To do so is to break the historic continuity of our human life and lose the spiritual momentum of the race. Let us keep step with the worshipping host of the past, following in the way our fathers trod,

"In the homeward path to God."

Can memory be cleansed? Assuredly; else for some men there could be no such thing as heaven, no respite from an evil past which beclouds the future. Memory is indeed a terrible nemesis, pursuing the prodigal with scorpion whips, as Macbeth found out to his woe, but there is a way by which it can be unfanged. Here the insight of Dante goes to the very roots of life and finds the secret spring of redeeming hope. As you recall, in the last circle of Purgatory the escaping soul is given a key to Paradise, but there are two rivers of which he must drink before he can enter into the rest. There is the river Lethe—the river of forgetfulness—whose waters cleansed the tormented spirit of those dark, haunting memories which threatened to slay hope; and a second river which brought back the joy of youth and the redeeming grace of old associations. How this can be we know not, we only know that it is true, as many a man can testify. There is a river of divine grace wherein if a man bathe his soul, however loathsome with the leprosy of sin, the past is purified away. Nor will it haunt him any more, save as a vague, sweet saddness, as of

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

One of the searchers of our day reminds us that the savage races in all parts of the earth give evidence that behind their often grotesque and cruel superstitions lie the fragments of an original belief in a God wholly good, wise, and great. Hence the prophecy of the text that all the ends of the earth, even those tribes that seem utterly bereft of vision, shall remember, and turn to the Lord. What a wonderful prophecy, as if at last the redemption of the race is to be a grand reminiscence!

The Church of Tomorrow

I deeply appreciate the many words of commendation from my very dear friend, Mr. Sunderland, in his review of my little book, "The Church of Tomorrow," printed in your issue of June 15. His praise is over-generous. The book has not only many limitations, but also, probably, many blemishes, which might well have invited caustic criticism. But the particular defect which he condemns is not so large and conspicuous, I think, as his words imply. At least, what he charges me as teaching is not my thought. If I give the reader this impression it is because I have stated my own convictions very blunderingly.

Mr. Sunderland finds my book weak on its sociological side, because I insist that the church should stand mainly for *individual* rather than *social* salvation. Let me remind the reader that my discussion, being in the nature of a "correction" of an extreme attempt to secularize the church, so common today, necessarily gives prominence to other elements. It aims to bring into clear view those factors that, unfortunately, are being too much ignored at the present time. It was not necessary for me to emphasize what is being shouted from every housetop. I do feel deeply concerned about that other and greater function of the church, so generally ignored or condemned today by so many who have the ear of the public: the spiritual task of religion. Again, my chief criticism along the line is not against the social ministry of the church *per se*, but first: That it is inexpedient for the church to duplicate agencies already operative in the world at large; second: That much of this "sociological" effort is not in any sense religious work; and third: That it is unwise to try to increase power by simply multiplying machinery.

To show, however, that I do *not* believe that "individual salvation" is in itself the chief aim of the church, and also that I *do* believe in the social ministry of religion, allow me to quote a few specimen sentences from the book itself. On page 22, there is an earnest plea that the church welcome and use the "ever-deepening consciousness of the royalty of service." On page 24, it is urged that the church must "be organ and oracle of the democratic spirit." . . . "It must be the exponent and representative of the social impulse for human betterment." On page 33, it is urged, "Our *co-operation* for holiness is not sufficiently humane and catholic and democratic." Also on the same page: "The function of the church is to send out into the world superior men and women with piety and character *who shall do things*,"—this certainly means more than "individual" salvation! On page 57 is the statement: "The only form of Christianity worth having is 'applied Christianity.'" On page 72, protest is entered against "that unlovely individualism which represents the lower element in Emerson, gone to seed in a self-centered culture that is cold, exclusive, sterile, and repellant." On page 74, this declaration: "So far as we can make the individual recognize his *social obligation*, to that extent we have blessed him and helped his neighbor." On page 193 it is stated: "No criticism should be made against humanitarian works by the defender of the pulpit. *They are just what the pulpit ought to inspire the people to undertake.* And much more to the same effect might be quoted.

Mr. Sunderland well claims: "No man can be saved alone." This is the very point which I did my best to emphasize in the chapter entitled "Religion as a Corporate Life" in my other little book, "The Church of Today." And it is the same plea, very inadequately set forth, I admit, that is made in the last chapter of the present volume, "The Congregation at Work." In closing, allow me to thank Mr. Sunderland most warmly for his many friendly words. This letter is not a reply to him, but only an attempt to set myself right where I have evidently partly failed in "The Church of Tomorrow."

Roslindale, Boston. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Wealth From Waste

There was a man out in Nebraska who was so poor that he had ceased to dream of wealth. He was so poor that he felt he could not afford a smile. He had a farm, but the grasshoppers were rapidly eating it up. These grasshoppers had taken matters into their own hands and had given notice to the farmer that he must vacate. Not only were the grasshoppers scouring the plains of everything edible and making crops impossible, but they were also taking possession of the house. He found them in his bed at night and in his pockets in the morning. Once he even found them in the soup. Just on the point of foreclosing in favor of the pests, he had an idea. He bought a large flat pan, put a little kerosene in the back part of it, and let his horse pull it over the infested land. He called it a hopper-dozzer and it did the work, the grasshoppers lay dead upon the fields by the million.

This was only half of his idea. He let the grasshoppers dry, then pressed them into bricks and sold them as feed for hens. Soon he had so many grasshopper bricks that he turned them into real, gold bricks. He became a man with a bank account and a perpetual smile.

Now, what this man out in Nebraska did is just what a good many successful business men have been doing for the last quarter century. The Nebraska farmer took what was waste and made it worth something. Waste is matter in the wrong place. Put it in the right place and its value is immediately recognized.

In days past men made a certain article of commerce and the material that was left over went to the waste pile, and very often what went to the refuse heap was worth more than what they had made. In the year 1873, at the Vienna Exposition, a section was set apart that exhibitors might show what progress they had made in reclaiming waste matter. From that time on, both in this country and abroad, business men have been studying the problem of saving the waste. They have acted so well upon the results of their study that the fortunes have grown, and we have more millionaires, more luxuries, more philanthropies and,—more problems than ever before. See what has been happening in the packing industry. Formerly a steer of 1200 pounds weight yielded perhaps 750 pounds of

dressed beef; the rest was thrown away. But now the horns yield combs and buttons; the horn-pith, glue; the horn-tips, mouthpieces; the knuckles from feet and shanks are made into handles for knives; other bones become substitutes for ivory; the blood gives albumen for calico printing; the hides give leather and the fat yields both soap and glycerine; the hair gives felt, and the tails go into hair mattresses; and it is literally true that today the packing house uses everything but the moo or the squeal.

Other business is equally instructive, for everywhere that business is successful the saving of the waste is practiced. Tin cans are no longer left for goats but are used as trunk corners. Rags are worth about $22,000 a year in this country. Furriers use skunks' tails. They use all of that little black and white animal but the smell, and that lasts some time. The by-products of cotton are worth as much as the cotton itself. Saw-dust, soap-suds and fish scales are all turned into money.

We as a nation have been spendthrifts until the dawn of this century. These last eleven years we have settled down to the gigantic task of putting a stop to the national leakage of resources. President Taft has been sounding the key-note of Roosevelt in his conservation addresses. We are putting a stop to the waste of our forests and our water-power. We are fencing our national pleasure parks so that our beauty spots may be the possession of our own people. Droughts have already wrought havoc and inspired us to save the forests, for cement may provide us with houses, but it will not reclothe the devastated hillsides. Our secretary of the Interior is studying the problem of saving the coal, oil and iron lands.

Uncle Sam is teaching his farmers how to develop the three farms that every husbandman possesses. The farm below the surface soil and the air above, both contain the substances that will reinvest his land with fertility, which will make him new soil and new wealth.

The city of Munich uses five hundred tons of its refuse each day. Shoreditch, England, obtains all her lights from the burning of the waste. Paris has an appreciable revenue from the rats she catches month by month. Cities are beginning to study the facts concerning the waste from the burning of coal. In the development of power, often nine-tenths of the fuel is wasted. Think, too, of the damage to furniture and fabrics in our cities from the burning of soft coal. The bill is so large that it has never been totalled.

The poor people are often the most extravagant. They buy the things they do not need and pay the highest prices for them. The poor need to be educated in the principles of economy and thrift. Charitable work cannot be successfully conducted without the aid of the church. The new charity is more efficient than the old and indiscriminate method of giving and there are still many who remain dependent. Charity is not successful until the waste effort of these poor folks has been saved, until they are made self-supporting. The waste of child life is most pitiable.

We increase most rapidly along the lower levels of society, so that the problem of saving childhood for future citizenship grows tragic in its importance. The children are neglected from the very hour of their birth. Through lack of love and lack of knowledge little children are stunted and maimed for life. If the average man at work represents a $10,000 investment earning 6 per cent, one may with the child mortality statistics quickly reckon the vast economic loss to the nation in its failure to save the children.

It is the duty of each Christian to give largely of his precious time, money and love to save this wealth of new life for tomorrow. Charity is the Christian's individual problem. We may create new institutions, but the problem of saving the less fortunate will not be solved without a larger gift of ourselves. We shall never raise money enough to hire an individual to act as a true friend to every other needy individual. Even though we had the money it would not buy for us in many instances the most effective friendship. The highest service must come from a free, spontaneous offering of an individual. We, Christian folks, could revolutionize the charity work in our town or city. We could wipe out many a little Hell and bring in many a new Heaven, and the way that it is to be done is very simple. Let every well-to-do family take under its care and supervision some less fortunate family. Let them become helpers and advisers. They will find this unfortunate family extravagant, wasteful, shiftless, incompetent, and very often ignorant and dishonest. But with the spirit of the Master, let them cling to these unfortunate folks through their sufferings and their sorrows. Let us in patience lift them out of their degradation and sin,—lift them into a new estate. Then shall the nation begin its greater future with this wealth redeemed from the tenement house and the neglected slums.

The negro problem is closely allied in its solution to the problem of the poor whites. Booker T. Washinton tells of watching a little negro boy with a balky mule. The boy could not budge the obstinate beast. Finally a Doctor drove up, watched the performance for a while and then came to the boy's rescue. The Doctor took a hypodermic syringe from his case and injected a few drops of nitric acid into the mule. The animal started so quickly that he knocked the negro boy over and vanished down the road in a whirl of dust. The little fellow picked himself up, rubbed the dust out of his eyes and said: "Doc, please to squirt some o' dat into me, so's I can ketch up wid dat mule." The negro needs to be inoculated with the white man's thrift and energy, and then he will be saved to the nation's growing citizenship.

There is a new book entitled, "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day." Many of us have not learned the secret. We waste the stuff eternity is made of, and then sigh that we have not succeeded in our quest. There are 31,558,000 seconds in a year, and each one is precious. The scientist realizes the fact and so splits them in his reckonings. The chronograph, it is said, will measure the millionth part of a second. In a single minute Christ uttered his sublime word of forgiveness from the cross, and it has carried its message of faith and hope ever since. Find the little incidents in the lives of the great ones and you will find a hundred sermons upon the preciousness of time. David Livingstone kept a book on the

jenny when he worked in the mill. Elihu Burritt at the forge conquered several languages, mastering 18 different languages by a judicious use of time. The Bible was first divided into verses by a man riding on horseback between Lyons and Paris. Several of the great books of the world have been written in the intervals of waiting for dinner. Complain no more that you lack time. Use what God has given you.

The Rock Island and the Pennsylvania Railroads have recently started campaigns of economy. They have asked each employee to try and save five cents a day for the road. Most railroads today are conbining for efficiency and tthe lessening of maintenance expense. Shall the Christian church, which has the most and best to give, continue its wasteful methods? Can the church learn nothing from ths new movement of redeeming wealth from waste that is to be found in every other department of human life today? In the church there is unhealthy competition, overlapping, duplication!

Did you ever study the religious conditions in a typical country town? Here is a town of 1,000 people including children. There are six churches,—five Protestant and one Catholic. About half of the population is Catholic, leaving 500 to be divided among the five churches. But a considerable number do not attend any church. The various churches are helped by their Home Missionary organizations, but even then the salaries are so small that digging in the streets would be more lucrative. There is sharp competition among the churches, often bitterness. The women work hard with suppers and fairs to eke out the little income. The music in these churches we had better not talk about. There is some doubt as to whether we ought to use the word at all in this connection. Combine the churches of Protestant faith and we should have one strong church, good music, a minister paid sufficiently to have books and a little travel. We should have a power for civic advance as well as religious uplift. The city churches have accomplished only a fraction of what they should have accomplished, because each church has gone its own way and tried to solve alone the problems that belong to the whole community. In consequence, thousands pass by on the other side, and the church poorly equipped many times fails in its work, the greatest that can be conceived.

The division of Christendom has gone on until today there are 155 sects in this country. If some genuis of the hour, alive to the new spirit of conservation, could somehow lessen the number by 100, the Kingdom of our Lord would advance by leagues. If this waste of Christian effort, this waste of money and time is to be conquered, we must study the religious conditions in this country with practical thoroughness. We must discover the chief points of duplication and overlapping. We must arrange more opportunities for getting together. We are ignorant of each other, though enlisted in the same great cause. With knowledge, new love shall be born, and we shall cry with the poet Whittier:

> "Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
> That separate altars that we raise,
> The varying tongues that speak thy praise!"

The time has come for us to emphasize the great fundamentals of religion and to dwell upon our agreements. The children of the Kingdom must be as wise as the children of the World. The Master said, "He that is not against us is for us."

Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter. This same Master has gathered the lesson into one well-rounded sentence,—"Gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost."

A. EUGENE BARTLETT.
Pastor of Church of Redeemer, Chicago.

Some Good Books

From Funk & Wagnalls I have the tenth volume of the New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. These volumes are so very broad and liberal as to win the approval of those who do not feel particularly attracted to what is generally called religious knowledge,—that is, a lot of mythical rubbish and historical trash, which put together and believed in is supposed to be very useful after death. This volume deals generously with all sorts of religious evolution. The articles on Christian Science are thorough but kindly. This volume discusses sacrament, Sabbath, Salvation Army, Savonarola; and there is a very thorough discussion of sacred music. Of course, I do not harmonize with some of the material furnished, but we cannot expect a cyclopedia as yet that will dare to discuss all questions from the standpoint of common sense and reason.

Last year I summed up the novels of twelve months as including only one or two books of notable value and promise. Here at the middle of 1911 I have scarcely laid down "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Furnol, convinced of its true greatness from the point of literary skill and adventure of the Dickens sort, when I pick up "Queed," by Henry S. Harrison, for an hour's pleasure. I have been reading "Queed" for all the leisure time during a full week. There is enough in this book for a dozen really high class novels. The title goes against the book and is unfortunate. Such titles shunt off readers. The book, however, is something far beyond any of our ordinary novels. I cannot review it, for it covers a criticism of every field of study, of social life, of political life and individual character. It must be read to be understood. There are at least six very strong or very beautiful characters in the story, with many more who serve to keep the plot in motion. Each one of the six is a piece of superb artistic work. The narrative covers, naturally, too, all fields of modern life with keen and real criticism, all being wrought in with individual valuations, altough used to note the evolution of "Queed," and his transformation from abstract logic to become a workable social force. While the sarcasm is often intense, the undercurrent is always unspoiled good will to all the world; "On earth good will to men." It is a great book; it is a good book. It is a book that deserves very wide reading by the more intelligent classes. At no point does the keen-sighted author lose himself in a sneer. He truly represents the spirit of that divine evolution which is lifting men from the lower to the higher, and by which we find out the divinity that is in us and in all things. In a slight notice which I previously gave of this book I noted that it was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. E. P. POWELL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

HOUSING, HEALTH, AND RECREATION

PAPER READ BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION, BOSTON, 1911.

To select any one phase of the conference and dwell upon that as the significant note would be not only a thankless task, but a useless one. If there was any one thing of especial significance in the conference it was the breadth of interest which characterized all of its meetings. We have got very far away from the old days when each delegate told of all the fine things his city or his particular group of workers was doing in its own circumscribed field. A new emphasis was placed on preventive work, a general desire was evident everywhere to get at causes and deal with them.

Nowhere was this more manifest than in the section on housing, health, and recreation. Although a new section and a somewhat hybrid one, combining as it did three vast subjects, the section presented a broad grasp of these problems and dealt with their relation to social work rather than with minute details of their technical aspects. It was a wide range, from Jane Addams' thoughtful address on "Play as Art" to the delightful demonstration of the rediscovered art of story-telling when Seumas MacManus held 1,500 people spellbound with his fascinatingly interesting folktale of Jack and the King Who was a Gentleman. Of all the meetings, that which stays in the memory is this one, where the whole conference enjoyed its recreation in this novel way.

Jacob A. Riis, who had not spoken at the national conference for many years, brought to it a message of inspiration in his address on "What Bad Housing Means to the Community," and stirred it to its depths with his question, "Who are the Unfit?"

"And now a word to you, my fellow-workers: We dig and toil in the sweat of our brows, and when we see the tares springing up in the fields we sowed, we hear men sometimes speak of the unfit. But who are the unfit? The slouching tramp, who, a spent man at thirty, having been jammed into the industrial treadmill at seven, will work no more, or the man who grew rich from the child's labor? The woman without hope, of no caste—or the employer who underpaid her till she had to choose the street to live? Never have I been able to get that report of the Working Women's Society in New York out of my mind and soul that said: 'Woman's wages have no limit, since the path of shame is always open to her.'

"Who are the unfit? The raw Irishman who gets drunk on his holiday, and yet brings to the treasury in Wall Street his savings of a lifetime, when the black panic is sweeping over the land, saying simply: 'We saved it all up in the forty years we have been here, for our old age, mother and I; but last night she read out of the paper to me that the country was in trouble and needed money, and so I brought it here' —he, or the man who coldly gambles to pile up his wealth in the necessaries of life, and makes living harder for us all? The scrub-woman who, with empty hands and emptier heart, gives her babe to the potter's field and then scrapes and saves through the year, working her fingers to the bone for the pittance that shall ransom her child from the trench and give it a grave of its own; yet not once but three times in the year surrenders it all to 'some one in the tenement who is poorer than she?' Which is the unfit: she, or the woman who gives a Christmas party to her lap-dog, with her sisters and the little ones starving all about in a workless winter? The boy who, bred and raised in the environment which makes all for unrighteousness, trains with the gang and swings from the gallows at nineteen—he, or Hell's Kitchen that bred him, and we, who let it be? Which is the unfit?

"Let God judge. Let it be our task to see to it that at least they shall know better, that Hell's Kitchen shall no longer be let alone, that the environment shall be cleansed of its unrighteousness, so that our brothers shall have a chance. Then, and not until then, can we with a clear conscience leave the rest to him."

Inspiration, guidance, and education, which we were told are the functions of the church, were the dominant note of the conference. All three of these were present in a philosophical address by Joseph Lee, on Play as Medicine, which opened the first meeting of this section. This was given to an audience of 1,000 who packed to the doors the largest hall and many of whom stood up. The effect of Mr. Lee's address was like that of an electric shower bath. One's mind was left tingling with the shock of his brilliant epigrams and stirred by his profound enunciation of principles. With no less interest, a large audience listened to Dr. Richard C. Cabot's address on the Health of Social Workers, and hundreds of social workers thus received advice that will help them over many a weary way in the coming year. At the conclusion of his address the whole audience rose and urged that his paper be sent broadcast to members of the boards of directors of all our charitable and social movements.

Doctor Cabot told us for the first time that social work is a "dangerous trade," to be classed with those involving lead poisoning and similar dangers. He divided social workers' breakdowns into two classes, those from tuberculosis and those from nervous exhaustion, dwelling chiefly on the latter, and cautioned against it, pointing out the peculiar effects of social work on the body, mind, and soul. His pointing out that most kinds of social work never end, and that the social worker is too often trying to "finish up the infinite" was an "eye-opener." Of practical value were Mary E. Richmond's paper on How Social Workers Can Aid Housing Reform, Albion Fellows Bacon's on How to Get Housing Reform, Sherman C. Kingsley's on Home Treatment and Hospital Treatment of Tuberculosis, Dr. Bierhoff's on Venereal Disease, Mrs. William Lowell Putnam's on Pre-natal Care of Infants, W. H. Allen's on Buying Health, and last but not least the four moving-picture demonstrations on the house-fly, pure milk, tuberculosis, and the sane Fourth.—*Lawrence Veiller in the "Survey."*

BOOK RECEIVED

A. C. McCLURG & Co. From Rough Rider to President. By Max Kullnick. Post-Mortem Use of Wealth. By Daniel S. Remsen. Price $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions. By Lin Shao-Yang. Price $1.50.

J. P. LIPPINCOTT & Co. She Buildeth Her House.

R. F. FENNO. Thoughts on Things Psychic. By Walter Winston Kenilworth.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa. By Alfred R. Tucker, Bishop of Uganda. Cats and Cradles from Many Lands. By Kathleen Haddon.

A Chorus of Faith, as heard in the Parliament of Religions. A book of selections giving points of harmony between the representatives of the various religions. Edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Cloth $1.25

A Search for an Infidel: Bits of Wayside Gospel—(Second Series) Cloth $1.50

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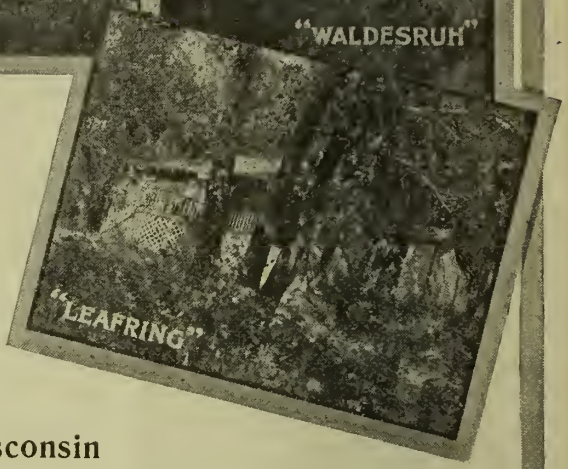
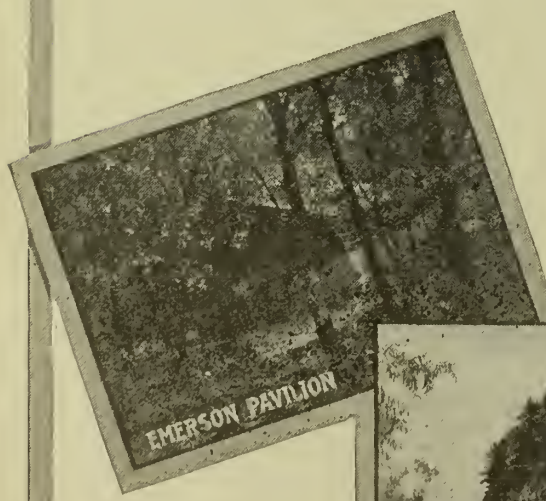
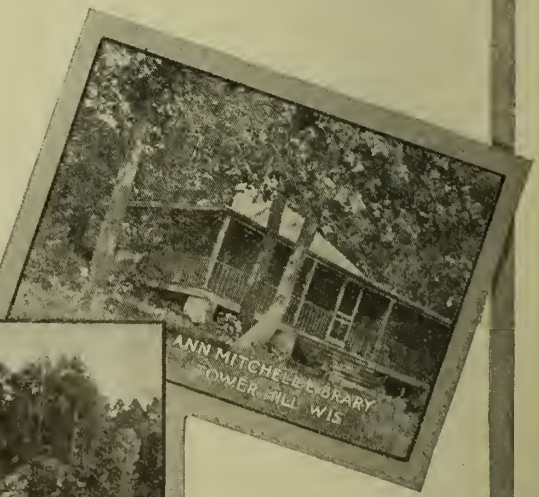


Tower Hill in Wisconsin

Close to the heart of Nature! A place for congenial companionship and quiet and restful intimacy with high themes. The encampment opens July 1 and continues open until September 20. The life on the hill will be diversified with drives, picnics, social evenings, porch readings, etc., at the pleasure of the guests.

Tower Hill consists of sixty-five acres in the bluff country overlooking the Wisconsin river. It has its own waterworks, ice house and telephone connection. A plentiful garden and adequate dairy in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones farm supply the table.





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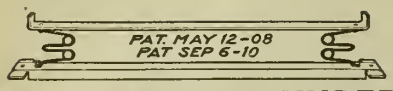

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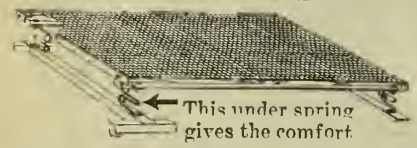

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1911. NUMBER 22.

I love thee, thou brown, homely, dear old Earth!
Those fairer planets whither fate may lead,
Whatever marvel be their bulk or speed,
Ringed with what splendor, belted round with fire,
In glory of perpetual moons arrayed,
Can ne'er give back the glow or fresh desire
Of youth in that old home where man had birth,
Whose paths he trod through wholesome light and shade.
Out of their silver radiance to thy dim
And clouded orb his eye will turn,
As an old man looks back to where he played
About his father's hearth, and finds for him
No splendor like the fires which there did burn.

—*E. R. Sill.*

The Wisconsin Legislature, which has just adjourned, has proved its right to the word "Progressive." It has maintained the state's reputation of being in the advance. Among its worthy enactments are the following:

The upper berths in the Pullman car must be kept up when lower berths are in use unless actually sold to occupants.

The State is authorized to buy land and sell the same to actual settlers.

State aid is provided for the building of new roads, and better bridges in rural districts are provided for.

A "Marine Mail Delivery" is the latest thing in the way of postal service advocated for the benefit of Lake Side resorters during the vacation weeks. Why not? The sooner the state as well as individuals realize that one should live and be amenable to law and a recipient of law's bounty during the months of July and August as well as in the months of December and January, the better it will be for all parties concerned.

A recent Sunday issue of the *Chicago Tribune* gives a whole page, profusely illustrated, to the consideration of the "Silly Season." It is a sad commentary on America that the season which releases so many from the grinding round of labor and permits them to take nature by the hand and wander with her through her forests and by her lakesides, should be so characterized. Vacation is not "vacuity" and idleness is not rest, least of all are the dissipations and flirtations that go with idleness either re-freshing or re-creating. It becomes more and more a question among educators whether the "long vacation" is conducive to the health of either the body or mind of the child. A twelve-months' school, punctured with the intermissions and recesses and week-long "let-ups" would probably be better than a ten-months' school with the two months' lawlessness and rudeness which characterize the "outings" of too many adults and children.

The Summer School of Ethics at Madison under the direction of Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer closed another successful season last Friday. The final public meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. Building of the University and presided over by Professor Ross—Mrs. Spencer, the editor of UNITY and the chairman speaking to the question, "The Ethical Advance in Social Welfare." A hopeful list of noble doings and higher ideals characterizing the present generation was enumerated. Among these are the humaner treatment of criminals, the wiser handling of juvenile delinquents, and the shifting of the moral ideals and religious standards from theological to sociological motives and efforts. The School of Ethics itself, which has just completed its fourth season, is a case in point, an object lesson, testifying to the advancement of the age.

The citizens of Madison, Wis., are in revolt against the street car system of the city, which has undertaken to proscribe the baby-carriage. An Anti Baby-Cab Order has been issued by the management unless the cab be of a portable type and properly wrapped. Naturally there is a revolt on the part of the young men and young women who are anxious to leave the world to their successors. Here is a menace to the family life which should be earnestly met: "It makes a lot of trouble," "it delays the car," "it soils the clothes of other passengers." Granted, but what are street cars for? Are they not a public utility, servants of all the citizens? Let the baby's right to ride be established though his father may not be able to buy an automobile. An editorial note in the *State Journal* comments upon the fact that a man with a beer keg wet from the brewery vaults was permitted to board the car which excluded a baby cab. Comment is unnecessary. Here is another case where the rights of children and the sanity and sanctity of play-grounds should be maintained.

This is as it ought to be, but when it extends the "open season" ten days for the benefit of deer-hunters

and adds half an hour a day to the killing time in the duck-shooting season, we are wondering whether this is not "class legislation" that ought to be suspected. These privileges are not in the interest of the deer or of the duck, nor of those who live in their neighborhood and share with them the resources of nature, but for the non-resident city chap, who sallies forth with powder and ball in one pouch and oftentimes with a flask in the other, in search of something to kill—in the interest of something known as "sport." In the evolution of society may we not hope that the pleasure in killing will vanish from the heart of the truly educated man? We believe that the earth is for the noble and that the lower life must ever yield to the needs of the higher. The forests as well as the fields, the rivers and lakes as well as the gardens, should yield up their contribution of food and protection to the masterful order at the head, but the wild denizens of the forests and streams should be subject to the same laws of economy, humanity and proprietorship as the residents of the pasture and the barnyard. It is not easy to draw the ownership line in such a way as to separate the quail that eats the corn in the shocks from the hen that finds its corn in the barnyard.

The indications are that the city of Madison, Wisconsin, through its Common Council, will perfect the purchase of the Lake Side Grounds occupied so long by the Winona Chautauqua Assembly. This will secure for the city of Madison a beautiful park, already well developed with shade trees, walks, etc. This is an example which many other western cities will do well to follow. A lake is a municipal, county, or state asset. It offers that which money cannot buy—refreshment to the body and peace to the soul. As a matter of fact, the lakes of Wisconsin have already proved an exhaustless means of wealth, and it is sad to think that most of the lake shores in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota have already been seized by the capitalist class, most of the vantage being secured at a ridiculously small price, and now the all-year-round residents have no rights that will permit them to walk along the shore or swim in the waters of these lakes. Madison has already, through the forethought and generosity of its citizens, its Tenney, Frank Vilas and Brittingham Parks, all of them places of growing beauty, and now with the addition of this Winona Park, the capitol city, so favored by nature, will justify its bountiful inheritance. For economic, as well as sanitary, social and ethical reasons, it is time that the cities of America, large and small, should look well to their play grounds, guard and multiply their beauty spots, and then teach their people how to use them. The beer gardens and shooting parks must give way to something more refined and humane and better adapted to the needs of childhood, womanhood and old age.

"Bread-and-Butter" Education

The words and works of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, in connection with the annual meeting of the National Educational Association in San Francisco, might have been anticipated. The nation expected leadership in her, the intelligent elements in the nation have already forgotten her sex; they know that she stands as an educator among educators, eminent if not preeminent in many lines. Progressive, aggressive and incisive in her word and work, she brought her year's presidency to a triumphant close.

But perhaps the nation was not prepared to find that Chicago had another woman to send who would sound in masterful fashion, not the word for the hour and the place but the word for the nation and the age.

At this distance it would seem that Mrs. Emmons Blaine made the address of the week, in which she pleaded for a higher idealism in the life of the teacher and in the quest of the schools. She spoke plainly concerning the manifest tendency among teachers, particularly in our large cities, to commercialize their profession, or rather, to reduce their profession to a money-making craft. She condemned the organization among teachers that demands what the public ought to be glad to give unasked, namely, an adequate wage. It is a pity that teachers should turn aside from the ideals that call for disinterestedness and enthusiasm in the attempt to compel what the community should be willing to give gladly.

Mrs. Blaine traced this tendency to its logical conclusion; she traced a connection between the sordidness in the school room and the "growing abuse of public power and the falling off from the accepted ideals of political liberties and equalities" in other public servants.

Mrs. Blaine said the opportunity of the teacher today is the "opportunity to save the country," which, of course, is "the greatest opportunity in the world today." She discovers in our times a tendency on every hand to subordinate the welfare of our institutions to commercial gain, the supplanting of a "desire for free representative government by the desire of the free undisturbed chance for the getting of money."

Mrs. Blaine's message to the teachers in San Francisco is a message to the teachers of the world:

> The citizens of tomorrow are all in your hands. You have our whole body politic of the future America in your hands. You have it before selfish commercialism has more than reached its ears—before the grip of materialism has it by the throat.
>
> What possession have we other than our children that we treat so carelessly? You have them. They are yours to

redeem, and they are the only hope for the redeeming of our nation.

There are two sides to the money question in teaching. You cannot serve God and Mammon. If the uplifting of the child is the aim of the teacher, the money cannot be. Therefore, the money must not be—cannot be—the aim of the teaching.

On the other hand, the community will come not to concede, but to demand money payment for the work of teaching commensurate with the payment of the highest experts in any field. It needs but the conception of the community of what it must have for its children, of what it must give to its children and to those who are making their lives. To reach this conception, it is you who must help to show the truth. That truth can never come out of the spirit of exaction. It will come only out of the spirit of devotion.

Mrs. Blaine struck a fundamental keynote of democracy when she said: "The first business of the school is to prepare cleaner, keener, and more efficient voters and workers for the state," and if it is true that this demand is seldom heard, then indeed we are in a bad way as a nation. The speaker arraigned the thoughtlessness and carelessness of many money-makers in their mad rush for wealth. Of course this brings a lack of discipline and disregard for law. Home and school must join hands in the search for the responsibility for this unsatisfactory attitude.

The *Chicago Tribune* in editorial comment upon this "significant address" says there is no new thought in this address of Mrs. Blaine; it is symbolized by the "Little Red School House;" it expresses the fundamental convictions of our forefathers. The *Tribune* adds:

Mrs. Blaine's powerful appeal is to the public as well as to the teaching profession.

Unquestionably the greedy materialism of much of our American life, the narrow egoism of our individual energies, the "general lack of discipline and regard for law," all of which forces not only weaken but will most certainly destroy the republic—these must be combated not by laws and machinery, but in the hearts and minds of men. In this constructive work, perhaps, the school must be the chief instrument. Mrs. Blaine's challenge is arresting.

There is lack of responsibility in the government and for the government. Is our school system likely to fortify its growing citizens against this deadly evil which must be striking at the root of our national life?

Responsibility is the first quality the right school life must develop. Yet I cannot see, as I think over schools in general, with their red tape methods of discipline, that responsibility has much chance for consideration or for growth.

There is thoughtlessness and carelessness for others in all the relations of life. How can we even talk of supposing that we are arousing by our education a civic sense of caring for the whole when the fundamental basis of the plan for school achievement is for each pupil to get out all he can for himself regardless of, or even essentially against, all comers. This is ingrained in the whole system.

But Mrs. Blaine must not be too hard on the teachers. A fountain cannot rise higher than its source. If on every hand they find the parents of the pupils entrusted to them resorting to all kinds of combinations and strategies in order to increase their income, while the incessant clamor of these parents is for a more "practical" education, and the curriculum from the kindergarten to the university is more and more insistent upon the technical, manual training, "bread-and-butter" activities of life, is it a wonder that the teachers should conclude that it is time for them to "enter the game" and look out for the No. 1 that no one else will care for?

And again it must be remembered that the idealism, the public spiritedness and disinterestedness called for by Mrs. Blaine must come not with instruction but by inspiration. These high ideals come by contagion, not by talking or by preaching. The child enmeshed in luxury at home cannot be expected to respond to the call of self-denial and restraint in the school. The simple life, which is inseparably associated, particularly in youth, with the sincere life, is a thing to be practiced rather than avowed, it is a matter of living and not of learning.

Mrs. Blaine's words carry a message to fathers and mothers, to home-makers, tax-payers, voters and citizens everywhere. The burdens of poverty are dire, but the menace of wealth is more severe. The hunger for luxury, the ease and competency that come from wealth, is the blight that spoils the power and spirit of the teacher and defeats the most generous scheme of public education.

It is hoped that the women of Chicago will hear and heed the invitation in Mrs. Blaine's message, that they may become leaders of the new Democracy that leads to some kind of an enlightened brotherhood, a comradeship more powerful than can be bought for dollars, a higher fellowship than is offered by "Society," spelt with a capital S. Bread and butter is necessary to life, but a life devoted chiefly to bread-and-butter quests is not worth living.

Municipal Government by Commission

It is not long ago that Bismarck twitted us with the charge that Americans did not know how to run cities. He told us that our municipal affairs were a total and shameful failure. He had a fairly good basis for his charge. And nothing ought to please Americans more than any outlook toward city government on a business basis. The commission form of municipal government promises just this change. The ward system with which we have heretofore worked was political at the outset, unbusinesslike in its methods, and drifted toward an oligarchy of robbers. It was originally a makeshift, because we really did not know how to govern a crowd. Our republican system in scattered neighborhoods had become more and more representative as the population grew in numbers, yet the people to a considerable degree really managed their own affairs. Our cities, however, have been in no sense of the word representative of popular government.

The fundamental principle of the new municipal conception is that a city is nothing more nor less than a corporation, a co-operative association to transact

community affairs. It should be managed, of course, in the most simple and direct manner conceivable. The men placed in charge, instead of being considered governors, should be held to be business men. A municipal government should not be patterned after a national government. It should be simple, straightforward and responsible. It should be free from all sorts of red tape. It should be prompt and scarcely touched by party influence. The governing members should be so few that they should not represent wards or local influences, but stand for the whole public.

It was the Galveston disaster of 1900 that gave birth to the commission plan, which is now sweeping over the whole country. The great storm and tidal wave turned the city into a social wreckage, in which the old ward system of government broke down entirely. To save the city from mob rule, the business men organized the city on a purely business basis. The plan worked wonderfully well, and as soon as it was brought to the attention of the people it spread from city to city throughout tthe state and then over a considerable section of adjacent states.

It was provided that the people of any community may by majority vote dispense with all ward lines and city councils, and in place thereof select five men, one as Mayor and four more to constitute his council. These are to be elected at large, and in their hands will be placed all authority for conducting the city's affairs.

By this simple system the ward caucus is got rid of and that breed of small politicians that run ward politics find themselves eliminated. There is just one ticket before the whole city, on which is placed a list of names for Mayor and for councilmen. The electors of the city vote one ballot, marking their one choice for Mayor and for four councilmen. When counting the ballots the two candidates for Mayor and the eight for councilmen who get the most votes, become the nominees for the regular city election. The ballot for this election is arranged without any ward or party designation, and once more all the voters of the city use one ballot, marking their choice for Mayor and four councilmen. The result is easily determined.

Here are five men selected, very easily, and almost without the possible touch of professional politicians. Full authority is given these five men to conduct the affairs of the city, and all the city business is divided into five departments. These five are the department of public affairs, the department of finance, the department of public safety, the department of public improvement, and the department of public property. The Mayor becomes the general manager of the city's business. Each one of the councilmen becomes responsible for his own department. The Mayor has a vote, but no veto.

This council can never hold a secret meeting. The appointive officers of the city are directly responsible to the council, and this body can remove from office any one who proves incompetent. No member of the council can be interested directly or indirectly in any contract or job of work done for the city. If the council proves derelict in any direction, the people by majority vote can supplement their work. By referendum any objectionable action of the council can be annulled by the voters. In other ways the governing body is under very close supervision and control of the people. Salaries to be paid are fixed according to a schedule based on population; monthly statements of all business affairs must be made public; and the people by a majority vote may at any time turn back to the old plan, but only after a six years' trial. This is the Galveston method, ripened and amended as you find it in operation in the Northwest.

On the face of it this plan is expensive, but the records of every city that has adopted it show that there is a very positive saving. The Mayor and councilmen are paid more money than under the old ward system, but they must give their personal supervision to the city and its affairs,—a plan which saves thousands of dollars annually in every case. In every case also the tax levy and municipal debt are decreased, while there is an increase in the amount of public improvement.

It has been feared and prophesied that this system of government would give opportunity for bad men to get control of a city. It has proved to be exactly the other way, for every officer must secure a majority of all the votes cast in the city after running the gauntlet of an open primary. Under this new system no franchise can be disposed of by a clique, or any other property of the people be either given away or sold out of their reach. Franchises are reserved to a direct vote of the people.

It is irrational to allow national parties, with national issues, to crowd down upon a city and overwhelm municipal interests or to organize voters on lines alien to practical business affairs. Each city has its own local propositions that can only be determined on the basis of local advantage and local economy. The old system has not only failed of economy, but has thrown all our cities into the hands of the corrupt and the corruptionists. From the city have gone out influences affecting the surrounding country in one direction, and in another influencing national politics. With the enormous growth of urban populations this corruption has become vitally dangerous. Government by Commission appears at present to be a providential interruption of a corruptive process and a most fortunate civic inspiration.

E. P. POWELL.

THE PULPIT

Civic Idealism

I. Relation of Religion to Civics.

By Edwin A. Rumball, Rochester, N. Y.

The religion of life is necessary to the life of religion. Life never grows tired. It is always fresh and invigorating. It is the expression of life in some one form that may become wearisome. The greatest restfulness in life is fresh activity, new expression.

So with the religion of life. Let religion run in one groove and the groove becomes a rut. Religion above all things needs the everlasting challenge of the many sides of life to keep it fresh and efficient. Thus the only apology necessary for the introduction of civics in a church service is that it is essential to the adequate cultivation of an all round idealism. In these days, the spiritual idealism which is not at the same time a civic idealism, can hardly lay claim to be an idealism at all. That men and women should try to make their city righteous, efficient, beautiful and friendly is to have citizens expressing the unseen eternal verities of the soul in terms just as fundamental to life as those which directly concern the church. So we spend our time on this subject for the good of our religion. The very existence of vital religion is menaced if we do not think on these things.

It has always been so. The times in the past when religion was growing weary and unattractive, were revived by men who began to express the thought of God in civics and social righteousness. The spirituality of the great Hebrew Psalms had its source in the civic sermons of the prophets. It was their word that freshened time with truth and good. The holy city was of no use in heaven, and they saw it coming down out of heaven from God. Here is where such a city is wanted and all up the ages wherever men have grown earnest in their religion, whatever name it has borne, we find that its civic expression has been inevitable.

Religion's need for civic expression is particularly true of the modern church. Wide awake churches long ago realized that their wakefulness came from their expression of the thought of God in human brotherhood. But the city as a challenge to our religion has hardly given the churches yet much care. We are only just beginning to recognize that our denominational differences are dead issues. We still hold a little aloof from the civic expression of religion as if it were not so religious and dignified as its denominational manifestations. We are yet given to the imagination that it is our particular creed or lack of a creed that attracts men and women to us, instead of what we are doing for God and our fellowmen. I not only say that the vitality of our religion requires civic expression for its endurance, but that the day has come when men will support that church best which stands most for the application of religion, irrespective of whether it be Baptist application or Unitarian application, so long as it is applied righteousness.

The very existence of the churches depends largely on this application of religion. Most churches, including our own, have attracted support by the things they have stood for intellectually. Fearing to proselytise we have quietly opened our church doors and have remarked that if anyone wanted to come, why, the door was open! It is not at all remarkable that we have felt a little ashamed to do as Jesus said, "Go out and compel them to come in." All we could say would be, "We think in this particular way about life and religion, cannot you begin to see with us and join us?" The world of men and women is growing tired of that kind of invitation. The church must make a different kind of appeal. It must stand for the very best that Jesus practiced. The church will then be able to say, "See here, this is what we are doing, this is the helpful part we are bearing in our community. All these homes are brighter, these children made better citizens, and so on. This is a little bit of the democracy of God that we stand for, won't you come and help us?" If we openly and frankly stood for these things men and women would want to join. They like to stand for that kind of religion. We have said that God is love for a long time. Now we need men whose religion is so deeply filled with that love, that they will lead us to the next application of the old truism. But not only does the church need such broadening and deepening, but today it faces in the modern city the greatest challenge of its fundamental positions. Nearly all the people of the civilized world are beginning to live in cities. From motives of industrial necessity and community sympathy, the cities are growing larger every year. In England four-fifths of the people live in cities and the other fifth is a diminishing fifth. In this country, which until very recently was called agricultural, thirty millions live in cities. In the Eastern states, the percentage is nearly as high as in England. In New York State nearly 70 per cent of the population is to be found in cities. In Rhode Island, it is 80 per cent. Of course some of the cities are very small, but so rapid is the growth, that it not only leads to the conviction that the city has come to stay, but in another century our large cities may have in them twenty millions of people. The tendency is to create many Londons, and for all the work of the thousands of churches in London, that city is the greatest challenge that religion has ever received. Shelley used to say that "Hell is a city much like London." One-third of the crime of England is committed in London. That it is not one-half is doubtless due to the fact that much of its lowest life is so low that there is not even vitality enough to produce criminals. Its thousands of homeless citizens, unemployed, ill-nourished and hopeless, form a condition of things which we do not yet know in this land.

The needs of the city are so great that most religion seems helpless when facing them. Indeed, the half-hearted, half-moral, non-political religion of most people is totally inadequate to meet them. The day is gone when religion can go to the under-fed and poorly clad with a tract, the day is nearly over when it will be content to go only with charity; religion must be active against the causes of such injustice and wrong-doing before it will have any right to advise patience in tribulation. I marvel when I read that such a person starved to death, and another in despondency killed his family and himself because he could not provide for them. Why did he not steal? Why did he not rob you

and me? I have met in the slums and around the docks in London, men who were but living skeletons, and yet their patience and virtue or something was stronger than their hunger and cold, for they did not harm anyone. I am sure that if some of us endured the evil housing, un-employment, low wages, tuberculosis and other social evils of our city life we would need more religion than most of us have to keep us virtuous. There is but one word for such wrongs, they are an "abomination unto the Lord." In order that they may also be such to us, our list of sins must be revised. We have not enough. After pride, avarice, lust, lying and theft we should add such sins as the possession of unearned, unfaithful wealth, sharing in the causes of congestion of population, low wages, tuberculosis, prostitution and so on. On our old list of sins, it was possible for us to go over them and check off some of which we were guiltless. But this revised list points the finger at all of us, saying, "Thou art the man." Every social sin comes back at us with its unanswerable condemnation.

For a long time the church challenged the city, now the city challenges the church, to produce a religion equal to the task of abolishing the great civic and social wrongs of our cities.

Some of us already feel the coming of this greater religion which will be so deeply personal that it will have to be social. Mazzini has said that "The first one who makes a religion of democracy will save the world." It really does not wait to be made. God made it long ago, and placed its foundations deep in human nature. Let us see some of the ways in which it works. William H. Baldwin, Jr., said, "All business should be done so that the advantage is distributed." Practice that and you will see one flower of the religion of democracy. I read of one of our large cities tearing down old buildings in a congested section in order to provide a playground for the people's children. Do that and you will see the blossom of the religion of democracy. Many cities are beginning to show by their works that politics must have some reference to the living conditions of the people, in home and factory, and everywhere such activity tells of the coming of a true democracy of God. **The religion of democracy is the enthusiasm of the people for God and his ways.** But we can never awaken in the people any enthusiasm for God and his ways, until they see in our religion that his ways mean helpfulness, civic interest and social justice. Amid the turmoils of last century, Carlyle said, "An unspeakable religion is struggling to speak itself." I think he would say the same again today. The herald of God has gone forth promising everywhere the best life to those who will live in the interest of others, and here and there men and women are grouping themselves together to win the triumph of their ideals for the city of God upon the earth. It seems as though new hope is coming. The real gospel is, God is here and everything freshens when he is really living in the lives of the people of the community. The men and women who first were called unspiritual and material for thinking that religion meant playgrounds, good housing, good wages and proper factory conditions can now be hailed as spiritual idealists. **No man is a materialist simply because there is matter and substance in his religion!** In closing let me call your attention to a call of God which above all other calls during the last hundred years has brought vitality to the evangelical churches. This call made men and women enthusiastically go to foreign lands to preach and live their gospel. All effectiveness found in the evangelical churches today is largely due to its missionary movement.

Today for the quickening of all churches there comes another call: the capture of the cities for God and his ways. It is a task which challenges the omnipotence of God in men. The city has come to stay, have the churches come to stay? Sometimes it does not look like it. In another century all of our cities will be larger by hundreds of thousands, are we just as certain that the churches will have become the homes of the religion of democracy? The business men of our city are planning for the future growth of our city, and buildings and traffic avenues are being planned in view of it; what plan have the churches? The politicians are in dead earnest, what enthusiasm have we? During the next few weeks we shall come closer to our subject, but today the call is for the churches to urge righteousness in charters and ordinances that the city of God may come to earth where it belongs rather than be in heaven where it is of no use.

A VERITABLE POEM OF POEMS

Mrs. H. A. Deming of San Francisco is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given below:

1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2—Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3—By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,
4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5—To be is better far than not to be,
6—Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7—But light cares speak when mighty cares are dumb,
8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10—Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
13—Custom does often reason overrule,
14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15—Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven.
16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;
19—Then keep each passion down, however dear;
20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay
22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24—We masters grow of all that we despise.
25—O, then renounce that impious self-esteem;
26—Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28—The path of glory leads but to the grave.
29—What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
30—Only destructive to the brave and great.
31—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33—How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
34—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35—Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37—The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walted Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Baily; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Crowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

The "Eternal Or" of the Librarian

As libraries are made of books, and the collecting and dispensing of these is the chief end and aim of the good librarian's life, there may be points of interest between him and one whose work, in quite a different way, has been concerned with books, who, like the librarian, has lived his life among them; who has written them, edited them, printed them, published them; who, most of all, has been engaged in attempts at estimating them, trying to form a judgment of their rank and value, not only in cold and formal print, but often in a prior stage of their existence, before they were printed, with many aspiring manuscripts that never would be books at all; who has always been glad to praise them when he could, sorry to blame them when he must, and anxious chiefly to arrive as nearly as might be at a just and fair appraisal of their worth. And here, it would seem, might perhaps be found matters of common interest regarding books, and topics bearing upon the work and problems of librarians.

For many, if not for most librarians, the most vexing problem of their professional lives is, perhaps, the ever-pressing problem of book-selection. Every new book that is presented or announced flings at them its disturbing challenge. The average library can buy but few of all the books that are offered, and but one of the many the librarian would like to buy. Which shall it be?—*This?* Or *That?* Or *T'Other?* Ever the "Eternal Or," and ever teh necessity of choosing. The problem is a more than doubly complex one, since every choice of a book for purchase involves the rejection of others perhaps equally desirable. This rejection, indeed, is often the most trying part of the affair, since it seems to affix to many excellent and desirable books the stamp of the librarian's disapproval. But they cannot possibly accept all the books that are offered them. They must weigh, deliberate, and choose. And so comes the "Eternal OR," the hard necessity of choosing. And the choice must be made wisely—in peril of peace with the Directors, and with the Anxious Reader who expects to find the special book he long has sought and mourns because he finds it not. The librarian might well take to heart a paraphrase of Carlyle's words from Goethe,—

> Scan all the Book Lists—
> Study their pages
> Of books for all ages—
> Then hear the Voices:
> Choose well, your choice is
> Brief and yet endless.

The problem of book-buying is, of course, much harder for a librarian than for a private buyer. Not only is it more difficult for a conscientious person to spend another's money than to spend his own, but the considerations involved in the selection are vastly more complex. The librarian must not only take the responsibility of making purchases for other people, but must distribute his purchases as judiciously as he can through all fields and provinces of literature. Not only must his quest extend to the general fields of science, history, or philosophy, where tests of scholarship and knowledge may be more definitely applied and the judgment of experts be available for his guidance, but he must be alive to the claims of special works in the newer and more novel fields of research or speculation, where the attempt to keep up with what is really new and vital, while at the same time shunning what is freakish and unworthy, may well bewilder him and make him wish there were no such things as "advanced thought," or any further "extension of the boundaries of knowledge." Biography and memoirs are perhaps less difficult—the name of the subject and of the writer being sufficient for at least a preliminary clue to the importance and interest of a book.

It is in the fields of fancy and imagination, however, that the task of selection is undoubtedly hardest—the books which appeal to the largest number of readers, and the ones in which the range in merit from worst to best is greatest. The most difficult problem of all is probably the New Novel. Happy is the librarian who has a *real* book committee to take or share the responsibility in this field. Without this aid he must seek light and guidance from whatever source he may. Perhaps he tries—often vainly—to read some of the newer books himself; or a kind member of the Board may be persuaded to give the library the benefit of his literary zeal and knowledge; or friends of the librarian will report their impressions of a book—sometimes in too diffuse a manner to be of much practical service, sometimes with the cryptic but sufficient formula, "n. g."

In any event, the most catholic-minded and impartial of librarians will not succeed in quite satisfying all classes of readers. Any general approval of his selections he need hardly hope for; expressions of disapproval are much more likely to be heard. The reader of fiction who is impatient for the latest, if not the most sensational, novel is scornful at seeing good library money spent for "poky old books" on religion and philosophy; while the reader of "solid literature" is pained to see the concessions made to the perverted tastes of readers of "silly novels." All these classes have their rights in the library, and a right to the expression of their opinions. The librarian is a servant of the people, who are really his employers. He is a literary caterer, whose business is to find out what the public—*his* public—want, and to supply this want, within reasonable limits, to the best of his ability and resources. His business in buying books is to buy the best of those that are offered; not merely those that are best in themselves, or best for him, but those that are best for *his* library and *his* public—those that will give the most satisfaction and the most profit to the community that supports the library and him. This does not mean that he is not to direct readers and raise the standards of taste whenever he can; he should try to lead and guide in the right direction—but he should not be too keen to act as guide, nor keep so far ahead of the procession as to be out of sight of it.

Into the great field of literary criticism in general it is not intended here to go; the principles of literary criticism are matters not for a paragraph in a brief address, but for a book or an extended and finished essay, and these are presumably as familiar to librarians as to other classes of cultivated readers. What most concerns the librarian as book-buyer is the practical appraisal of books—something which will aid him most in grappling with the problem of the "Eternal Or" with which this paper was begun. In this appraisal, as practiced in literary journalism, comes first

what is known as the "Review," and next what is usually called the "Notice." The terms are rather loosely used; indeed, the one is often only a briefer form of the other. The Review is more extended, and goes more deliberately into a description of the book, with a more or less careful consideration of its defects and merits; the "notice" is usually confined to description mainly—though in cases where approval or condemnation may be safely and unqualifiedly expressed, this is often done tersely and emphatically; and the value of the opinion, unsupported by the citations of evidence that would be expected in a long review, will depend on the character of the journal or the writer giving it. The ideal appraisal of a book, for the purposes of a librarian, would be somewhat like the analysis of a chemist, formulated in the verdict, "Here is what you gave me; here is what I find it to contain," signed "Helmholtz, Chemist," or "Hazlitt, Literary Appraiser." But such short-cut processes as are possible for insensate matter can hardly be applied to that living thing, that something next to the human soul, a Book.

In one respect, it is true, the really authoritative book review should resemble a chemical analysis: it should be the product of an expert, and bear the warrant of his name—the reputable historical scholar for the new book in the field of history, the biologist for new researches into the origin and mystery of life, the geologist for geology, and so on down the list. Of course, this method of treating books in the domain of exact knowledge, of science properly so called, will not apply to books of a very different class—to poetry and fiction and some other categories whose appeal is to the taste and judgment and experience of readers, rather than to exact knowledge or established principles of science. In these cases, so long as taste is something not to be disputed about, opinions must continually differ. The most we can reasonably ask is that criticism in these fields shall represent a taste that is cultivated and that rests upon such canons of literary art as may fairly be called established. It may properly be required of all reviews in serious literary journals that they be intelligent and impartial, without desire either to praise or blame, but only to be just; they should be instructive and informing to the reader; they should be interesting, or as interesting as the subject may reasonably allow; they should be appreciative and sympathetic rather than destructive and severe, not savage for the sake of appearing smart; they should be honest,—as free from unworthy motives of gain or profit as a librarian is free from a desire to steal the books entrusted to his care. Fairness and disinterestedness must be required of all reviewers; the editor is responsible for their selection, but not for their opinions. "Tell us exactly what you think of this book—its merits and defects, and all about it that you think worth while," are the instructions, expressed or understood, sent out with every book that goes to a reviewer from the editor of any literary journal worthy of the name. Even such details as the amount of space to be given a book are left largely to the reviewer to be decided according to his judgment of the book's importance after examination. The competent and experienced reviewer will rightly expect reasonable latitude in such matters; and he will rightly expect also freedom from editorial interference with his opinions and conclusions. With this freedom and confidence goes also the assumption of good faith and fairness on the part of the reviewer. He must write with a full sense of his responsibility; he must not say things he is not prepared to defend and prove if necessary; and he must be personally disinterested. Reviewers who, whatever their other qualifications, make their reviews occasions for "log-rolling" for friends or "getting even" with enemies quickly find themselves undesired by the discerning editor. It is not only a matter of conscience—the whole existence of a literary journal is based on its reputation for honesty and fairness; its obligation is always to its readers, and its chief value is given by the hold it has on their esteem and confidence. A journal with any pretense to influence and standing in the literary world could find no shorter road to suicide than by forfeiting the respect and confidence of its readers by sordid methods and unworthy aims. It is sometimes fancied that advertisers—publishers of books—exert a pressure upon literary journals adverse to their literary independence. This would mean that the publishers—who are usually shrewd and intelligent men—would try to destroy the one thing that gives the journal influence with its readers and hence value for their advertisements; and publishers worthy of the name have not only too much shrewdness, but too much self-respect and decency, for such a course. The hold a journal has on its readers is the very cause of their advertising in its columns; otherwise they would do their advertising in papers of a different class but of far greater circulation.

Some comments have lately been made by a competent observer (Miss Helen E. Haines, formerly editor of the *Library Journal*) on the decline of book-reviewing in this country. If, by this term, is meant the old-fashioned literary essay, with some notable book serving as a text—the method used so cleverly by Macaulay and Jeffrey in England, and by Ripley and Whipple and Lowell here—the statement is doubtless true. One explanation may probably be found in the decline of the literary essay; another in the immense increase in book-production, and in the demand of the book-reading public, not for elaborate essays on a few books, but for information and appraisals on a large number of them. It is obviously impossible for any literary journal to give extended reviews to all the books that might be thought deserving of such treatment; their number is too great. In spite of the comparatively small number of extended critical reviews now published, there probably never was a time when so much attention was given to books by the newspapers as now. Twenty years ago, the "literary department" or "supplement" was a feature of but a few of the larger dailies; now most dailies in the larger cities make at least a pretense to a "literary supplement," which, while often having no great literary importance, at least attests the increasing volume of new books and the growth of interest in them. Authoritative critical opinions are scarcely to be looked for from such sources; but they may perform a certain service in the diffusion of literary news to the general public.—*From an address before the American Library Association at Pasadena, California, by Francis F. Browne, Editor of The Dial.*

The powerful means to true happiness in life, is to let flow from oneself on all sides, without any laws, like a spider, a cobweb of love, and to catch in it all that comes to hand.—*Tolstoy.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL NOTES

The Summer School on Tower Hill was opened last Sunday with the usual religious service, the Rev. O. C. Helming, pastor of the University Congregational Church of Chicago, who is a summer resident, preaching the sermon on "Rest," and Mr. Jones conducting the service and making the preliminary announcements.

Miss Bertha Howe is to give three Nature studies a week at 9:30 a. m. These studies will be given partly in the form of informal talks and partly as field work.

Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown will give two morning hours and one evening each week to the interpretation of music, with illustrations by the violin and the human voice.

Mr. Jones' lessons on Primitive Man will be given every morning five days in the week at 11 o'clock. Friday evenings will be given to literary studies.

"The Poets of Nature" was the theme night.

The attendance is prompt and large, and others are coming.

THE FIRST AMERICAN EXCHANGE POET TO GERMANY

This is the age of cultural exchange between the nations, and George Sylvester Viereck, the brilliant young author of "Nineveh" and "The House of the Vampire," enjoys the distinction of being the first American poet to visit Germany in behalf of American poetry. Rudolf Herzog expects to return the compliment from the German side. Mr. Viereck, who may claim to be a unique representative of German-American culture in that he is bi-lingual both in his creative work and in his editorial labors on "Current Literature" and the "Rundschau Zweier Welten," opened his campaign in Berlin University at the end of May. He spoke before the Students' Association, taking as his subject "America, a Country of Poets." In introducing him, Privy Councillor Professor Alois Brandl, Director of the English Seminary in Berlin, paid him a remarkable tribute. "One needs to look back," he said, "as far as St. Augustine to find the autobiography of so youthful an author (referring to Viereck's "Confessions of a Barbarian"), to wander back into the fourteenth century to meet with a poet who expresses himself equally well in two languages." Ludwig Fulda, the distinguished dramatist, who also spoke, said that he felt that he himself had been the first German exchange poet, and told in humorous vein of his initial meeting with Viereck in New York harbor. Fulda regarded Viereck as a unique and characteristic representative of modern poetry in America, as one who had taken upon himself the important mission of establishing closer cultural relations between the Old World and the New. Viereck's lecture was divided into two parts. In the first, he told most effectively how the American poets, repelled by the noise, superficiality and strife of every-day life, had taken refuge in inner problems, social, ethical and philosophical, and that intentionally they had refrained from all that was blatant and even passionate, a circumstance which explains the minor part erotic sentiments play in their works. The poets of America, said Viereck, betray beauty in order to serve ethics alone, and they look for their laurels in religious rather than aesthetic fields. This predominant religious note, he felt, does not always sound great depths, but not infrequently becomes a shallow rhetorical, theological reflection. The second part of the address dealt with contemporary American poets. "There were pictures drawn with the rapidity of the lightning change artist," says the *Berliner Tageblat*. The *Berliner Boersen-Courier* commented on the occasion as follows: "The youthful, slender, agile American guest, thus warmly welcomed, read his lecture from a bulky manuscript, but it was graceful and easy reading, full of warmth and expression, interspersed with occasional improvisations. When Nikolaus Lenau came back from his visit to the New World, he spoke of America as a country where the birds do not sing and the flowers have no fragrance. It took a long while before the Old World learned to understand the New, and only the latter day exchange poets, such as Fulda, Hauptmann, Wolzogen, have carried away cheerful impressions and voiced them warmly and often enthusiastically. America is not only the land of trusts and sky scrapers. Its imagination may find expression in the wizardry of Edison, in stupendous traffic systems; and still it has the imagination of the poet that finds expression in rhyme and rhythm." * *

THE GRANGE AND PEACE

The World Peace Foundation in Boston has published in a special pamphlet entitled "The Grange and Peace" the able and stirring report of the Committee on International Peace adopted by the National Grange at its annual convention in 1909. There have been few more impressive brief impeachments of the war system than this, and there is no doubt that the report expresses the deep convictions of substantially the whole body of American farmers as to the wastefulness and wickedness of war and the monstrous armaments of the nations. The report is signed by Mortimer Whitehead, F. N. Godfrey, C. O. Raine, and N. J. Bachelder, certainly among the strongest names associated with the National Grange. Already in 1907 Mr. Bachelder, in an address before the New York Peace Congress upon "Agriculture and the Peace Movement," had expressed the warm sentiment of the agricultural classes of the United States in behalf of international fraternity and coöperation; and a strong report, animated by the same spirit, was submitted by the Committee on Foreign Relations and unanimously adopted by the same convention of the National Grange, in 1909, which adopted the report of the Committee on International Peace above referred to. This report also is included in the pamphlet issued by the World Peace Foundation. There is also included the resolution adopted by the convention of the National Grange in 1910 endorsing the remarkable work of the International Institute of Agriculture. This resolution expresses with warrant the peculiar pride and satisfaction felt by the Grange in the fact that it is in the field of agriculture that the work of international organization has achieved one of its broadest and most beneficent results. The pamphlet containing all of these important papers is freely distributed by the World Peace Foundation, and all of our agricultural people should carefully study it.

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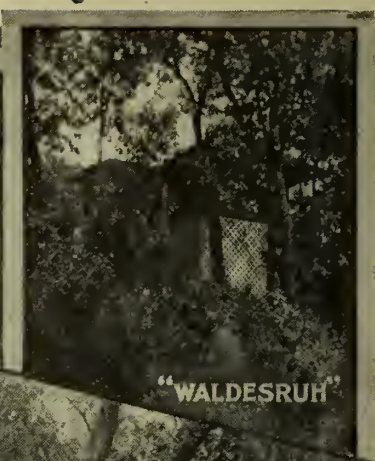
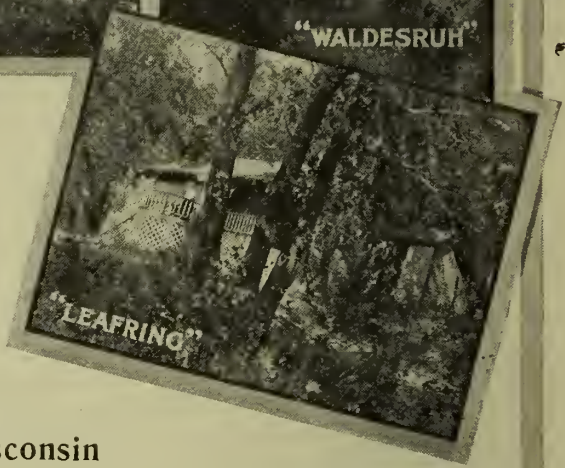


A GROUP OF
TOWER HILL
COTTAGES



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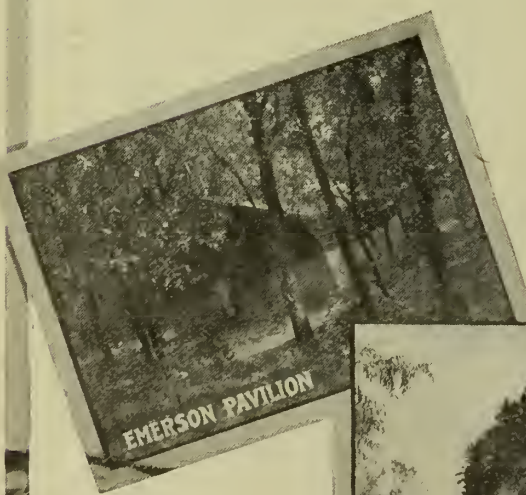

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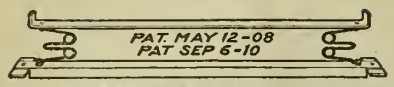

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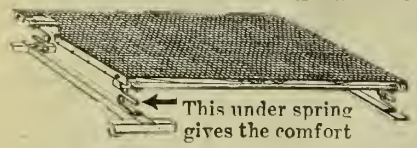

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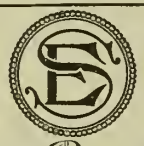

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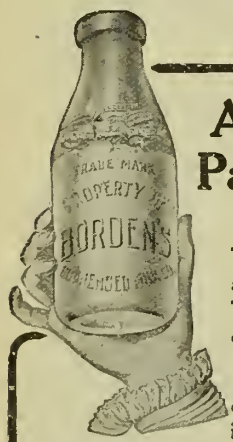

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1911. Number 23.

THE PLAY OF A CHILD

Did some one say that Pan is dead?
  Then what was that sweet sound I heard
  Which first I thought was song of bird,
    But then perceived was far too sweet
    For robin with it to compete?—
I know that Pan not yet is fled!

If still you think 'twas bird's refrain,
  Oh, stand with me beside this tree;
  Yea, stand a moment silently,
    And when the strain again rings out—
    There! hark! Who sways that vine about!
Is that not Pan with dryad train?

Persist you 'tis but sun and shade?
  Why, oaks' and maples' rustling limbs
  Ne'er tuned such sweet outlandish hymns
    As these dear olden runes that seem
    The echo of some Attic dream.
No pipe but Pan's such sounds e'er made!

Nay, comrade, you are surely wrong!
  Rare tones like these no purling brook
  Made e'en in loveliest forest nook.
    Dear Pan himself is hidden there,
    Enshrined within that leafy lair;
'Tis he that ripples thus in song.

You say it is a little child
  With its companions playing there!—
  Red clover-blossoms in its hair,
    Its mother crooning lullabies!
    Ah! that's the sweetest thing there is
If Pan indeed no more runs wild!

Yet what are birds and trees and brooks,
  And what a child and mother fair,
  But Nature sublimate and rare
    Outbursting into sweetest strain,
    Compelling laughter, numbing pain!—
These all are Pan, as in the books!

Boston. James Harcourt West.

The Anti-Smokers' Protective League of America is likely to prove more than a passing sensation if the communications that continue to come to the Editor of Unity are to be regarded as "signs of the times." Says a Kansas City correspondent:

> I smoke, but I feel like saying it does not appear to be good manners or good taste to smoke in public places; and perhaps the same can be said of any time and place, taking into consideration what should be one's normal self-respect and desire for the best living. . . . I hope the movement may become widespread and effective.

Charles E. Slocum, M. D., of Toledo, Ohio, has put forth a timely volume about "Tobacco and Its Deleterious Effects," ten chapters considering its discovery, its place in the vegetable world, its component parts, its poisonous action and how it impairs the functions of body and mind, begets indolence, indifference to well-being, and the general degenerate and corrupting influences of the "weed." The book is sold for $1.00 by the Slocum Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A correspondent writes: "It took me sixty years to learn that I am in the universe, a part of it, infinitely small though it be, therefore interested directly in the welfare of every other part. Therefore it is wrong for me to wantonly destroy anything in nature. I desire and feel it a duty to recognize every man as a brother. The new commandment rests on this conception—the *Fatherhood* of *God,* the *Brotherhood* of *man.*"

The School of Ethics was scarcely closed in Madison, Wisconsin, under the direction of Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer and with the financial backing of the Ethical Association of New York, before a Summer School of Religion was opened in the same place. The interests of the country church, pure milk and how to obtain it, the religious education of children and the influence of Christianity in China were among the subjects discussed. Why not run these two schools together? A Summer School of Ethics and Religion is the thing to work for next.

The *Wisconsin State Journal* has been running a department for some time entitled "Things Accomplished by Wisconsin's Legislature of 1911." Among the public health and sanitary legislations, it enumerates the abolishing of common drinking-cups in all State buildings, prohibiting the display of food products, except fruit and vegetables to be peeled before using, on sidewalks or other places exposed to flies, prohibiting health officers from giving out the names of tubercular persons, (we wonder why), providing for the collection of statistics relating to those suffering from lead, phosphorus, arsenic, mercury and other poisons used in the trade, compelling Boards of Education to clean and disinfect school buildings at least once a year, and after every attack from communicable diseases.

Several years ago Mrs. Charles Henrotin, of Chicago, started the expression which has now become common: "Woman represents the money-spending gender." This rhetorical phrase was meant to represent the fact that women, in the actual career now be-

fore them, and the only legitimate career as some would have us believe, are called upon to invest a large proportion of the money earned by the male gender. It is the woman that must do the shopping for the table and it is her judgment that ultimately obtains in the clothing and oftentimes in the building that enters into the household economy. The University of Wisconsin, in a Bulletin just announced, proposes to make academic Mrs. Henrotin's phrase and to justify it by the hard figures and rigid facts of modern life. This Bulletin claims that ten billion dollars are spent annually in the United States for food, heating and clothing, and that 90 per cent of this vast sum is spent by women who have had no training that would fit them to be wise investors on these lines. This mere statement shows conclusively the line of education necessary to fit the woman to her sphere, and suggests the other argument,—if so large a place is given to woman's judgment in the home, and if she discharges the same with reasonable satisfaction, why not go farther and trust her executive judgment and her economical sagacity in the affairs of the State?

"The Men and Religion Forward Movement" is assuming very definite shape. It aims to become a national movement with headquarters at 124 E. Twenty-eighth St., New York. Roy B. Gild is the Executive Secretary, with James G. Cannon, of New York, Chairman. A list of organizations participating, thirteen in number on the letter-head, represent the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian brotherhoods, with the International Sunday-school Association, the International Committee of Y. M. C. A., and the "Gideons" (commercial travelers), co-operating. The movement assumes the characteristics of a definite, business-like, well organized campaign. It announces that after the 15th of July, Mr. Hugh Weir will become the Publication Secretary of the movement. On Sunday, September 24th next, all the ministers are invited to organize rallies in their churches. All this is well, is very well, but these brothers are trying to move the religious ship forward by working the oars on one side only. This movement will reach many of the men who are out of the churches because of ethical indifference and spiritual stolidity, but it will largely miss that other important non-church-going element that stay away from churches because the churches have ceased to feed them, because they have done more thinking than the preachers have done,—or more at least than the preachers are willing to admit. These men may well return the appeal and say, "O brethren, bring your churches up to the line, reconstruct your antique creeds, recognize current inspirations, adjust the malconnections between science and religion, between the head and the heart. You are right in reminding us that a heartless life is bad, but we with hearts beg to remind you that a headless life is as bad. If you would arouse a new interest in the Christian Church of America, you must arouse the same churches to new thinking and fresh interpretations of the old verities, such as will recognize the sanctities of thought and the inspirations of science and art.

Bi-partisan Politics

The Republican party of Illinois is dangerously torn by factions. The Lorimer Republicans, while anxious to hold on to the party machine, rejoicing in the confidence of the "Old Guard," the never-scratch-the-ticket kind, must make their appeal quietly and behind the curtains, for in an evil hour they fell from their party fealty and sought and found power by compounding with the enemy and securing their majority from the Democratic camp. The Deneen contingency claims to be the respectable middle-of-the-road, never-surrender, administration Republicans, who condemn the bi-partisanship of the Lorimer crowd. The Merriam battalion represents the sincere reformers, the "open protestants" against the vicious element in partisanship. They see clearly that the issues now before the American people run across old party lines. They must understand very well that the "Insurgent" Democrat stands much nearer to them than the "Stalwart" Republican. They have done much to develop the fact that the real issues before the American people today cannot run their lines parallel with any existing political party, and still they hope to somehow make good their title to the word "Republican" and to become residuary legatees to whatever decent elements there may be left in the Republican party, after they have demolished the "machine," retired the "ward-healers" and given a quietus to the "boss." So they are apparently busy in constructing a new machine with which to fight the old machine inside of the Republican party.

Of course, the sympathy of every intelligent voter, believing that progressive politics is identical with civic righteousness, will go to the Merriam faction in the Republican party. In W. Clyde Jones, the dauntless leader of the better elements of the Republican party in the last two legislatures, a young man of high ideals, fine ability, and persuasive personality, they have a candidate for gubernatorial honors worthy the confidence of all good citizens, and deserving of election; but the Independent voter can but wonder why the bi-partisan tactics that served so well the fell forces and the evil tendencies in both parties, might not be used still more effectively in the interests of the sane and ethical tendencies in both parties.

Is it not a case of "the children of the world being wiser in their day and generation than the children of light"? Isn't it another instance of the "Devil appropriating the good tunes" which distressed Luther? The selfish and base elements in politics found they could better advance their interests by combination. The bi-partisanship that elected Senator Lorimer to the United States Senate by such questionable means has been at work in the state of Illinois for many years. There is strong reason to believe that in the City of Chicago and the County of Cook the bad "bosses" have always been ready to work together when by so doing they could better conserve their interests and protect their flanks. The "boodlers" have for many years been willing to divide the spoil,—if the City administration was Republican the County administration was conceded to the Democrats, and vice versa.

The factional condition of the Republican party of Illinois is pretty sure to bring about a defeat of the party on any lines. This makes it an opportune time for the honest partisan within the Republican ranks to use open and above-board, in the interest of integrity and virtue, the tactics that have proved so successful in the "Jack-pot" campaigns of the Lorimer crowd. Why not confess before men and the Lord that the words "Republican" and "Democrat" at the present time convey no consistent meaning, and that the only issues in American politics are issues that cannot be settled by party traditions and present partisan diversions?

The one conspicuous triumph of the Administration thus far, the Reciprocity Act, is a hopeful triumph for two reasons. First, it is the beginnning of the end of the monstrous tariff iniquity in the United States. It is the point of the wedge that will eventually cleave in twain the stick already rotten, guarded monopoly and favored legislation in the interest of the "Interests." The second hopeful triumph is found in the fact that it is a bi-partisan accomplishment, that here the old lines were ignored and Republicans and Democrats stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the interest of reform.

"Bi-partisanship," instead of being a term of reproach, ought to be a prophetic term; an invitation for honest men to stand together in the interests of what they hold in common, regardless of party traditions. Bi-partisanship on high and honest lines is a great advance on partisanship, but "pan-partisanship" is a still better term. When our legislators, City, State and Nation, are prepared to regard each question presented on its merits and vote their convictions irrespective of its "effect upon the party," then, and not till then, shall we have a Democracy and an administration that will be progressive and politics that will be clean and inspiring.

Where there is an issue worthy of a battle-line, by all means let the line be formed, the "parties" be developed, but the time is fast coming when the American people will not be willing to form lines, wear the uniform, and salute the commander whose only word is "Mark time!" Given a "cause," and the commanding word is "Forward!" then the more parties the better.

But let not the progressives in either party be fooled. David, the leader of the hosts of Israel, cannot do battle in the armor of the dead Goliath. Let him use his own sling-shot and he will find a host willing to follow him.

As it is, bi-partisanship is a reproach in Illinois politics, but bi-partisanship is to be the method by which the reproach is to be lifted.

Efficiency

The problem of waste has opened into a department of "efficiency." It is fairly demonstrated that we are wasting not only a large share of our national heritage, but a large share of human efficiency. The human unit stands in actual achievement for something like four-fifths of a labor-value unit. We are coming down to a scientific estimate in these matters. Harrington Emerton figures it in this way, that an ordinary operator with a printing press will spoil two hundred sheets of paper out of a thousand; that a poor operator and poor press will give you only six hundred good sheets; but a thoroughly efficient operator, on a first rate press, will give you nine hundred sheets. This last achievement is not only desirable, but is absolutely required if we seek for living economy and to make failure in business affairs impossible.

When you have reached the nine hundred sheets the real struggle for progress begins, nine hundred and twenty-five is touched, and then nine hundred and fifty. The lower achievements become distressingly disreputable. Apply this problem on the farm, where efficiency is most lacking in these days, and you will find, of five men hoeing corn, that only one gives you maximum results, while two lag so far behind as to lose from one-tenth to one-fifth. Instead of five days of corn-hoeing you get at night about three and a half. Here is a plain waste of nine days each week. Can we make this up in some other way? Will lower wages paid to the poorest laborers make things equal? According to the new doctrine of efficiency it will not. Evidently we must improve the average quality of labor on the farm.

Mr. Gilbreth tells us how he accomplished this with gangs of builders. He had a lot of piles to drive as quickly as possible. He began by raising the pay of all his men twenty-five cents per day, conditioned on

efficiency. He found that he could reduce the time for pulling the bucket out of the hole from four and a quarter minutes to about two and a quarter minutes. He had gained on this movement about one-half. An interesting phase of the question brought out by Mr. Gilbreth is the importance of rest in connection with work. The efficiency mark goes up not wholly in relation to stimulus, that is wages and encouragement, but always in relation to the amount of rest needed and afforded the workmen. In one kind of work it is found that a man must rest twenty-seven units of time to every one hundred units of labor.

It is a positive gain for men to sit down when not at work. Store-keepers gain by keeping stools for their clerks to occupy when not busy. The farmer who throws himself under a tree ten minutes out of an hour comes out ahead in the end. From these estimates we are likely to get a new and more scientific estimate of the Sabbath. Ancient legislation that required a seventh days' rest was scientific. Moses insisted that the Egyptian method of labor was unwise from an economic standpoint. It killed men without regard to anything but immediate achievement. Moses gave the order to rest one-seventh of the time. The new study of efficiency leads to about the same conclusion.

The efficiency plan, when you study it to the bottom, is an appeal to the brain as well as to the hands. It correlates itself with the new movement in our schools; that is, it appeals to the boy or the man to do things as well as comprehend them, and to comprehend them in order that he may do them. It says, Find out how to do this job in the best manner. Learn to enjoy it, as you certainly will if you apprehend it. The movement is going to restore to labor the honor which has been stolen from labor by that mechanical achievement which has had, for some time, growing control of all sorts of work.

It is going to make a new sort of master as well as a new sort of man; for he will no longer be teaching efficiency without growing efficient himself. He will take an interest not only in the cash result, but in the thoroughness of the work. On the one hand he is allied to science, and whatever he is doing he is viewing from a scientific standpoint; on the other hand he is becoming intimate with his workmen. The result socially will be revolutionary, for to him that man stands highest who is brainiest. Social values will be recast. We can congratulate our college boys of the future on their chance to apply whatever they learn that is worth the while to whatever they undertake that is worth the while.

In other words we believe that we are entering on a new age so far as labor and social life touch each other. When man power is estimated scientifically, it follows that the man himself will be socially estimated by his efficiency. He is taken out of the rank of mere laborer and becomes notable. This new science of work takes in, for the farmer, chemistry of the soil and of fertilizers; it will also take in a good deal of geology, and it cannot leave out entomology and ornithology. It will be impossible to work a farm efficiently without an accurate knowledge of the exact relation of birds and insects to crops. Of course more or less of this has been crowding in upon the land-tiller of late, but here is a specific demand for absolute knowledge. The shape of tools and their working capacity is a part of our new estimate. Poor plows will not be tolerated any more than inferior cutting tools. In all cases the man unit of power takes in a knowledge of what he handles.

It is not a system of mere driving for more work; it is rather an effort to eliminate waste of time, waste of motion, waste of indifference and waste of carelessness. It is an effort to inject accuracy of knowledge, ease of position, precision of purpose. It makes men, while accomplishing work. The workman is proud and happy in his scientific skill and is never overworked. We are well aware that we are discussing ideals, but the ideal is definable only in the fact that it has already become more or less real. It is suddenly revealed to us that in our fields and in our shops there has been a good deal of that industrial education for which we have been hoping and laboring in our schools.

E. P. POWELL.

THE BURDEN-BEARERS

"My yoke is easy, my burden is light."
Do I read, O Jesus, thy language aright?
"My yoke is easy,"—but do I not see
The agonized hour of Gethsemane?
"My burden is light"—ah, came not to thee
Some hint of the horror of grim Calvary?

And yet, oh infinite Master of men,
Whose vision transcends our limited ken,
A flash of the truth thy words would impart
Breaks through my prejudice, reaches my heart.

And I learn that the turmoil, the burdens of life,
Forever remain a part of the strife;
That not to evade, but to meet them the plan—
To overcome is the problem of man.

Touch, Gentle Strength, as in the days of old,
Our commonest clay and it shall be bold,
Heroic in battles the mortal must fight;—
And the yoke and burdens of life will be light.

Sauk Centre, Minn. JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

"The Pathway of Roses," by the same author, is in substance much the same as the above volume. It is a continuous round of exhortations to recognize the power of faith and thought in life and to use them in bringing life to its highest attainments. As such it, of course, has a certain value which would be strengthened for many minds were it not continually ignoring physical and social forces in its statements of the processes by which our life is attained. (The Progress Company, Chicago, $1.50 net).

THE PULPIT

Civic Idealism

II. THE CITY SENSIBLE AS A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

By Edwin A. Rumball, Rochester, N. Y.

Most cities are usually celebrated for their senselessness today. They certainly are not beautiful dreams. Often they are the plague spots of our civilization. Here in the cheap lodging house and evil tenement humanity—beloved of God—is making its last stand. Here every year, men, women and children are offered in industrial sacrifice for money; here the home life—foundation of all—is so threatened that it has come to pass in London that the city born disappear in three generations. Yet all is not said if this is all we say. It has not yet come to pass that the gates of the city are mottoed like the gates of Dante's Hell. Democracy and its religion is born and it will capture the cities first.

"In all directions gulfs and yawning abysses,
The ground of society cracking,—the fire showing through,
The old ties giving way beneath the strain, and
The great pent heart heaving as though it would break,—
At the sound of the new word spoken,
At the sound of the word Democracy."

City life is bad, but not all bad. The now famous condemnation of Ambassador Bryce on the cities of America that they are the one conspicuous failure of our democracy is too often thoughtlessly quoted today. It always sounds like an old man weeping over the first pranks of a boy and saying, "he has touched bottom." In all of our cities there is a throb of civic life which spells doom, inevitable doom for all the failures in our democracy. Given the true perspective we are forced to admit that the evil is going and the people are awakening. Our American cities are at the dawn of a new civic era. To us the city is becoming more and more a center of homes as well as of business, and we are determined to make it beautiful and healthy as well as commercially attractive and convenient. The great cities of every age seem to have passed through the stages here suggested. Athens and Rome are first great commercial centers, then come Phidias and Pericles, and the streets are adorned with the trophies of conquest. "First business, commerce and wealth, then culture, beauty and civic activity." The democracy which put such zest into its labor for material wealth, is about to prove to the world that it cannot be satisfied with the commonplace. For all the modern civic awakening, whether it take the form of a city plan or a social survey, whether it call for pure milk or just building codes, is so much dissatisfaction with the un-ideal and commonplace, so much hunger and thirst after the things that belong to God and his ways. It is a glorious thing to share in building the city of men and women. A day of such effort is more than worth an age without a name. That the city has begun to be sensible leads me without any fear of being charged with Utopianism to ask your attention to the beautiful vision of this sensibleness. Let it be said right here that we understand by the City Sensible, the City Practical, the City Healthful, the City Happy, the City Righteous. No city is sensible, even on the basis of self-aggrandisement or protection, the basis of dollars and cents, unless it is striving to ensure these things.

The City Sensible will be first of all a center of "organized friendliness." That is Henry Demarest Lloyd's definition of sociology. When our cities have thrown off their partisan political activities which are really dying today, politics will have more organized friendliness in it. The friendliness of citizen to citizen from communal more than paternal motives will be the rule. Many of the good activities now carried on in the city by private funds will be taken up as legitimate municipal work. That immigrants need advice, help, and home teaching, is not a personal matter, it is a civic matter; whether the boys and girls of our cities are having the right chance in life is more a concern of the City Hall than the office of the Charity Organization. It is not a charity that pure milk should be dispensed at the milk stations, it is but common justice. Yea, it is justice to demand that only the pure should be sold. The municipal activities of Glasgow but indicate the beginning of this civic government of the people, by the people, for the people. I cannot forbear quoting an extreme illustration of this organized friendliness because it has relations to all of our poor and is often their first struggle. The sting of death for the poor is the undertaker's bill. The high cost of dying is one of the first things to force on the poor the meaning of the high cost of living. But the city of Zurich strives to rob death of its sting by a municipal undertaking business. There the rich and poor are all reverently buried with dignity. There is no opportunity for exploitation of the last tender services of love which forms the chief grief and extravagance of the poor today. It will be by the increase of such activities that the modern city will win for itself the love and loyalty which today are misspent on the ward politicians.

The second attribute of the City Sensible will be that it will consider the welfare of its citizens as important an object as industrial development. It has been said that the increase of socialism is the people's protest against the irrelevance of politics. For too many years politics has meant everywhere the holding of office, and partisan activity instead of service to the interests of the people, and it is but natural that if some platform arise which promises humane legislation, that it will attract many. The City Sensible will acknowledge the significant connection between the increase of playgrounds and park centers and the reduction in juvenile crime. The protection of the old time play sites of our growing cities will be so important, that it will be recognized as of more value than the erection of homes upon them. We shall see that our real wealth will be the people and their ideals, the people and the things they love, the people for whom much money should be sacrificed, but who should never be sacrificed for money.

Then the City Sensible will hold that civic virtue is its own reward. One of the principles of darkness that our citizens will try to forget will be that which taught that civic and political activity cannot be had without preferment. We have sometimes said in half excuse of our civic spoils system that the laborer is worthy of his hire. But interest in the welfare of the city is not something given for hire. Love for our homes is not given for reward, and love for the home of homes should not require it. Recently in a New England town the selectmen advertised for a

watchman to patrol the streets at night and in answer there applied a Polish immigrant who had bought a run-down farm in the township and was making it pay. He was asked how much he wanted as wages for the work and he made reply, "Oh, nothing, I love the place so!" To those who know the immigrants such a reply is not startling. They have not yet been harmed by our paltry money standards, and one of the sensible things which will come with the increase of civic idealism will be a return to the primitive virtue of doing things for nothing, or rather for love and loyalty. Then, yet further, the City Sensible will take its share in the great task which the modern social idealists have set themselves—the abolition of poverty. Here let us limit our vision to what will be legitimately thought its aim,—the abolition of poverty of spirit as one of the great causes of poverty, itself the effect of insensible civic administrations. Poverty of money most of us have known, its embarrassment and perhaps even its misery. But who cares about the lack of a dollar so long as the hope is bright and the spirit fresh. But surround people by the things which dull the mind and rob the spirit of its freshness and you create poverty. Squalid environment is one such cause. "Mean streets breed mean men," said John Burns. If you wish to find the happy ones of earth, you do not go to the East Side of New York. If you wish to listen to songs of joy and hope you do not go to the slums behind Whitechapel. These places hold the men and women who in solemn, grim earnestness are struggling not to touch bottom, but who are failing with almost every try. Visit some of the slums of our own city and ask whether after tossing on the beds in those crowded rooms these hot nights, you would feel refreshed and strong to run the race of another day. It is one of the great principles of civic idealism that environment is spiritual as well as economic value. Every man's and woman's fight for the right is so much the stronger or so much the weaker according to the kind of living conditions in which their fellow citizens permit them to exist. The landlord who grows rich or even comfortable on the rent from the kind of houses which are in our congested sections is not only robbing the tenant of health and spirit, but is also depriving the city of good citizenship. The Sensible City may find that many of these troubles lead back to the relation between Capital and Labor and that only a much greater civic and social sense in our business men will bring quiet progress, but wherever the solution is to be found, the city is about to find new obligations resting upon it to interfere on behalf of its citizenship when thus menaced by the greed and ignorance of other citizens. It is not necessary to put this on a wholly idealistic foundation, for the motive of self-protection alone might bring about much civic betterment. The story is told of a lecturer commenting on the heavy tuberculosis death rate among the negroes, saying that therein he saw the solution of the negro problem. He asked that we refrain from giving them hygienic instruction. Let them rot. But these nine millions of negroes are so woven into our common life that they cannot rot alone. So with every social disease, whether tuberculosis, tenement evils, sex sin or bad wages, their significance and power are not for those who endure them, but for all society. "It is not so much what you will do with the negro," says Booker Washington, "as what the negro will do with you and your civilization. The negro can afford to be wronged. But the white man cannot afford to wrong him." You can apply the principle on every side in the life of our modern cities. It is not a question of what you will do with the Italian and Slav and Pole, it is what will they do with you. It is we who cannot afford to pay them low wages, we who cannot afford to have them live in overcrowded rooms, we who pay the price for all our social neglect.

Let the city stand for such idealism and it is not dreaming too much to say that some day the paying of taxes will be an enthusiasm. Let us see how our money is used, see its human touch, suspect no graft and waste, learn how every penny saves homes from fire, supplies water, makes parks, builds up the lives of men, women and children, and the grudging of taxes will be over. The new politicians will build on the feelings of the people just as the old politician, but the emotions of the people will be city wide not ward limited.

This is the new idealism, love and service to the city. Let us bring our religion to bear on these things, remembering that the God of the city is as great an authority on parks and playgrounds, tenement codes and pure milk as on creeds and churches and maybe these days more interested in them.

From Our Foreign Correspondent

It is a trite saying that "All roads lead to Rome," but in Italy it is always true, and after leaving Southern Italy I found myself unable to resist the current of travel.

With some profit and much fatigue I re-visited the usual round of churches, galleries and monuments in Rome. These latter might repay a special and systematic study, beginning with the Coliseum, passing on to St. Peters, and ending with the new monument to Victor Emanuel II., which represents the aspirations of United Italy and was unveiled with great ceremony on the 4th of June. The exposition buildings, even at this late date, are unfinished. The provinces are each represented by a splendid building, but in a city full of old palaces one can hardly appreciate the new ones. The stranger does not come to Rome to see new buildings and they are only of interest to those who, for special reasons, are especially interested.

In a different part of the city are the buildings containing the art exhibit. One wanders with delight and a certain amount of understanding in the English section, but gazes with open-mouthed wonder at the impressionist canvases of many of the other countries and questions what it is all about. The American section, with its Abbeys, Sargents and Vedders, makes one feel that he is among friends. I was pleased to come upon one of Tanner's pictures (our Negro-American artist), which was hung in a prominent place and received a great deal of attention, but not more than the best art judges tell us it merits.

But not even the age, beauty, majesty and cleanliness of this wonderful city could tempt me to remain longer than two weeks, for, while Rome is Rome, cities are cities, and I have learned to dread them; and I am wondering if the final great triumph of electricity may not lie in making it possible for more human beings to take themselves away from these congested centers where they can lead their individ-

ual lives quietly and sanely in the freedom of the broad fields and fresh air.

Naturally one takes the electric car and visits all of the towns in the vicinity of Rome so far as time permits, but it is not often,—fortunately for all concerned in such a case as this,—that he can visit an ancient town so full of historical interest and at the same time find so much history in the making, as now at Viterbo, once a papal town, fifty miles from Rome, where one of the greatest trials of modern times is taking place. I must confess that my interest in the town was secondary to that of the trial, and at the earliest opportunity I took the necessary steps to gain admission. Doubtless the American papers have dealt with this trial and as I have not seen them I may be telling a twice-told tale. In southern Italy one hears the word "Camorra" applied in all manner of ways. If you protest that you have been overcharged, your cabman indignantly asks if you think him guilty of Camorra. If you say that your change contains coins which will not pass, you are assured that it was all a mistake and that this is not the Camorra. It is said that the Camorra has been one of the most powerful and best organized associations for extortion in the world, and this trial marks the climax of the struggle between it and the government,—a struggle which has lasted over a period of four years. The crime which led to the trial was the murder of a man and his wife named Cuocolo, of Naples. This man was a retired and wealthy member of the society. The civil police made a slight investigation of the case and also made a few arrests.

Among those who testified in behalf of the prisoners was a priest, who was found to be related to one of the chiefs. The case was then dropped for a time and the prisoners were released. A socialist member of parliament who, it was said, did not owe his election with the organization and suggested that the government to the Camorra, hinted that the police were in league ment should intrust the investigation to the Carbineers, a picked corps of men belonging to the regular army who are really soldiers rather than policemen, and are assigned special duties.

The government adopted the suggestion and the Carbineers went to work on the case, with the result that it was set for trial about the first of March. For obvious reasons, the case was taken away from Naples.

Practically all the chiefs of the Camorra have now been arrested and there is a possibility that the murder of a Camorrist may be avenged, but no one can foretell the result. It has now dragged through four months and there are still hundreds of witnesses to examine. I have tried to follow the newspaper accounts, but unless one is an expert in such cases it is almost impossible to do so, and I am filled with respect for the attorneys, judges and jury who can keep a clear head while wading through written evidence which fills fifty folio volumes and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and which includes the reports of the Carbineers and all of the proofs collected by examining judges during the past four years' investigation of the case.

An old Franciscan church has been converted into a Court House for this trial and one has a very curious sensation on entering at seeing the uses to which it is put. Where the altar formerly was, sit the judges and king's counsel, impressively robed in cap and gown. On the right of the judges in the nave is the jury,—fifty members in all, I am told, who alternate with each other in attendance. In the left nave is a huge iron cage capable of accommodating one hundred men. In this sit forty of the prisoners surrounded on all sides by soldiers who stand around them on guard like statues. These are relieved every hour. In a smaller cage sits Abbatemaggio, the one member who has turned state's evidence. He is especially guarded, and seems to bear his conspicuous isolation like a stoic, except when he sees an acquaintance in the audience, when he smiles at him pleasantly. Directly in front of the judges sit the lawyers for both sides. The priest and the present head of the Camorra sit outside of the cage and away from the other prisoners. They have been accorded this privilege because of some physical infirmity. I did not see the necessity of the cage until a witness was called to the stand. His answers did not meet the approval of one of the prisoners, who suddenly arose and denounced the testimony in no uncertain terms. Curiously enough, the excited talker was allowed to continue until he had finished, when of course the lawyers interfered and for five minutes or more lawyers, judge and prisoner were wildly gesticulating and all talking at one time. No lawyer is permitted to speak without wearing his heavy gown, but as the day was very warm many had discarded the robe and when a point arose in the testimony which they wished to meet there was a wild scurrying for the garment, giving the appearance of a tearing of clothes and adding to the general confusion of the court-room; and for a time it seemed as if the lawyers themselves might be placed in a cage with good effect. I was given a chair very near the cage and sitting next me were two agitated women who I was told were related to some of the prisoners. Their faces were drawn and tense and they listened breathlessly to the testimony, twisting and tying their handkerchiefs and aprons in the greatest agitation.

Nowhere is one more impressed with the value of a neat personal appearance than in such a place as this. We are told that each prisoner has in the past been under indictment for from two to six crimes, but to all appearance the group of forty well-dressed men in the cage compared favorably with an equal number of us taken at random in the audience. The priest looks not unlike hundreds of others whom one sees, and the leader,—a man of education who has been a teacher,—has all the appearance of a grand signor. I spent most of the day in the court-room and finally saw the prisoners hand-cuffed together and taken away at the end of the day's session. It was a dramatic scene and well worth spending one's time to see, if only for the sake of realizing to what extremes an organization can go.

The history of the Camorra shows that it was originally started for the purpose of protecting the rights of the common people against the wrongs inflicted by the rich and powerful, and it gradually added the worst elements of power to itself until we have now arrived at the culminating point in its history. The state is spending millions of *lire* in its prosecution and the Camorra seems to have an unlimited amount of money for its own defense.

Not only Naples and Italy but the whole civilized world will await the end of this trial with interest for its ramifications extend everywhere.

Viterbo, Italy, May 20, 1911. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

THE STUDY TABLE

Vacation Books

I take it that not a few of UNITY readers are campers, when they can be, but I wonder if they have ever got hold of a book that would help them from A to Z in running a single camp economically and, shall I say, without losing the poetry of Nature. I have just such a book, only it was not published this year. If you despise books that are over one year old let this one alone, but if you want something thorough and in itself charming get "Wilderness Homes," a book about the log cabin by Oliver Kemp, and published by The Outing Publishing Company. There is nothing that I long for so much as books illustrated to the text. Readers do not understand this matter as unfortunate authors do. Now this book of Mr. Kemp's does not tell one thing with the type and another with the illustrations. In that it is a unit, and it is just right. Its descriptions are simple, and its plans are for common people.

From Macmillan's I have received "The Cruise of the Snark," by Jack London. It is a thoroughly entertaining book, but to my taste it is tedious. It is nearly impossible to distinguish Mr. London's sincerity from his jocularity. Anyone who reads his second chapter will doubt whether he ever took the trip which he claims to have taken around the world, in a leaky, rotting old hulk,—unmanageable and unmanned. I am inclined to think that Mr. London is too anxious to make books and to raise money to pay for his Snarks. However, there is a deal of good stuff in the volume, if you desire mainly to be entertained.

E. P. POWELL.

Some Books on Religion

"The Unexplored Self," by George R. Montgomery, Ph. D., bears the sub-title "An Introduction to Christian Doctrine for Teachers and Students." The book is not, as the sub-title might suggest, intended to form an introduction to the study of the historic doctrines of the church; but is rather an independent statement of truth as seen by the author, who, as he says, before his graduation from the university declared it to be the intention of his life to "discover as far as possible the purpose in existence, and so far as that purpose was found, to carry out my share in it." The statement is therefore in the nature of a confession of faith. It is independent, unconventional and vital. A few of the chapter-headings will indicate the character of the work: "The Worth of Man," "The Divinity of Christ," "The Living Christ," "Self-giving," "Kinship and the Cross," "Under Authority," "Doubt a Shrinking Back," and "Faith and Apprizal." It will be found suggestive and vital. (G. P. Putman's Sons, New York, 250 pp., $1.25 net).

"Life in the Making," by Loren B. Macdonald, is one of the most stimulating and helpful statements of the best theological thought of the day that has come to the reviewer's hands. Mr. Macdonald is a pragmatist, and the book bears the sub-title, "An Approach to Religion Through the Method of Modern Pragmatism." True to his school of philosophy he holds the dynamic view of life, that man is in the making; religion, art, and all that proposes to help in making life must be tested by experience. The application of the principle to religion is thorough-going. Starting only with the known facts of individual and racial experience, the author moves irresistibly to the truth of the helpfulness of religion in life. Something of the style as well as the purpose of the book is revealed in the following words from the preface: "It has been taken for granted that, in some way or other, man's life on earth is safer, worthier, happier with religion than without it. All the more unfortunate it seems, therefore, that this desirable treasure should have been offered to man at the price of an intellectual sacrifice which he is sometimes not willing to make. Must the only entrance to a temple so beautiful and inspiring always be that of some difficult creed or doctrine? Shall man forever be expected to perform some strenuous and, to many, impossible mental feats in the form of belief and assent before he can enter in and enjoy its harmonies? He is not called upon to yield that intellectual tribute at the shrine of other great emotional and spiritual experiences. Art and music, for instance, do not demand any humiliation on the part of reason and intelligence before they can come with their blessed ministry to human needs. Why should not the religious interest, supposed to be of far more significance to life than these, offer its ministry on terms equally acceptable?" Get the book and read it. It cannot fail to interest and help the man who is seeking a clear and satisfactory statement of the religious values in life. (Sherman, French, and Co., Boston, 1911; $1.20 net).

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

A Human Document

UNITY must have many readers who remember Pastor T. Grafton Owen, long of Arcadia, Wisconsin, a country-side poet and preacher with remarkable power for good over young people, a man of unique character who had many striking experiences and influenced for good many hundreds of people. It was a joy and blessing to know him. There are certainly scores of men and women in the Middle West who hold his memory in most tender regard. He has long been in feeble health and he is now nearly ready for the life more abundant.

A daughter, Mrs. Parsons, of Seattle, has put into a beautifully printed volume of nearly 200 pages a selection from his writings which bears the quaint title, "Drippings from the Eaves." The first half contains his autobiography, simple, original, intensely interesting: a life story most attractively told. The second half gives his writings in prose and poetry. All these pieces have touches of beauty and messages of cheer. Some things are exquisitely fine. The book is a worthy record of a worthy life. The book was not printed for public sale but for his admiring friends. I hear, however, that a few copies may be had for $1.75 by sending to his son-in-law, Hon. E. F. Hensel, Whitehall, Trempealeau county, Wisconsin. Also, a personal word of loving cheer from his old friends would brighten his closing days.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, Janu ary 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL NOTES

The "long summer days" are all too short on Tower Hill, and the summer is all too fleeting. The Hill population is at its maximum, with every cottage full. One new cottage covered with a pretty gray building paper and topped with a dark red roof which contrasts pleasantly with the dark green foliage under which it nestles, is just completed and another is just begun.

The summer school is half over. Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown, of Indianapolis, occupies an hour two mornings and one evening of each week with a study in musical interpretation and appreciation. She is assisted by her daughter, Miss Brown, who charms her listeners with her violin, "the singing wood," and Miss Essex, also of Indianapolis, a vocalist with rare charm of voice and manner.

Friday morning was a study for children with piano, violin and voice, but few of the grown people were absent. The interpreter pleaded for music with meaning, feeling and relation for children no less than for adults, and she and her assistants illustrated her theme with songs, both instrumental and vocal, from Stevenson, Schumann, Reinecke and others. Music has justified itself this week "in the interpreter's house" as the art which "expresses the inexpressible," and I believe no listener will go away without a deeper sense of its true meaning, purpose and power.

Three mornings a week Miss Bertha Howe, of Chicago, occupies the class in the study of birds, flowers and ferns, "naming the birds without a gun" and the flowers without destruction. Studies are held in the pavilion and walks are taken on the Hill and in the marsh, and members are vying with each other in listing and becoming familiar with the wild things of the neighborhood.

The latter half of five mornings a week is used by the conductor of the Hill in the study of comparative religions. This year these studies center in the life of primitive man, but they are brought down to date and usually end in hot discussions of present day problems. E. H. W.

THE CORRECTION FARMS OF CLEVELAND.

With so many states and municipalities considering the possibility of working convicts in the country, it is interesting to look about and see what has been actually accomplished in this direction. For this method is no longer a matter of conjecture. There are examples enough to show the advantage it is to the state and to the convict to give him employment outdoors.

The Cleveland farms for this purpose are at Warrensville, a few miles from the city. The buildings are not yet completed, yet more than 1,600 in all have been transferred from the city to the correction farms, and enough has been done to show what will be the final result.

The farms consist of 800 acres, partly in woods, partly in cultivated land and pasturage, and much of it in old pear and apple orchards. These have been fine orchards in former days, for the trees show that they were once large and vigorous. The marks of age are on them now, but they are gradually being replaced by young trees, and this will be continued till each of the two farms has one hundred acres of orchards. Raising the fruit, preparing it for market, and canning the surplus will constitute a great industry. Fortunately for the value of this experiment, the land, though it is good for agricultural purposes, is worn out from lack of care. That gives the superintendent a chance to show what he can do to bring it up to productivity, and for this work the untrained help that comes to him through the department of charities and correction is available. Indeed, some of those who best understand the value of this work advocate selecting the poorest land to be had and then developing it to the height of its possibilities through convict labor, much of which would not be of a much higher order than that employed with brilliant success by Ellen C. Johnson, for many years superintendent of the Massachusetts Reformatory Prison for Women. Whenever she added uncultivated land to her farm she transferred to it her portable pens and their occupants, shifting them frequently, till the whole surface had been thoroughly grubbed up by the ceaseless, unpaid labor of her industrious pigs. Short term prisoners, of reasonable strength of body, ought surely to be as useful agriculturally as these four-footed delvers in the soil. The very fact that the Cooley farms must have their productive powers increased by drainage, tilling and fertilizing is on the whole an advantage in view of the kind of labor to be employed. There seems to be no question that the fertility then will be so great that the expense of carrying on the institutions—the house of correction, the infirmary, and the tuberculosis hospital—will be greatly lessened and the food supply vastly improved over what it could be in the city. Meat and dairy products are to be raised on a large scale, all under the guidance of experts from the state agricultural experiment station.

There has been some criticism of the fact that the tuberculosis hospital is so near the house of correction. As a matter of fact they are not near each other but at least a mile apart. The tract of land is so large and the institutions so wholly separate in every way, that it is only on paper that they may be said to approach each other. Both are under the direction of the general superintendent of charities and corrections.

The house of correction at the Cooley farm is built in the form of a hollow square, with a beautiful court-yard, green and restful, in the center. For the obdurate there are individual rooms or cells, but for the well-disposed there are great airy dormitories with clean beds, suitable washing and bathing facilities, sunshine, good food, and excellent discipline and care.

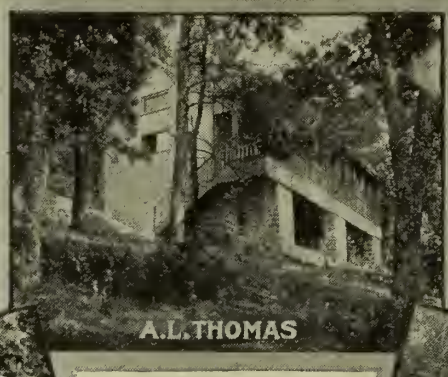
Good discipline does not imply any lack of humane treatment. The superintendent of charities and correction, James F. Jackson, in his last report speaks of one important problem in the working out of this scheme, as follows:

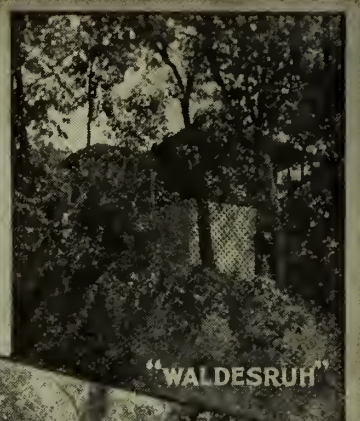
"That problem is the conduct of the institutions in a manner to bring the greatest happiness to those who inhabit them. In fact, this is the primary object of all our work and only so far as all other considerations forward this object can they be tolerated. Sanitary surroundings and clean housing for the promotion of health, some labor consistent with the individual's strength for occupying his time and instilling habits of thrift and industry, proper arrangement of inmates to bring the greatest good to the greatest number, recreation, healthful food, and kindly, considerate treatment are all necessary to secure this end."

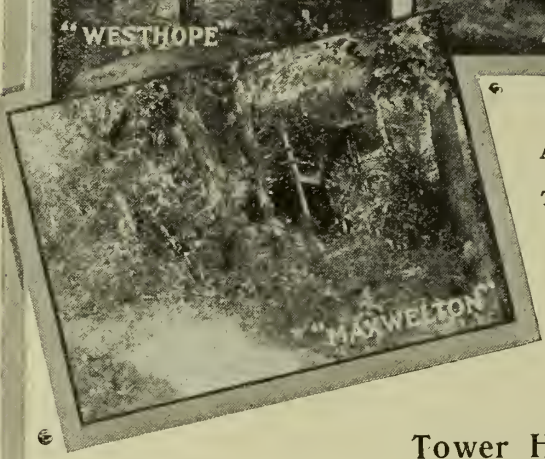
He commends especially the efforts of the men in charge in behalf of cripples and the insane, and the plan for rewarding conscientious labor, as well as the efforts to keep all prisoners engaged in some work.

The parole system has its share in the success of this institution. Last year 470 prisoners were paroled, of whom eighty-five per cent "made good." The night school, under a trained and licensed teacher, contributed still further toward fitting these men to lead a decent life when they left the institution.

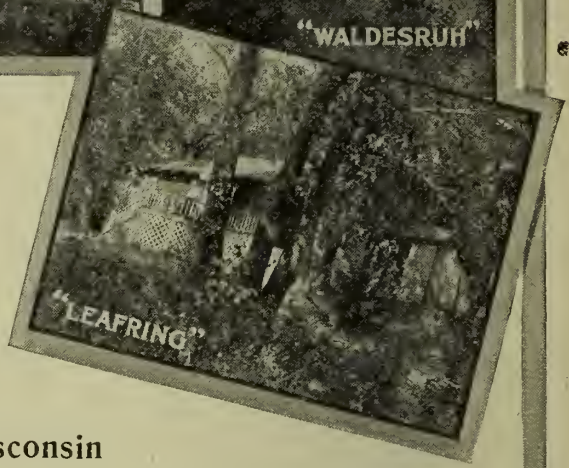
—Isabel C. Barrows, in the Survey.







A GROUP OF
TOWER HILL
COTTAGES



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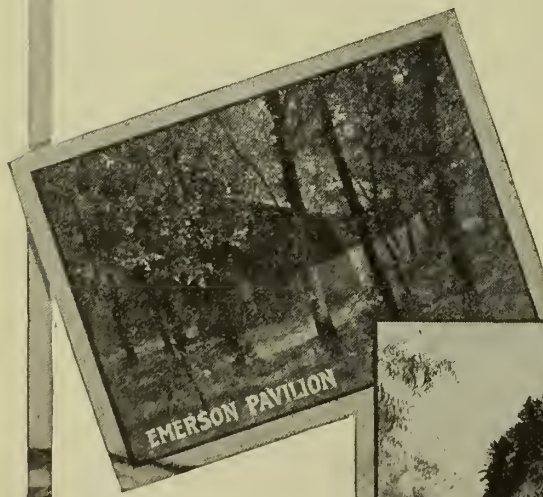

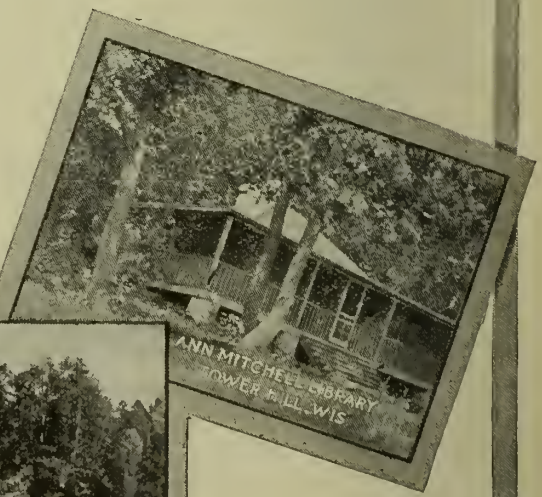

Volume LXVII CHICAGO, AUGUST 10, 1911 Number 24

UNITY

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Official Organ of the Congr[illegible]

University of Illinois

MY RELIGION

Fair to the sight these spires that high
  O'er Gothic piles their crosses bear;
But dearer to my spirit's eye
That simple scene beneath the sky,
  Where Jesus led the twelve in prayer.

Yes, I find beauty in the nave
  That darkling leads to shrines of gold;
But greater in its power to save,
That vision by Capernaum's wave,
  Where Christ his childlike stories told.

The ritual's pomp, the brilliance shed
  From crosier-gem and vestment-zone,
Strike awe; but once the wonder fled,
My eyes behold a holy head
  That sleeps upon a hillside stone.

Because our prelates ride in state,
  Complaining word I will not speak;
But let me with those few abide
Who trudge the highway at the side
  Of Christ the Prophet poor and meek.

The tomes that wise divines have writ,
  The creeds that sunder us apart,
Too many martyr-fires have lit,
Consigned too many to the pit;
  Enough my Master's winsome heart!

Cleveland, Ohio. WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

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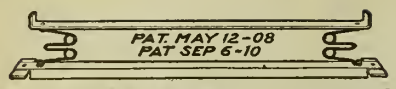
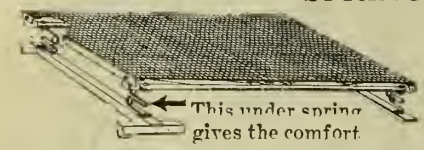
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO



NABER UNDER SPRING



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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1911. Number 24.

THREE COUNSELLORS

It was the fairy of the place,
  Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
  The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"
  Then quietly itself was gone;
Yet echoes of its mute caress
  Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within
  Who called, "Awake, prepare for fight:
Yet lose not memory in the din:
  Make of thy gentleness thy might:

"Make of thy silence words to shake
  The long-enthroned kings of earth:
Make of thy will the force to break
  Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing soul
  Who counselled neither war nor peace:
"Only be thou thyself that goal
  In which the wars of time shall cease."

—*A. E.*

What a sad prostitution of a great name is that when a band of "Lorimer Republicans," reactionary traditionalists, undertake to conjure by the name of Lincoln. Has it come to this, that such people should try to save their face by calling themselves the Lincoln Club?

Governor Woodrow Wilson justified the confidence of his friends who think him a man above party and geographical lines, when he went to Indianapolis, picked up their successful Superintendent of Schools, Professor C. M. Kendall, and made him Commissioner of Education for the State of New Jersey. Other educators, and still more particularly educational boards, will do well to follow the example of the progressive Governor. The "in-and-in-breeding," the "encouraging of home products," which too often prevails with school boards will never beget the highest results. Get the best there is in the market whenever it is offered, is the better rule.

A private letter from our Associate, Edwin D. Mead, written in London, says:

We held campaign meetings in Edinborough, Dundee, Hull and Nottingham, and are just beginning our work in London. The excitement here over the Lords' Bill is intense. The thing will be settled, and I am sure settled rightly, this week. How the English people have tolerated so long and so patiently so preposterous a Senate as the House of Lords, always allied to one party, is amazing.

The meetings referred to were held under the auspices of the Peace Congress organizations. Last week Mr. Mead addressed the prophetic "Universal Races Congress" in London, his subject being "International Organization for Inter-racial Good Will." We hope to give our readers the full text of this address at an early date.

W. Clyde Jones, whose name we have been glad to mention in these columns as a leader of the most progressive element of the Republican party, recently delivered in East St. Louis what the paper calls the "opening cannon in the Illinois Primary fight." He declares for the Referendum and Initiative and Recall, the direct election of Senators and National Convention delegates, an advisory vote on President, a "Corrupt Practice" act, which will require the publication of campaign expenses before and after election, the strengthening of bribery laws, the destruction of the "spoil" system, preventing the use of patronage as a means of bribery, the strengthening of the Civil Service law, and the "Short Ballot," electing the fewest possible men to do the work, and demanding that all of them be efficient. He held up Wisconsin, California, Oregon and New Jersey as model states for Illinois to follow.

The recent Prison Congress did a very rational thing in insisting that the earnings of convicts should be used in part at least for the benefit of those dependent upon them. There is no satisfactory excuse for sending a man to prison, where his wages are cut off entirely, leaving his family to pauperism. His children and his wife, often constituting large families, and generally incompetent to take care of themselves, are made to suffer the penalty more than the prisoner himself. Pennsylvania now proposes that men convicted of deserting their wives and families and leaving them destitute shall be set to work at some profitable occupation, and their wages paid to their deserted families. There is not only justice in this proposition but common sense. It is one more item in the general charge that our public affairs are not conducted on business principles. If Senator Aldrich can save three hun-

dred millions by reducing Government expenses to a business system, we can save in other directions on a similar scale.

The program for the Sixth Annual Session of the Tower Hill Woman's Congress is nearly complete. These meetings, beginning Friday night, August 11, and ending Sunday evening, August 13, will close according to custom the very successful session of the Tower Hill Summer School. The following are some of the subjects and speakers to be presented: The opening address will be given by the President, Miss Lutie E. Stearns, on "What is Happening in the American Home"; Mrs. Lucy Page Steele, of Washington, D. C., will speak on "The Work of the Woman's Welfare League of the National Civic Federation"; Miss Mary Turner, of Oshkosh, "Some Modern Phases of Education"; Wilbur C. Phillips, of Milwaukee, "Child Welfare Work"; Mr. C. G. Galpin, of Madison, "Survey of Rural Communities, What May be Accomplished Through United Effort"; Rev. J. H. Bullock, of Richland Centre, "What Our Community Has Done for Civic Betterment"; William Toole, Skillet Creek, "The Farmers' Neighborhood Club"; Mrs. W. P. Leak, "The Improvement of the Home"; Mrs. W. H. Crosby, Racine, "An Old-fashioned Thing"; Dr. Bertha B. Thompson, of Oshkosh, "Woman's Dress and Woman's Health." Sunday morning the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. Frank A. Gilmore, of Madison, will speak, and Sunday afternoon Jenkin Lloyd Jones will give a Memorial Address on Julia Ward Howe. Sunday evening Bert Hall, of Milwaukee, will speak on the "Big Brother Movement," and the Rev. O. C. Helming, Pastor of the University Congregational Church of Chicago, will speak. The accommodations of Tower Hill will be fully occupied by the delegates, members and invited guests, but interested visitors will probably find on application accommodation at the Hillside Home School or the village hotel in Spring Green, three miles away.

Scribner's for August has a note on the "Clergy in Fiction" that provokes comment. It starts out with this statement:

"Old as well as reprehensible is the habit of inserting into a comedy of manners, the lay figure of a clergyman for the single bald purpose of poking fun at him."

From this text the writer proceeds to review the "Stock Company Clergyman" in letters for two hundred years, and a sorry lot it is that is conjured before the imagination of the fiction reader. Macaulay is quoted as saying that the preacher figured largely in the comedy of the Seventeenth Century. The preacher as an ameliorating element in society, a worthy factor in the community, it would seem, has scarcely yet entered fiction. But this writer apparently forgets the good Bishop in "Les Miserables," and the struggling Gerard, who so tragically copes with the superstition and dogmatism of his day in the "Cloister and the Hearth," though he does remind us that the "free thinker," George Eliot, has given us Mr. Fairbrother, in "Middlemarch," and Dr. Kim, in the "Mill on the Floss," and he might have mentioned "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. He seems to expect better things in the future, remembering the "Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," Owen Wister's "Bishop of the Plains," and Mrs. DeLand's "Dr. Lavender." But this editor misses his opportunity when he closes with no higher request than that Mr. Cable, Mr. Wister, or another, would some time portray for us "the fox-hunting parson of Old Virginia." Find us the novelist who will paint us the plain, honest, earnest friend of the poor, the counselor of the young, the comforter of the aged, the man who enjoys the confidence and comradeship of the college-trained physician, teacher and lawyer of the community in which he lives; the man who is not only a persistent student of public welfare, but diligent in the application of his studies; the man who helps organize, and who oftentimes is most skillful in executing associated charities and civic reforms; the man who is generally the best informed man in the community on social problems, who, while interested in the politics of his day is to a degree independent of the partisan spirit; the man who reads science, and tries to interpret its conclusions in terms of ethics; the man who, while trying to serve the present, would appreciate and conserve the past. This kind of a preacher may be a stranger in the realm of romance, but he is not a stranger in real life, his number is multitude, and the man of letters worthy the name will find him in country side and in villages and cities small and large. Ibsen demonstrated his contemporary vision by putting into most of his social dreams a physician as a man of science, public spirited, progressive; a greater than Ibsen who would interpret the real forces of society as it is today in poetry, fiction or drama, will find thousands of these clergymen to his hand if he be gifted with the open vision. One but needs to read the history of our own country and watch the forces at work, to realize how extensive is this neglected material lying all around the modern novelist, material which he seems not to see. Let the names of Channing, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Bushnell, Bishop Whipple, Phillips Brooks, Henry W. Bellows and Robert Collyer, and the many followers of whom these are but the more conspicuous representatives, suggest to the man of letters the long line that permeates modern society with sanity.

"This is philosophy: to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last."

"Remember the Maine!"

An ominous silence seems to have fallen upon the American Press concerning the work in the Havana Harbor that is bringing to the light of day again the buried hulk of the lamented, lamentable battleship that bore the heroic name of "Maine"; but we are told there is great enterprise manifested by the Spanish journals, and that the papers of Spain are full of vivid illustrations and jubilant headlines.

Perhaps the most that is to be exepected from the American side is a report that the cause of the explosion is still a mystery and will always remain so. Be that as it may, we believe that there is already a settled conclusion in all quarters that the unfortunate fate of the "Maine" was visited upon it by one of the numerous internal defects and aptitudes to accident which characterize all the highly complex contrivances entering into a modern battleship. If this be true, the "Maine" is only one, albeit the cruelest "accident" of many that have visited the American Navy since the invention of the "ironclad."

The full revealments of the Havana Bay catastrophe may perhaps bring about a sad but needed disillusion, and the horrible sacrifice of life may not be wholly useless if it leaves its permanent lesson,—a distrust of the passions, a growing confidence in the calmness and deliberation of the sober second thought.

"Remember the Maine!" was in 1896 the exciting cry on city streets and in country villages. It was screamed from the recruiting platform and printed in scarcely less screeching headlines. It was uttered with bated breath between the beats of the recruiting drum, as young patriots took the soldier's oath, turned their backs on home and peace and faced war and death.

Of course there were other diplomatic, patriotic and humanitarian interests that precipitated the United States of America into a war with Spain. Of course the ostensible reasons and the recorded justification of the same to be found in the archives of the Government make no account of the "Maine" mystery, but those who lived through that period cannot doubt for one moment that the misfortune of the "Maine" fanned the war spirit into a flame. It made the recruiting lively, it was the last precipitant dropped into a solution already full of explosive material, and the lamentable war—what war is not lamentable?—followed.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant for the enlisted man, "Avenge your comrades"; meant to the young man in civic life, "Resent the insult to the flag, vindicate the honor of the United States, prove the superiority of Democracy to Monarchy, down with Despotism! out on the degenerate Spaniard! banish the base intruder from the western hemisphere! now is the time to assert the Monroe Doctrine,—America for Americans!"

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant to the politician a chance to demonstrate the virility of the administration, an opportunity to unite the Republican factions; it meant something worth while for the Republican incumbents to do.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant to the statesman, particularly south of the extinct and well-nigh forgotten Mason and Dixon's line, an opportunity to forget old hurts, to reconcile the old factions, to cement again the broken brotherhood between the North and the South. These "statesmen," with heartless logic, consoled broken-hearted mothers, widowed wives and blighted sweethearts with the assurance that the blood shed on San Juan Hill, the Spanish soldiers killed and the Americans maimed, were profitable investments, quite worth the while, because the boys from Georgia and the boys from Minnesota stood side by side; because the commanders who wore the Grey and those who wore the Blue in '61 to '65, fought together for the routing of the Spaniard.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1896 meant to the men of science,—the engineers and the tacticians,—a much needed opportunity to test their inventions, to prove their mechanisms and to bring the discipline of the Army and Navy up to war standards.

"Remember the Maine!" in 1911, only fifteen years later, means to the wise student of history, what a bad way of doing the right thing! what a cruel way of helping the oppressed! How unjust was our estimate of our "enemy"; for, at the end, all that needed doing might have been accomplished by diplomacy and reason and the arts of peace, without the horrible demoralization of war.

"Remember the Maine!" means today, remember the sad degeneracy of the United States when it fell into a "World Power," when it began to mouth the words that are an offense to Democracy, namely, "conquest," "possession," "dependencies," "subject races," and "conquered territory."

"Remember the Maine!" in 1911 means: Remember how what began in an impulse to befriend the weak ended in a wild hilarity over the conquest of an innocent and remote people. In fifteen years only, the old patriotism enkindled by this cry has turned out to be a humiliation, a perplexity, an unsolved embarrassment, a confessed disappointment.

"Remembering the Maine!" we are now able to see that the Spaniards had their perplexities with their dependencies, and we have inherited their perplexities and are always in imminent danger of repeating their mistakes and sharing their dishonor.

"Remembering the Maine!" we see how we exaggerated the degeneracies and underestimated the excellences of the Spanish world in Europe and Amer-

ica. In these fifteen years we have learned much that is admirable in the Spanish-American countries. The readers of UNITY, through the frequent contributions of Frederick Starr and others, have often been reminded that the North American people with their North European background, the boasted Anglo-Saxon cult, have much to learn even in the realm of art, the industries and commerce, from the South American people with their Spanish background.

"Remembering the Maine!" one is led to inquire whether, in the Spanish-American War, we have not another illustration of the old Bible paradox: "It is better to go to a house of mourning than a house of feasting." That war did more for Spain, the "conquered," than it did for the United States, the "conqueror."

"Remember the Maine!" is a phrase still to conjure by, but now it is an appeal to reason, an invitation to sympathy, and, above all, a prod to our consciences, a call for us to amend our mistakes, to replume our ideals, to distrust our passions, to discount our provincialisms, to avoid the patriotism that engenders hatred, to believe more and more in the arts of peace, to distrust more and more the glamor of war, the fallacies of cannon arguments and "big stick" logic.

"Remembering the Maine," we will regret our haste, confess our blunders, love our enemies, and hasten to make amends for the indignity offered to Democracy in the way we acquired "possession" (!) of the Philippines, and for many things that have transpired in our treatment of the same.

GENESIS

Who am I that I count this body mine?
Who measured out the elemental stuff
And balanced each to each, so much
Of this to what should be of that? And said
The balance struck was only aver weight
Of meat and bone and animal? Whence came
The color-curtains side by side, a-shift
With such pure ease? Who sprung the arch
Which swings the temple-dome of God in man?
Whose hand laid back the throne-room and went in
And fixed the convolutions row on row
And brushed the unborn dust of heritage
Into the corner and then went away
To do a further service? Where was I
When nature's color-card put tint and tone
Into the artery and sent it forth
Pounding its unwrit message down the world
From dome to basement, from the center-rim
To furthermost circumference? And when
The finished thing lay, dust and ash
Upon the threshold of the physical,
Who spoke the word and breathed the breath
That it became a living soul, endowed
With spirit, personality and God?
And need I name a name and say a date
To fix the record of the Infinite
Across a little world I call my home
When he has many worlds and many homes
Within the hollow of his mighty hand?

Humboldt, Iowa, Unity Manse. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

THE PULPIT

Civic Idealism

III. THE CITY BEAUTIFUL AS A PRACTICAL PLAN

By EDWIN A. RUMBALL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Man has always passed from one stage of appreciation to another, but it was a notable day in his evolution when there came to his soul the hunger for the beautiful. This gave every assurance of becoming a joy forever. Then it was that the slave became the beloved wife, the shelter became the home, and man began to see in all things the possibilities of harmony and gracefulness. The passing from the City Commercial to the City Beautiful, where Beauty becomes a commercial asset is but the modern widening of this growing vision. It is sometimes thought that a plan for a city is a subject only for city engineers, architects and real estate men. But if the whim of these men has decided the manner of growth which the city has had in the past, we cannot say that their work justifies us in still leaving it in their hands. The legitimate desire of men to express themselves, their wishes and ideals, has become an exploitation of the desires of others. To only see the industrial possibilities of a city and endeavor to use all things, waters for power, lands for buildings, hills for gravel, to bring about industrial success may be a tremendous trespass on the rights of those who see more permanent good in rivers and falls and hills.

It was a great day for our city when a group of citizens financially able to carry out their wish, decided that we could have a plan and that whatever senseless development there might be in the future, it would not be done in ignorance of the true vision. If any criticism is to be made of the work of our Civic Improvement Committee it is that they have obtained the plan for the people before obtaining the people for the plan. It does not do to assume that such things can come to pass without the wish and enthusiasm of the people behind them. Had we gone slowly and by a thorough civic betterment campaign shown the need for a plan, there would be more support of it now, and politicians would see reasons for its adoption. "Public opinion is not found ready made," and until we are able to show the politicians what voters want, we must not expect them to want it.

We choose to advocate the city plan this week, because with the civic idealism which should always form part of our spiritual idealism, it is also a step forward towards that city of our vision when all that is petty, mean, ugly, and unjust shall have passed away and the lives of the men, women and children in our homes shall thereby be made happier.

First, let us say that by the City Beautiful we mean the City and not only a street or a first-class residential district. Ruskin has said somewhere, "We require of buildings as of men, two kinds of goodness, first, the doing their practical duty well, then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it." The life artists of today also require this of cities. To be beautiful our cities need more than a few fine residential streets and majestic civic centers, the homes and buildings

must fulfill in a graceful manner their function as such. In our own city we have thousands of homes, rich ones and poor ones, old ones and new ones, that splendidly fulfill the requirement; on the other hand we have far too many which challenge our civic righteousness to bring them in line with the best. Our city will deserve no tribute as the City Beautiful until our slums are gone and our show streets are all streets.

When we speak of the City Beautiful as practical we mean that it can be realized if steadily worked for, and that it is economically desirable. This will appear as we proceed. The charge that the modern planning for beautiful cities is impractical, hardly bears analysis. It is true that the plans that were early made for our cities, when the aesthetic was unduly prominent among our city planners, contained some that were extravagant and impractical, but this is not so any longer. Today a great deal of careful thought is given to the beauty of our utilities and the utility of our beauty. The jeer of the so-called practical man who lives from hand to mouth, from hand to mind and from immediate need to his principles does not demand serious attention. The business world has quite decided that it is practical to have a vision. The business men who are failing today are mostly those without vision, and if a city tries to develop without a goal, changing its course and development with every party that blows, there is only one thing that will happen, it will be wrecked. You laugh at the idealist because he has not attained, but he is a good deal safer than those who profess nothing to attain. Herein is part of the answer for the poor tax-payer who is resentful when he sees the grand, immense buildings and improvements which our city planners give us. Beauty can be had for the same money as ugliness and when its acquirement is spread over scores of years there is no reason why taxes should be very much higher, if any, than they are now. We have outgrown certain buildings and new ones must soon be built; the planner says, build for the future and build beautifully and conveniently. The impractical, senseless city is the visionless, planless city.

The same nervous charge is made at the general civic improvement and planning which would allow a large place to human considerations and would extend the work and function of the city into new paths. Things as they are are right, but not right enough, for

> "Each age is a dream that is dying,
> Or one that is coming to birth."

It may seem very strange to some that one of our Western States should pass a law for compulsory playgrounds, but in view of the ultimate human returns in health, vitality and good citizenship, it is the most sensible thing for the practical city to do. Discussions of infant mortality in our cities sometimes take knowledge of the high death rate among our poor families, and the high birth rate, with consequent lack of care, has been quoted as the cause of the trouble. It may partly be so, but someone must explain why the death rate in most cities is 14 per 1,000 and in garden cities is as low as 4.

One of the first requirements in civics as in religion is to be civically born again. It is wonderful how differently the civically regenerate and unregenerate look upon their city. The unregenerate sees only a chance for the self-expression which is exploitation and selfishness. If he looks at our hills and river his unregenerate imagination can only see gravel and water power. But if his eyes should be opened, why, behold, all things will have become new, and everywhere he walks he will see a new city which he can help grow out of the old. Every street and house, every alley and vacant lot will have a fresh significance. If he sees a tenement he will instinctively become anxious to know how people and children live in it. If his eyes rest on a large factory, he will find such questions as these demanding answer in his heart: Is there a fire escape? Are the exits cleared? What are the sanitary conditions? What wages are paid? What dividends given out?

The streets will have a new meaning for him, and here it will be seen that his new vision has not robbed him of his business sense. For beauty and attractiveness are economic gains. If the street is full of advertising obstructions, over-hanging signs, and other eye-sores, he will soon decide that it is more profitable to have the sidewalk full of people rather than advertising obstructions. He will discover that when one side of a street has fine municipal buildings, hotels and banks, it is a distinct loss to allow the stores on the opposite side to attract by tawdry signs. Make it the cleanest, best lighted, roomiest street in the city, artistic and convenient and you will not lack trade. Many men who visit the city draw their impression of it by just what they see from the station to the hotel. It is usually out of the way of their business to see our show streets. If our business section is attractive, the whole city gains so much value in the eyes of outsiders and our field of sales is thereby increased. So one might go on to show that the satisfaction of our sense of the beautiful and convenient is also financially desirable. Widening and extension of the business section instead of the spread of sky-scrapers, advertising posts as in some German cities instead of bill boards, are all features of the City Beautiful which can make appeal for their material desirability.

But as in all other truly practical enterprises a man needs to be something of an idealist to be convinced of his duty. Take the subject of housing, probably the hardest element in all city planning. Not only are proper fire laws and tenement laws wanted but proper landlords. The unattractive, filthy-looking homes which make many wish for some kind of a City Beautiful, are so because wages are low and rents are high and dividends are large. We must soon have some community control of the exploitation of the modern home through its rent. In a talk recently with Raymond Unwin, the architect of the Garden cities of England, I asked concerning the proportion of wage which went in rent in the model homes that he built in England and was told that it was one-fifth and one-sixth. I turned to one who was about to build cheap model homes in our own city and asked what he found here and learned that one-third and one-fourth of our laborers' wage went in rent. I asked the Englishmen what dividend his property paid and he replied four per cent; I asked the American and he replied eight per cent. I repeat that we need our idealism to see that the four-per-cent-too-much-dividend which we receive is very expensive to the community and means a menace to the homes from which we expect true citizenship. Indeed, it is more than this. The moral code of the days that are coming will make it immoral and even

criminal to build on all the lot, and collect such exorbitant rents. Four per cent won't buy automobiles for the landlord, but who said that homes were to be hurt that he might have automobiles? Gifford Pinchot was right in saying that "any act which adds to the difficulty with which ordinary men and women are able decently to keep alive raises a moral issue."

This same idealism is needful that we do not exploit the future. All exploitation reacts in revenge and loss. We need the perspective of the centuries, for the fiftieth century is going to count some things very valuable that we are neglecting, wasting and exploiting today. One would almost think that doomsday was to be in the next fifty years to judge by our indifferent preparation for the future. The world is young, very young, and the one great obligation laid on our youthful shoulders is to win the thanks of the on-coming centuries by preparing for someone else's success, laying the foundations of the beautiful lives and the beautiful homes of the future. Let it at least be part of our religion that no man serves God aright unless his service to God means service to his fellows in the future as well as today, by doing his share to leave the city more beautiful, convenient, healthier, happier, full of streets and parks and homes fit for God and his children to dwell in.

Address

By Tomas Ceron Camargo, Delegate-General of the Hispano-American University, at San Juan, Puerto Rico

In Unity for April 27, 1911, we printed a note concerning the Hispano-American University. Dr. Tomas Ceron Camargo, Delegate-General of the University, has recently been conducting a propaganda in Puerto Rico. On June 16 he delivered a lecture at the Ateneo in San Juan, which has a triple interest: (1) it is an example of Latin-American oratory; (2) it outlines the plan and purpose of the University; (3) it fairly represents the attitude of thoughtful people in Latin-America to us and to our policies. For these reasons we have translated the lecture from the original Spanish as printed in the *Heraldo Epanol* of San Juan, Puerto Rico, for June 17, 18, 19. FREDERICK STARR.

Ladies, Gentlemen:

By one of the happy circumstances of life I have the honor of addressing you tonight. In circumstances like these St. Paul, the apostle, presented himself in the Areopagus of Athens to announce the unknown God; I come not to announce God, but to speak of fraternity, not unknown indeed between us but forgotten.

My theme is the Latin-American confraternity, whose symbol is the Hispano-American University, whose motto is "Liberty, Science, Peace," and whose apostles are men of the significance of the very noble and illustrious President of Salvador, Doctor don Manuel Enrique Araujo, the members of the Supreme University Council, and the generous Special Delegates of the Institution,—all Chevaliers Bayard of the Latin-American race, without reproach and without fear, and a legion of men of good will among the most eminent of America and Europe.

The fraternity which I announce to you comes from a Continent not very distant from this Island. Your brothers-in-blood have sent me here to tell you that they love you, that they have the same origin as you and that our affinities and relationship impose on us the obligation of dealing with one another and of living henceforth as members of one same family.

You know that yonder, on the Continent, is a race of men who, like you, preserve yet their ancient family estates, and who live according to their patriarchal customs, but who are free and have a fatherland. You know what are the fatherlands of your brothers. You know that in those lands there float twixt earth and sky many flags with rainbow hues and that these glorious ensigns are tinged with the blood of our heroes and of our martyrs. These flags are yours also.

These countries are impressively beautiful; the elevated peaks of the Cordilleras, proudly reared upon their bases, boldly pierce the clouds and shroud themselves in the eternal snows, emblem of the pride and arrogance which liberty and independence, conquered by our ancestors by blood and fire, when blood and fire were necessary for the conquest of liberty, impose upon us. Our lovely cities tenderly resting upon the mountain slopes, enclose in their bosoms a world of memories of gallant histories, brave and picturesque, while occupying the minds of the poets, and moving the hearts and emotions of the observant. Our fertile valleys offer the fruits of all climes and of all latitudes. Our rivers are like seas in which the vessels which plough them safely trust their keels in the coming and going of the Twentieth Century civilization. Our sky is ever blue, clear and serene, and from it our bards draw their inspiration to sing the incomparable beauty and the imposing grandeur of this world. In our elevated forests the jaguar and panther roar, the boa-constrictor hisses frightfully and the bear and wild-cat seize their prey; the eagles build their nests upon the butting crags of the Cordillera; the "sovereign of the Andes" displays upon his head "a crown which God has given him" and displays proudly on his throat the collar with which Nature has decorated him for his bold excursions through the infinite expanse; the crown of palm fronds balances itself gracefully above the slender trunk with the graceful elegance of a maid of fifteen summers, and the cocoa-palm offers its tender fruit; thyme and orange-blossom, sweet jasmine and mignonette, load the air with perfume and the lemon trees bloom ever "above their green foliage." All is splendor, aroma, color and light in our lands.

You have not the same variety in your fauna, but your flora and your soil are the same nature as our own, which proves eloquently that not only the inhabitants of these lands, but our very soil have a common origin, one single mother, Spain, and one sole fatherland which Atlantis gave us.

Ladies and gentlemen, not very far from this island you have your continental brothers with the sweet simplicity of your customs and joys. They love you and you know it not. There, songs of love and friendship are intoned for Puerto Rico and you have remained facing northward, from where you have nothing to expect, and have turned your back upon us; but know it well: Latin-America loves you, your brothers of the Continent think of you; in them you may have the support you need. Hear what they say to you. "Oh Puerto Rican, awake from this lethargy which does not let you hear our voices of affection and does not permit you to see our arms extended and open to embrace you."

When the Hispano-American University was or-

ganized our first glances were toward Puerto Rico and from the beginning a great part of our efforts have had for end the dignity and grandeur of this land. When the institution began its career, I was named as a representative, in your midst, of its ideals; then in extending its connections through the Continent and the Antilles, we desired to attach the Puerto Ricans by a cord of sympathy to this intellectual confederation, which ought to draw us from the abandonment and indifference in which we have lived till now and of which our enemies have taken advantage to demoralize and weaken us.

Until the present there have been few who have occupied themselves in looking beyond in order to examine the history of our neighbors, to establish relations with them and to admire their deeds and their works, but since the initiation of this movement we have begun to exchange messages across space; we now begin to see how worthy of interest are our brothers and that there is yet time to give impulse to the love for liberty.

In spite of the fact that we, in many places, encounter instead of the traditional valor and dignity of our ancestors, weaknesses and meanness of character and that the Spartan virtue of our fathers has been replaced by the spirit of criticism and espionage, there is yet time to check corruption and to turn to unitedly carry out our plans for conquering our rights to civilization.

Isolation ordinarily gives birth to all these faults, because there are neither examples nor stimuli. Beyond all these ills is something serious, which requires all our care, to which we ought to give all our attention, and consideration of which ought to move us toward solidarity:—it is this: In the hemisphere which we inhabit there are two great races, whose ideals and aspirations are the same; but their methods of procedure are absolutely different and, if you please, antagonistic. I speak of the Anglo-Americans and the Latin-Americans. Geographically it is indicated that we both ought to consider America entire as our common fatherland and liberty as our inheritance; but sociologically, our tendencies and inclinations separate us into two great portions, each of which desires for itself *supremacy,* in case an equilibrium is impossible in the western hemisphere; this, on account of the little or no knowledge which we have of one another. In Latin-America, with rare exceptions, we only know adventurers, whom by the law of induction, we picture to ourselves of the same kind and character as all the strangers who visit us from North America. In English-America on the other hand, and with very honorable exceptions, only Latin-America's diplomatists are known, cultured and delicate folk, almost all of weak character, jealous of the triumphs of their brothers (colleagues) and complaisant to the point of culpability with the foreigner. But not all Anglo-Americans are like the bad people whom we know here, nor are all Latin-Americans what our diplomatic representatives appear in the North. In both parts of the Continent there are people of ideals, of honor and noble soul, who live in ignorance of one another. If the good people of English-America knew the good people of Latin-America; if they knew what are our tendencies and orientations; if they knew that we work to attain perfectionment, but that their governors do not permit us to do so on account of those very adventurers whom they send us and on account of the American imperialistic spirit, they would not consider us the inferior race, which in the North all the world thinks ought to yield place to the superior race of the hemisphere in virtue of the law of *armed* natural selection. No. If they should learn that among Latin-Americans are men as wise as they, as enterprising as they, as brave and valiant as they, and should come to *know* them—and *vice-versa*—there would be at once established currents for organizing a fraternal solidarity through the natural inclination to admire and respect all that is grand and that does honor to humanity.

We Latin-Americans with all our claims of science and of valor, with all the triumphs we have gained in literature and in the arts, cannot, ought not, to aspire to this fraternity until we are united and are capable of demonstrating that we are worthy of respect and consideration and that we merit to reciprocally deal with those who call themselves great, who are great.

For this the Hispano-American University has been founded: to prevent the great evils enumerated above and to prepare us for the beautiful benefits enunciated hereafter; for this the institution prepares itself: to give to the youth of the American nations an education as uniform and complete as may be possible. For this reason the University has been regulated upon bases so universal, that it has arrived at the point of arranging the organization of teaching centres in all places in Latin-America where it may be possible to find people who desire to teach to others that which they know, while there are educated in the cloisters of the Universities of the Hispano-American University the teachers necessary for our work. The institution desires to arouse love for education in all zones and to promote especial zeal for liberty in all environments, until we secure as result that all the Latin-American governments shall declare our labors of public utility and accept our system as the most certain means of saving all Latin-America from the odious tutelage of the United States of the North, a thing as bad as all the ills which now paralyze and hold it back.

We ought to teach and maintain in purity our language, which is being threatened in its existence by our adversaries; we ought to restore the character of our brothers, corrupted by our enemies, in order to be able to regain the consistency and sincerity of former times; we have to reconquer our personality, almost lost; we have the obligation to show ourselves worthy friends or adversaries of the Colossus which threatens to devour us.

Permit me, in passing, to indicate one of the principal ills which afflicts us and which may cause our ruin if we do not bestir ourselves to extirpate it. It is one of our most attractive qualities, turned into a hindrance and a death-bearing poison, through our lack of prudence. Born from polite fathers, we have never ceased to observe the rule which commands us to sacrifice our tastes and our conveniences to the tastes and conveniences of others. The foreigner is educated in a different manner and his conduct is limited to the extremest egoism; in such wise, that when he asks something, he does it formally; and when we answer, "con mucho gusto" (with much pleasure) we have merely the intention of being courteous, nothing more. And yet, in the mind of the stranger this polite phrase signifies the favorable conclusion of that which he asks. Politeness, badly understood by the foreigner—American, and to some degree the European—is leading to the

abdication of all our rights and privileges; because, where we have desired to appear well-bred, the foreigner will compel us to fulfill our agreement by the force of arms. The foreigners who deal with us are literal and practical people, who have never been able to construe the phrase "con mucho gusto" except in the sense of a solemn concession of the thing which they desire.

If our peculiar habit of being courteous with the foreigner has caused damage in private transactions, in public and international negotiations it has been a disaster. Our enemies have drawn prodigious advantage from it. Not to seek far, I will cite as an example, the Pan-American Conferences. As the United States has been the promoters of these international reunions, the Latin-Americans who have attended them have felt placed under obligation by the gentlemen of the North, and in order to repay the favor and high honor of their meeting with us, if not from politeness, at least by weakness in saying no, have yielded to them the first place in all matters; and, as a necessary consequence, they have used this primacy against the interests of the Latin-American race and we have submitted to a shameful, humiliating and unbearable tutelage.

Fortunately for the Latin-Americans, in a happy hour Mr. Root ceased to be Secretary of State in Washington. This gentleman had made a very profound study of our character, impetuous and pusillanimous at once; he knew how to take advantage of our courtesy and knew how susceptible we are to flattery and adulation. If he had continued in that post in the government, our situation would have had no remedy. The politicians of today cause me no anxiety. The actual governors have filled Latin-America with anger, but no more. Happy the nations still capable of becoming angry. As a general rule our adversaries will take any polite phrase on our part as a cession of authority and power.

As these defects are not the patrimony of a single locality, but are universal in our race, a universal remedy and many efforts are necessary in order to give youth a suitable education, in virtue of which energy of character and courtesy shall be fraternized, counterbalanced and complemented. In order to direct the education of youth into new and more useful channels and to circumscribe it within less dangerous horizons the work of the Hispano-American University has been undertaken.

There are nations which I might cite to you as examples of the disasters of our good habits imprudently applied, but I refrain from making undesirable allusions for lack of time. Nevertheless, in general terms, in the lands where the foreigner has set his foot, with the purpose only of exploiting us, all virtues have been lost and our very personality is on the point of disappearing. From the foreigner we have only learned vices and bad manners; there are nations where the home is disappearing through the fatal example of men for whom love is a commerce and virtue a lie. There are nations where grand ideals have disappeared; where once the breeze of honorable progress blew but today is only felt the spirit of carping criticism; where once love of liberty reigned over the sea, in Central and South America, today Carthage is reborn with all its gross avarice, without reverence for morality.

Love of country, the purity of our language, regional pride, all is disappearing before the pressure of false civilization. There is no compassion for the humble; the working class is at the mercy of the boot of the foreigner with which he kicks him and makes him labor without pity, in order to obtain rapidly the fruit of the toil of the unfortunate. The foreigner has come to our country to carry away what he encounters and in return has brought us shameful vices, coarse pride, and despotism.

As Puerto Rico is subject to the same perils as the other countries of Latin-America, we have believed it proper for this country to participate in this movement of intellectual fraternity and to found here the corresponding branch of the Hispano-American University.

I have had the honor of consulting the views of the most deserving and illustrious Puerto Ricans, among them the most illustrious President of the Atheneum, upon this matter; they, with the experience of their wisdom and their years are in accord with the foundation of a free university, which enters into the movement of the Federation of International Fraternity of Latin-America, which, as all the sister branches and as the free universities of the United States and of Europe, may give opportunity to young people for acquiring a free education in accord with their resources, their facilities and their ideals. The ideals of the Hispano-American University can not be more beautiful than that all of you may with good will contribute your mite to this sublime edifice of the grandeur and the glory of our race.

I have spoken with one of the highest officials of the government of the Island and he agrees with me in the education of the people as one of the principal sources of the felicity of a country. Also, I know that the ideals of the Governor of Puerto Rico are very similar to ours and he will give us frank support and generous co-operation since he has said, or at least ought to have said, many times, that he desires the felicity of the people of Puerto Rico; and if he positively desires this felicity he will nowhere find factors more important for securing it than among Puerto Ricans learned and of character. The systems employed in Puerto Rico leave much to be desired.

Our functions are spiritual and intellectual and liberty is the law of the spirit and of the understanding; for this reason the Hispano-American University is a free University.

Nowhere is Democracy so necessary as in a University, since it is impossible to establish the difference which exists between two men unless the grade of knowledge acquired is taken into account. The professors of the Hispano-American University belong to all social categories and for the moment no salaries can be paid them beyond the small sums which the students may give them for their services. I have no doubt that the people will gradually adapt themselves to the teachers whom, at the beginning, we see ourselves forced to authorize; we do not despair that men and women of good will will prove apt for the task confided to them in teaching, and I am almost certain that the public will not oppose this system, especially since we have the necessity of forming teachers of the Latin-American soul.

In this conviction, I advise all persons who feel capable of teaching something, no matter what may

be their lack of knowledge, to place themselves in communication with the University Council, which I expect will organize itself, perhaps tonight, in this capital from the most learned and generous Puerto Ricans.

This movement is headed by a man of most noble soul and of clear vision for the future of our Continent. I am not the whole of this evolution; no, I am only a humble apostle; but while such I am invested with all the powers and all the faculties necessary for the organization of all the centres of the Hispano-American University in the different countries. The opinions which I express outside the speaker's desk or the professor's chair are my private opinions. The Hispano-American University is a pacificist institution; but when it pronounces itself in favor of war it is not in favor of that war which sheds blood, of that human folly which destroys and annihilates, but of the war which brings peace, of the war against human abuses and human errors. We are partisans of the war which counts in a constant and interminable process of reform from which it is impossible to obtain any fruit but peace. By this we apostles of the Hispano-American University are revolutionaries, since we cannot have relations with abuse nor wrong.

The Hispano-American University is about to enter life in Puerto Rico autonomous and independent. It will simply be called *University of Puerto Rico;* but if we organize merely a Puerto Rican University, for ends purely Puerto Rican, abandoning absolutely relations and understanding with our brothers of Latin-America, we shall continue in the life of isolation in which we have lived until now, with detriment to our political and social interests; but as the tendencies of the Hispano-American University are much more elevated and universal, we desire that the university which is organized in Puerto Rico shall form part of our fraternity, whose centre is in the city of San Salvador, whose branches will develop in harmony with the Supreme Council, in constant communication one with another and which bear the same name. All the branches, as I have said, are perfectly free and their relations with the Supreme Council are those of courtesy, friendship and fraternity; but that centre reserves to itself in favor of the Latin-Americans, the privilege of approving the titles given by the various Hispano-American Universities, in order that the graduates may enjoy the prerogatives and honors corresponding to its dignity in all Latin-America.

The Hispano-American University is, as you see, of a grand importance, for Puerto Rico, whether it continues as a dependent of the foreigner, or whether it resolves to be free and independent some day, you will need at least to know us and to have some relations with us; since in the first case, you will be the instrument which the foreigner separates from Latin-America in order to get possession of that which belongs to us, according to the suggestion of a publicist of the United States; and, in the second, you will be the Ark of the Covenant; that is to say, Puerto Rico will be the place of meeting of the Latin-Americans of the North, the Center and the South, and then it will be good that they may have certainty that they may arrive at the family house. Moreover, bonds of origin and history ought to attract you to us as we feel ourselves attracted to you.

* * * * *

The Hispano-American University in Puerto Rico will have its council of twenty-one as I just now said, composed of the best and most illustrious of this island in whatever place may be agreed upon for the purpose. Immediately after the council of the Hispano-American University in Puerto Rico has been organized, I will go personally through the cities and towns of the island, organizing in each locality committees dependent upon the Hispano-American University Council, also composed each one of twenty-one members, if it is possible, for the prompt development of the University.

Now, learn a new and grand thing, which will give you an idea of the sympathy which we have on the continent for Puerto Rico. The flag of your land has been placed in the midst of those of the free republics and has been consecrated and anointed with the blessed blood which makes ours so glorious and so worthy of respect. Puerto Rico is considered by Latin-Americans as a piece of our fatherland. Be assured that we always rejoice when you rejoice and that we weep with you when you have to weep. "A blow on the shoulders of the Puerto Rican people is a blow which resounds on the shoulders of the Latin-American peoples." Thus, in this same place, expressed himself not long ago a distinguished Puerto Rican orator. The orator meant well, but this did not prevent that when he, in the same discourse, suggested the Americanization of Puerto Rico, he inflicted upon us Latin-Americans, who so much love this nation, heavy blows.

Whatever may be the sentiment which this initiative arouses in you, be it of affection or of aversion, you will not deny that it is a great privilege for a land, which circumstances have rendered captive, that its free brothers raise its flag with the same respect and the same love with which they look upon those of free nations. In the same manner, whatever may be the point of view from which you consider my actuation in this movement, you cannot deny that it is motived in a high spirit of love for justice, the improvement and the well-being of humanity.

My personality is humble and my efforts only reduce themselves to the felicity of the Latin-American race, but it is not my personality that addresses you from this desk, nor is it a Colombian, nor is it a secretary; it is the Delegate-General of the Hispano-American University, the authority of which is given prestige and strength by an assemblage of men from among the noblest who live in America. It is the voice of the race, the voice which in these moments comes to your ears in demand of fraternity and in solicitude of your friendship.

Soon this youth who speaks to you tonight will abandon your shores to go to other regions, to continue the work which he has exerted himself to realize here. You have seen me arrive without ostentation and with modesty; the spokesmen of your society have given me a cordial welcome, for which I thank you tonight. Tomorrow you will see me go from door to door through all the American continent, in the name of Liberty, of Science and of Peace. I do not assure you that our ideals will everywhere be received with the generosity which I expect from you, because there are places where the soul is dead; but I do assure you that if in some places our efforts shall be sterile, this will not mean the end of our efforts.

You are then about to take part in the grandest and most noble movement which has been initiated in the

world. Our success is certain because when the ideals of the Hispano-American University are preached, there is neither cross nor Calvary which can intimidate its apostles.

Ladies and gentlemen of Puerto Rico, aid, then, the development of the Hispano-American University in this land; lay the first stone this very night; do not leave it until tomorrow; accept the noble idea, propagate it and be indulgent with its apostles, since they have no interest beyond that of the felicity and grandeur of the Latin-American race.

One moment more. I desire to call your attention to the following circumstance: before leaving Puerto Rico, I desire to have completely organized the Council of twenty-one, which the regulations of the Hispano-American University prescribes for each country; once the council of twenty-one is organized, in which each one of the councillors will represent one of the Latin-American Republics, Puerto Rico or Spain, the councillors themselves will arrange the internal direction, organize the cloister of the university, divide it into faculties and name the deans and professors; the council of twenty-one is at once the organ of the confederation of intellectual brotherhood with Latin America and the cloister of the Hispano-American University in Puerto Rico. The council of twenty-one is the basis, is the point of departure; since, unhappily, human works necessitate time and opportunities for perfecting themselves.

I am about to end. The object of the organization of twenty-one councils of the Hispano-American University, each with twenty-one members in each of the twenty-one sister nations, has been to create twenty-one moral authorities, omnipotent for the reform of the race, in such manner that when they, in the name of our holy trilogy—*Liberty, Science, Peace*—teach, decide, absolve, condemn, protest—these functions thus exercised, shall fix precedent and doctrine in the moral and material reform of the Latin-American race and constitute a defensive force insuperable in favor of whatever Latin-American is threatened with injustice. These twenty-one councils are so intimately and solidly bound together that when one cries, all give a cry in unison; when one suffers, all weep; all are united in the combat and in the propaganda; and glories, sufferings, and rejoicings are occurrences which affect one single political body.

Article 16 of the regulations of the University reads thus: By the present article it is decreed that the term of president and of the other officers is perpetual in the service of the university, especially the members of the Supreme Council; since this corporation is called to be an American International Court of Peace, American Tribunal of Arbitration, the factotum of America in scientific, political and social affairs.

Think, then, ladies and gentlemen, on such a power, on that which Puerto Rico cannot remain all its life, the toy of the caprice of one man, on that Uncle Sam will concede nothing to Puerto Rico voluntarily and to the good; and do not hesitate to give adhesion to this community of brothers, who go in search of the golden fleece of the unity and grandeur of our race. Union is our remedy. *I have spoken.*

Sources of Strength

How can she be so calm, cheerful and strong? I asked myself as I thought of the plight of a young woman whose aged father lay on his deathbed, whose only sister was at the point of death in an adjoining room, and whose mother, weak and frail, nervously and often in tears went back and forth from husband to daughter in futile ministries.

Acquaintances of mine, I had called on the family one evening to give any aid that I could. I had staid away until information reached me that the family,—four persons with a slender income living in a stuffy apartment, near the busy heart of a great metropolis,—were in dire trouble with sickness. A man whose nature is ineffectively sympathetic rather than radiantly stimulating hesitates to inflict himself upon a stricken family. I have not the art of healing, so I spare my bedridden friends the burden of my presence; but forgetting my misfortune for the time being, I called to see the Smiths. Perhaps too much thinking about my uselessness at a bedside was of less importance than trying to do something. Perhaps experience would accomplish more than philosophizing about an ideal sickroom attitude.

I found a little hospital in which one member of the family was nurse, cook and—sunshine. I knew that she was a graduate of a noted university, and versatilely capable; but I had never imagined her as a real heroine in an actual crisis. She was not a society girl; she was physically unattractive; spinsterhood was hers; the future could not lure her with the glitter which it holds out to young women with superficial charms, youth, wealth and—butterfly heads.

But I made a discovery. I found in the most unexpected place a human brick of golden stuff. She was cheery, untroubled and intelligently busy. After we had together visited the sick and talked with her aged mother, we went into the little library. On the table were several books. Glancing at the titles I caught Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. The small copies were much worn. How companionable they looked. They had been carried in shopping bags and been close to the gas stove; at any rate this would be my guess. A girl accompanied to a grocery store or downtown by a stoic philosopher whom she loves and understands does not worry about a suitor or the caprices of the fates. Neither does she waste her strength in tears, fear and emotion. She courageously faces her daily problems.

My acquaintance did not mar a delightful visit by hauling either of her old comrades into the limelight in a sentimental confessional; she spoke eloquently of their society by what she had done and was doing. She had been drawn by the force of thinking to these old journeymen, and they had awakened in her that life which gives strength, high resolve, definite purpose and a tranquil mind. It was upon this splendid resource that she was drawing in fighting her battles and winning her victories.

A sickroom in which Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus appear in their glorious immortality is a good place for the afflicted.

Chicago. DEWITT C. WING.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

TOWER HILL NOTES

Last week we tried to give some suggestion of the work being done on Tower Hill in the studies in Musical Appreciation by Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown and in the acquaintance with the wild things of the Hill by Miss Bertha Howe.

Meanwhile, the Hill Conductor has been continuing the studies in Religion, which have been the prominent feature of the Summer School from its beginning. This year we come for the fourth time to the first year of the seven years' course, a study of "Beginnings," or the Life of Primitive Man, studied first from his own standpoint, that of the myth, the guess by which he tried to account to himself for the baffling phenomena in nature which he was curious of learning from without and within; and studied secondly in the light of science, the more or less verified guess of the latter-day man. In this way we have discussed such problems as must have occupied the child-mind in the early days from the dawn of intellect: How the World Was Made, The Deluge, The Antiquity of Man, Man's First Home, How Language Began, How Tools Began, The Evolution of Dress and The Domestication of Animals; such problems as stir the child-mind today with curiosity and awe. These talks are not all one-sided, neither are they all made of ancient history, or of science verified at the end of a telescope or in the laboratory. The old problems are stirring the heart today as in the olden times, and relate themselves to the latest and most practical questions, often in most unexpected ways. We are always glad when we have a minister or two in the class, as is the case part of the time this year, for this insures encountering a number of other views from other angles, which are always heartily welcomed on Tower Hill. Pastor Helming, of the University Congregational Church, Chicago, is with us for the season, and Mr. Gilmore, of the Unitarian Church of Madison, has been with us for the past ten days, and both have lent new interest to our studies by their frank and thoughtful differences on non-essentials as well as by their hearty support of cardinal principles.

Among the lay members of the class, questions of dress and convention have aroused the most earnest comment, discussion and argument, for Ruskin's three deadly D's, Dress, Diet and Debt, have come in for their share of study. It is not enough to condemn, even if all were persuaded of the wrong involved, for especially in matters of dress, and more especially concerning woman's dress, we have yet to learn the first principles of hygiene and economy—that true economy which consults not alone the wearer, but the brain and muscle and nerve all along the line, from that of sheep-herding or cotton picking, through factory operator and shop girl, to the ultimate consumer, who is but one of a long series of links in the chain, each of which is entitled to its meed of consideration. Economy is a word which should be lifted out of its narrow selfishness in its application to the mere individual, and expanded to include the race. It should become generic rather than specific. From this viewpoint how brainless and headless as well as heartless are the Bradley-Martin economics which justifies its thousands spent on flowers for the ballroom decorations of a single night on the pitiful plea that these wicked extravagances give employment to the poor and put money in circulation. For such base economy does my lady feel a spasm of virtue when she dons her costly gown, which she argues has been the means of putting bread into the mouths of hungry seamstresses,—as if a reasonable amount of plain sewing paid for at honest prices might not serve the case as well as an unreasonable amount paid for at starvation wages.

The headgear and footwear of women came in for a good share of one session in this study of archeology brought down to date, "For you are, every one of you, in your dress, walking encyclopedias of archæology," said the leader, and proceeded to prove his point by a series of illustrations which, strange to say, were mostly taken from the dress of men, though it was the costuming of women which was being held up for condemnation, and justly so; for it cannot be questioned that woman is trailing along some three or four hundred years after man in the evolution of dress.

As was to be expected in this crowd of sensible Tower Hill women, there was no one found to justify or even apologize for the hat trimmed with murdered birds, or willow plumes made by murdered babes; and the artificial flowers to whose making five hundred babies from four to fourteen in New York alone are sacrificing their lives were convicted in the thrilling lines of Florence Wilkinson's searching poem, "The Flower Factory."

We are not settling these hot questions on Tower Hill, but we are helping to raise them. We are allowing ourselves to be made unhappy by them for a little time, and that is something, for the human soul is so made that it cannot forever go on suffering over things that the human mind can remedy. It must arouse itself and in time do away with these iniquities, these short-range economies in men's and women's lives. And if one is willing to be made thoroughly wretched for a little while over the miseries of the other half of the world —though we are learning now that there is no "other half," for the line between is nowhere,—let him read a novel that is relating itself to these vacation days on the Hill, Brand Whitlock's "Turn of the Balance," dedicated to the memory of Samuel Jones. It is a book that shows the human misery of the life in our great cities, but shows too the hope that is justified by the sympathy and courage in the hearts of these same miserable human beings. There is great hope in the undoubtable fact that these hot problems are not so much being wrestled with as they are wrestling with the minds and consciences of men everywhere these twentieth century days.

The senior editor of UNITY, in company with a Tower Hill party, took a drive a few days ago to visit the bedside of Elder Loomis, an old ministerial friend of UNITY, widely known to some of its older readers, and dear to Wisconsin memories, who is suffering and struggling with the infirmities of his eighty-two years; but the conversation at that bedside was not of personal suffering, of individual hopes, or even of family or neighborhood interests. The old man had sent for his friend to consult with him in regard to a purely impersonal problem which was eating at his heart,—a suggestion which he wanted to breathe into a hearing ear and a fertile heart for the elevation of a race, —an inferior race so-called, the Negro. In self-forgetfulness like this lies the world's help. E. H. W.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, July 31, 1911.

UNITARIAN GROVE MEETINGS AT WEIRS, N. H.

Last year Unitarian Grove meetings were resumed at Weirs, N. H., and this year the meetings were held from August 6 to 9 inclusive. Among the topics which were considered at these meetings were "Reform Problems of America," "The Relation of the Church to Civic Life," and "Unitarian Missionary Movements."

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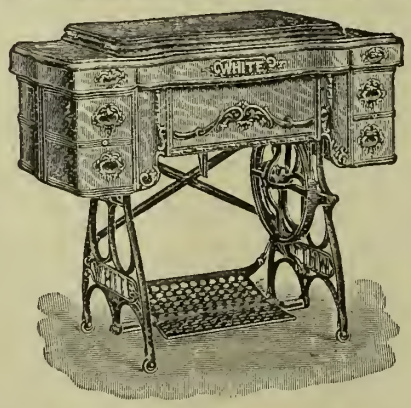

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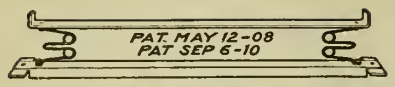

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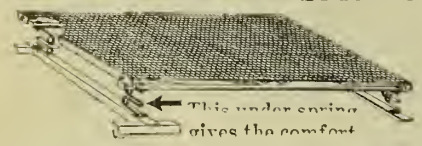

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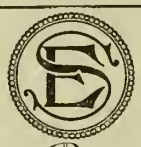

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911. Number 25.

SUMMER CHEMISTRY

What does it take
A day to make,—
A day at the Bear Camp Ossipee?

White Clouds a-sail in the shining blue,
Dropping a shadow to dredge the lands;
A mountain-wind, and a marching storm,
And a sound in the trees like waves on sands;
A mist to soften the shaggy side
Of the great green hill, till it lies as dim
As the hills in a childhood memory;
The crags and the ledges silver-chased,
Where yesterday's rainy runlets raced;
The back of an upland pasture steep,
With delicate fern-beds notching wide
The dark wood-line where the birches keep
Candlemas all the summer-tide;
Brown-flashing across the meadow bright
The stream that gems its malachite;
And, watching his valley, Chocorua grim,
And a golden sunset watching him!

Add—fifty lives of young and old,
Of tired and sad, of strong and bold,
And every heart a deeper sea
Than its own owner dreams can be;
Add eyes whose glances have the law
Of coursing planets in their draw;
Add careless hands that touch and part,
And hands that greet with a heaven's sense;
Add little children in their glee,
Their earliest altar; add her heart,
Their feeble, brooding Providence:—

Add this to that, and thou shalt see
What goes to summer chemistry,—
What the god takes,
Each time he makes
One summer-day at Ossipee. —*W. C. Gannett.*

The *Christian Register* finds a gruesome illustration of the law of the survival of the fittest in the fact that the wine-drinking banquets of elderly men are more orderly than the similar banquets of younger men, explaining that "the more intemperate have killed themselves off in their youth while only the more temperate men survive to drink wine in their old age."

The Rev. W. F. Greenman, secretary of the National Unitarian Conference, in commenting upon twenty-two "planks" in the platform of the Social Democrats of Milwaukee, in an article in the *Christian Register,* says that the Democrats and even the Republicans, in order to get a hearing, were forced "perfunctorily and insincerely" to put eighteen of these planks into their own party platforms.

The Secretary of the American Unitarian Association reports the growth of the Unitarian movement among the Icelanders in Manitoba. At a recent conference held at Gimli, six different centers were represented by twenty-two delegates. This Conference has published in the Icelandic a Unitarian Catechism and has issued a monthly periodical and other "useful publications," and committees are interested in advancing the philosophic interests of "progressive Icelanders of the Province." These centers of progressive thought are working toward a Divinity School for Iceland for young ministers, a school which, according to Mr. Wilson, is practically Unitarian. Truly, Iceland as well as Sicily has its "pot of honey." The "pine" as well as the "palm" has a gospel to preach.

Attorney-General Wickersham, in his Duluth speech, out-radicaled the most radical of a few years ago, when he recommended a Government Commission for the purpose of fixing prices for the output of industrial combinations. This prophetic vision was born out of the experience of a sagacious lawyer. He has witnessed how selfishness has outwitted the price-regulating law of competition, which at best was the law of the cut-throat, the survival of the most relentless. He has also seen how powerless law has been thus far in controlling and preventing combinations. The next thing to try is the control of the prices by the Government as suggested by the Attorney-General. Still another expedient is in the line of progress,—an income tax, of accumulating ratio with increasing income. The amassing of immense fortunes by those who simply manipulate the commodities of civilization, like those of sugar, petroleum, iron, tobacco, lumber, is *prima facie* evidence that somebody has been getting more than his share, and it becomes the duty of the Government to return the overplus to the people as speedily as possible, by indirect ways. When it is so arranged that beyond a certain point the fortune-maker is necessarily filling the coffers of the Nation rather than his own, he will either see his greed or translate it into patriotism.

The Twenty-fourth Biennial Meeting of the National Unitarian Conference is to be held in Washington, D. C., October 23 to 26 of this year. The meetings are to be held in the D. A. R. Memorial Hall and

the headquarters of the Conference will be at the Arlington Hotel. The Unitarians of America numerically represent a negligible quantity, and a Unitarian "crowd" is a "squad" in comparison with the rallies of other denominations, but in cultural, reformatory, literary and spiritual power these gatherings have represented a potency far beyond their numerical measurement. During its forty-eight years of life this Conference has welcomed to its platforms many whom the world delights to honor with increasing gratitude. Poets, statesmen, economists and reformers, splendid laymen, as well as eloquent ministers, gifted women and notable foreigners have appeared on its platforms. There is no reason why this coming meeting should not be worthy of its predecessors, and many other than formal delegates will find in it an occasion profitable and attractive. UNITY commends this gathering to the attention of its readers. Let them begin now and plan for an outing to Washington during the last days of October. The General Secretary of the Conference is the Rev. W. F. Greenman of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and full programs may be had on application at its office, 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

The *Chicago Record-Herald* tells us that the recent "Military Tournament" in Chicago, just closed, has been followed by the disappearance of three-score boys, ranging in age from seven to seventeen, and that their disappearance, in the estimation of their relatives, is clearly connected with the fascinations of the pony and the gun. We are told also that these missing lads represent all nationalities and all neighborhoods in the city. Is not this clearly "a call of the Wild," a prompt reversion of the partially civilized lad to the life of a more barbaric ancestry, a case of atavism? This is further illustrated in safer fashion by the phenomenal popularity of the Scout Movement. "We have eliminated all the militarism possible out of our Scout Movement and put our emphasis entirely upon the study of nature and civic betterment," said Pastor Pacificus in his shirt sleeves at a summer encampment. In less than an hour boys, and girls too, were maneuvering with pomp, parade, flags, cannon and drum, on the tennis court, charging the fort and firing guns with deafening rapidity, and the ground was dotted with the bodies of the slain, the girl soldiers in the main having benevolently consented to die,—and the youngsters of Pastor Pacificus were in the thick of the fray. It is not so easy to eliminate the military spirit out of the "Boy Scout," for the appetite to kill is still a fundamental passion in the highly civilized man, in spite of his colleges and his diplomas

The story of Joseph Cleary, the young miner who was entombed for three days under seventy-eight feet of earth at Joplin, Mo., is a thrilling one. When at last daylight, fresh air, and comrades fell into the darkened chamber, the doctor ordered that the young man be kept under ground for an hour, while his eyes were adjusted to light and lungs renewed their acquaintance with pure air, but the father at the mouth of the shaft cried, "Do let Joe up, his mother is dying for him," and Joe was brought up. The mother lived, and the eyes and lungs survived the shock. Here is an interesting contribution to polemics. No amount of "holy thinking" on the part of Christian Scientists would have taken that man out of his tomb. They have no *thought* substitute for the drills, pick-axes, electric light, telephone, milk and fried chicken that enter into the story. But psychology has its vindication also. The mother suffered much more than the son. The sight of her boy revived her and the touch of the mother's hand helped restore the bodily poise of the man who was buried alive.

A Chicago paper is authority for the statement that two-thirds of the water pumped into the Chicago water pipes is lost through leakage, largely brought about by electrolysis, a word that seems to indicate the disintegrating power of electricity upon iron. Thus far we get our trolley lines, electric lights and telephone communication at a cost. Science must reconcile its own children. The water main and the electric wire must learn to lie together in peace and amity. There is a lot yet to be discovered and new applications of world discoveries before this old world of ours becomes a peaceful one.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, in the *Christian Register,* has an interesting account of "the case of Pastor Jatho," the senior pastor of the Protestant Church of Cologne, who has recently been arraigned before the tribunal whose business it is to pass on the orthodoxy of the ministers in the State Church. The Rev. Carl Jatho is described as one of the most gifted preachers and beloved pastors in Germany. The charges presented before the Court of Sentence were six in number, viz., that his conception of Deity was un-orthodox, and that his estimate of Christianity made it one of the many, albeit the highest form of faith, that he denied the total depravity of human nature and the deity of Christ, that his conclusions concerning the future life were unsatisfactory, and last, and, most definite of all, that he did not require of his Confirmation Class the acceptance of the so-called Apostles' Creed, but had substituted articles of his own, "breathing a spirit of modern and rational Christianity." It was a royal

battle. His own immense congregation stood solidly with him. Large meetings of protest were held in Berlin, Kiel, Hanover and elsewhere. A petition signed by nineteen hundred citizens in the Rhine Valley and as many more from other German provinces, was forwarded to the committee. A protest against the constitution of the tribunal was signed by four hundred eminent persons, among them seventy-three University professors, but, the "beloved pastor" having refused to recant any of his statements, was on the 24th of June last pronounced guilty of heresy and suspended from his ministerial function. The friends of this heretic preacher have deposited in bank a sufficient sum to enable him, with his Government pension, to live without care for his daily bread, and to continue to write, speak and agitate for the causes he has upheld. Of course this is not the end. The German nation, like the universe, is in travail, but this is the price of growth, it is bringing forth excellence.

The World is Growing Better, But—

The world is growing better, but the boy who comes home from college steeped in the cheap enthusiasms of athletics and fraternities, who delights in his cigarettes and pipes, who is cultured into an appreciation of the social glass and silly functions, is not a better boy and is not on the way to a nobler manhood than the same boy was when he went to college with untainted breath, innocent of the excitements that lie in cut-glass decanters and the elegance and indulgences that have so increased the cost of college life on money, health and ethical lines.

The world is growing better, but the man has not grown better whose life has become so complex, whose health has become such an object of anxious concern to him that in middle life or old age his play engagements have become the most tyrannical in his calendar.

Because we believe the world is growing better we must believe that the church and the state represent increasing claims upon the intelligent and the prosperous and that the habit of life or arrangement of claims upon time and purse that subordinates these permanent and lasting claims of the home, the church and the state to the clearly secondary and oftentimes disintegrating claims of business and pleasure,—yes, of health itself,—represent the disintegrating forces of society.

The world is growing not only better, but it is growing wiser. But that does not mean that the boy and girl of today who go to educational institutions and select the easiest courses because they can get their markings and get through safely and still have time to exploit the football team, to promote the "proms" and to "rush" the fraternities and sororities, acquire as good an education as their fathers did who dug away at Latin and Greek, mastered Euclid and digested logarithms.

The world is growing better, but not where the mighty statistics of the tobacco, liquor and fashion trades find their surest foundations. The world is not growing better at those particular points where alcohol in all its forms breeds the degradation and the death implied in our unchallenged statistics of crime, disease and misery. The doctors know very well about the "tobacco heart," the "tobacco liver," the "tobacco kidney," brain and nerves; they know of tobacco blindness. And the man who, in the face of all this, persists in his cigar and encourages by example, if not by precept, the degeneracy of his son in the cigarette, is not helping the world to grow better.

David Starr Jordan in his last book tells of the student in an Australian university who asked the professor: "Why did not the old texts say that the sins of the father were visited upon the children to the seventh and eighth generation as well as to the third and fourth?" "Because," replied the professor, "there will be no seventh or eighth generation. Sin extinguishes itself before it gets that far."

BY THE SIDE OF THE SLOW-FLOWING RIVER

Alone by the side of the slow-flowing river
I walked in the warmth of a bright day at noon.
I sat on the bank, while the wind blowing gently
Like a hand smoothed the sweat on my brow till it cooled.

I mused of the things that awake with the river;
The far autumn haze and the green wooded hills;
The high jumbled logs that apply at the saw-mill;
The half-open shells and the quaint fisher-man;
The fish-scented breeze and the late-lighted fire
That told of the guest that was now barely gone.

Oh, who could describe with a faith calm, unerring,
The things that we see in such moments as this—
All the ages of worlds and the progress attending
Are here in the rough where the passer may read.

Here are the rocks peering down from the storm-crest
Where each is a leaf in the great book of things;
Here are the clams on the shore down beneath them,
And here are the wrecks that the old river brings.

Ah, why should we delve in the far, buried cities,
Erected by man in the dead, ancient way,
When the wharf where we live is a spot sad, forsaken,
And the lore never read in the light of our day?

How near in our thoughts are the friends who have loved us;
How dear to our hearts are the foes that we hate,
When the dew and the springs and the streams are commingled
As they laugh at the shore and rejoice at the sea,—
All the North, all the South, in the great waters gathered;
All the East, all the West in the one river bound!

Ah, give us the heart to be broad as the ocean,
With the streams of the world growing sweet as they meet.
Then the warm kiss of love, like the mist to the flower,
Will return to the lips that are parched when they greet.

Minneapolis, Minn. ALFRED J. DAVIS.

One of the great battles that we have to fight in this world—for twenty great battles have to be fought all at once and in one—is the battle with appearances.—*George MacDonald.*

THE PULPIT

Civic Idealism

IV. THE ETHICS OF CIVICS

By Edwin A. Rumball, Rochester, N. Y.

The aspect of civics which has made it an attractive subject for our consideration the last few weeks has been its fundamental connection with individual and social morality. Of course, it has other attractions, as for instance, its economic utility, its aesthetic satisfactions and so on, all of which have been mentioned by us. But where all these other aspects are more important to other groups of men and women, it is the ethical aspect which has led us as religious men and women to think of it. Here we have it to be a question of the Democracy of God on earth, which is not meat and drink, streets and buildings, but the relation of citizens to their community. We have come to the subject not because it pleased our fancy, not because it means greater business convenience, but because at bottom it deals with the questions of right and wrong between citizens. It is the ethics of civics which gives such importance to the seemingly small parts of civic life. The smallest civic obligation stands out in grandeur because it is moral grandeur. Murder is a crime, but the city which permits impure milk to be brought into it for sale has placed itself beside the murderer. Theft is a crime, but the city whose building code permits such fire-traps, poventy-traps and disease-traps as are found as homes in most of our cities has placed itself on record as worse than a highwayman. The fundamental ethical laws are fully illustrated by our civic life. Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap, is as true when your seed is false tax-swearing as when it is intemperance, as true when you sow the city with evil housing conditions as when you poison your body with sensuality. Action and reaction are equal and the civic sins of landlord and merchant, banker and politician all have a civic harvest which is a terrible thing to reap.

Let us consider a few of the ethical principles of civic idealism. First, that the boundary of each man's rights extends to the border of his neighbor's rights. We have learned this fairly well in real estate transactions, although it is said that in this country as much land as would comprise thirty states the size of Massachusetts has been stolen from the public domain. Our application of this principle is in a realm where measuring lines cannot be used. Look at the tenement section of most of our building codes and you will find that the best permits but twenty-four feet of space for an inner court of a tenement where twenty to thirty children might live, as enough space for men, women and children to live by. It is poor comment on our thousands of years of religious training as a race, that any law should be necessary to restrain men from the violation of such a humane thing and then be able to restrain only to this meager extent. Again we say it is poor comment on our Unitarianism, our Presbyterianism or whatever we profess that so few get excited or grow solemnly in earnest to make laws that shall makes the lives of the tenement children as pleasant as the lives of our own. Remember there are no undeserving children! Men talk about new religions, here is an old religion that we have hardly begun to practice, enthusiasm for God and his ways, which is worth all the new ones put together. House your tenants as you would have them house you. Damn his home life with preventable ill-housing and you might just as well have put him in hell in the first place.

Take another principle of the morality of civic idealism; namely, that beauty is a commodity worth paying for. By beauty we not only mean graceful ornamentation, but that fundamental fitness of all things to the citizen that he may live his life gracefully, and his home be able to fulfill its function as a home. For this the entire city is under obligation to plant space where congestion has been, which is the city way to plant a flower for our thistle and thus fulfill Lincoln's word. Because our cities have not sought this beautiful community life in the past, we are being taxed at an increasing rate for our negligence. We have acted on the blind notion that we could not afford to build good houses on a five per cent basis and have thereby added to the struggle for existence which the poor man is making. But the wronged home "gets back at us." Take but one harvest that we reap, our State Hospitals. In our State, one in every two hundred of the population is in an insane hospital. In the last twenty years insanity has increased in this State one hundred and four per cent, and one-sixth of the total expenditure of the State goes for the insane. We are told by those who know, that at least fifty per cent of this is preventable. But what causes all this insanity? Very largely alcoholism and immorality. But what causes alcoholism and immorality? It has been found again and again that these things are intimately linked with the living conditions of the people, wages, factory conditions, housing and the personal weakness which is so often itself the poverty of spirit begotten by an evil environment.

Beauty is the charm of home and life which we might strive for and which is a commodity worth its cost. Everywhere it is a civic principle that environment is value. Its most superficial illustration is seen in the attraction of American money to the cities of Europe, but we can bring the principle to more human elements than broad streets and grand buildings, as we have done above and we might easily find scores of other illustrations. But to pass on, the city offers today one of the finest opportunities for public spirit. Years ago it was for the church or some such institution that men spent their public spirit. But let us not hesitate to say that the only modern channel for such beneficence is the city and its activities. Private funds can lead the way to many things which later may become municipal activities. The centuries will not be many before our school houses as the Temples of Democracy, will rival the grand pieces of ecclesiastical architecture in the world. What you give to your city counts for more than what you give to your denomination. In the city all may enjoy your gift, all may share your bounty. The vacant lot that you transform into a children's parkette for swings and see-saws, the fields for which you have long paid taxes which would give splendid dividends in citizenship if given to the city for parks, all can give you as much joy as others. It is good to see so many American men and women enjoying the gifts they make before they die. The joys which will-makers miss can never be told.

Let us indicate a few things which most of our cities are badly needing, and which will give some of our wealthy citizens much joy if they can only rise to the giving point of civic idealism. The certain growth all around us tells us that we must prepare cheaper and better homes for the laboring classes. Doncaster in England is about to open new mines and in a very few years expects an increase of forty thousand families, so at a recent meeting of citizens they began to plan a new city to receive them. We do not need to open mines, the growing industries of our large commercial centres are attracting thousands all the time, but we are not preparing. Our cities need groups of men and women who will insist and assist in planting garden cities where our workers can colonize in which returns in rent will be small but returns in citizenship shall be large. For it is the home which is at the foundation of modern society. It is our social unit and if its welfare is menaced, if it has no chance to beautifully and healthily fulfil its function as a home it will be found that all sides of our citizenship will depreciate. Our politics will be corrupt, our churches will be empty, our industries will be full of friction and ill-will, our hospitals will be full, our penitentiaries will have to be enlarged, all because the home is threatened.

Another thing; into large numbers of our cities there is flowing a tide of immigration, lacking knowledge not only of the spirit of democracy, but very often of the ordinary standards of decent and efficient living. It is to our interest as well as theirs that soon they reach our best standards and yet preserve the best of their own. One of the demonstrated finest methods of doing this is by Housekeeping Centres, small American homes in the midst of our foreign colonies for their guidance, teaching and help. Every immigrant colony needs one and some wealthy citizen might have a lot of joy before he reached heaven if he would only make possible more of heaven below by such methods. Then as part of this same problem of assimilating the new citizen, why may we not spend some of the thousands of dollars that build new hospitals in placing teaching nurses with some social sense in all the districts where our hospital patients come from, that the evils of disease may be prevented by knowledge and expert understanding always on the spot. Think of the harvest of babies that might be saved during the deathly months of July and August, by nurses who could begin in the home to prevent the complaint which carries off every year so many of our little ones. There are so many things one might enumerate as offering opportunity for the public spirit of private citizens. Men used to build churches to save their souls. I think if there is any salvation akin to that today it is for those who crown the children of our cities with health and pure life, play and somewhere to play. I fear God might damn the man who builds churches today. We have too many considering their civic inefficiency.

But then after all, the public spirit which is most needed is the less romantic but more important performance of our regular municipal life with greater faithfulness and progressiveness. Let citizens and city officials do all things a little better than is necessary and we shall soon have the City Ethical. Let the business men who influence citizenship for good or evil as much as any group in the community, recognize that the city exists primarily for citizenship and not for business except as it makes better citizens. The city of the future will be itself the greatest of all social workers, the nurse and the Housekeeping Centre as much a part of the city life as the teacher and the school. The only need is that we begin to know our city, to no longer live as strangers and foreigners in it, to believe in our city, to love and become acquainted with its soul, feel the throb of its life, its joys and its sorrows, moving on with it, going down with it. We shall meet many hard things, and often despair, for all who live for "God and the People" must suffer misunderstanding. You will be suspected, fanaticism and prejudice will be against you. Selfishness in all its hellish forms will fight you, conservatism which will brook no change will hinder you, but none of these things can prevail against you if your civic idealism is from the heart of your life and flows persistently fresh and vigorous because of your nearness to God in the people. Thy democracy come, Thy will be done in our cities.

International Organization for Inter-Racial Good Will

Address Delivered at the Universal Races Congress, London, July 29, by Edwin D. Mead.

The Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration were inaugurated in 1895, after there had been held at Lake Mohonk for several years previously annual conferences upon the duty of the American people to the Indians living within their borders. The first three Mohonk Arbitration Conferences were made memorable by powerful addresses by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the Nestor of the peace cause in America, as we liked to call him in his later years, demanding and prophesying a Permanent International Tribunal. By virtue of their grasp of the international situation, their foresight and their inspiration, these addresses were the most inspiring and most noteworthy which have been heard at the Mohonk Arbitration Conferences during these seventeen years. Their central demand was that nations, well disposed as the best of them were to arbitration, generally speaking, should not leave provision for arbitration to times when some special dispute arose or some special danger pressed, then create a special commission to deal with the particular case arising; but that the nations should cooperate to establish a Permanent International Tribunal which should always be in existence and always ready to deal with every international difference. Cases should never wait for courts, said Dr. Hale, but courts should always be ready for cases, and this was in no field more imperative than in the international field where there was no provision of the kind. It was foolish and criminal to leave to some acute crisis, when two contesting peoples were inflamed and in hot blood over their disagreements, the preparation of machinery to dispose of the disagreements. No time is so unpropitious for such action. There should be a Permanent International Tribunal, of whose existence every nation would be conscious in the critical hour when there makers miss can never be told.

that every nation knew that it existed, and not to have recourse to it instead of to individual vengeance in the hour of conflict or dispute was dishonor. In a word, civilized nations in the family of nations must follow the same course in their disputes and differences which is followed by civilized men in individual nations. When Dr. Hale in 1895, 1896 and 1897 thundered this demand reiteratedly at Lake Mohonk, he was told by learned and distinguished diplomats and jurists that it was a noble ideal, and one which in some fine but distant future would doubtless be realized, but it was far ahead of the times, and its realization was not to be expected in our generation. That was probably the judgment of most so-called hard-headed men, even progressive men, at Mohonk and elsewhere in 1897. But in 1898 the First Hague Conference was called, and in 1899 the Permanent International Tribunal at The Hague was established.

This is an interesting and encouraging and a directing chapter of history for us as we meet in the interests of another great line of effort to bring about justice and brotherhood among the peoples of the world. It reminds us that in this time, when men the world over touch elbows as never before and the interest of each is the interest of all as never before, very great things may be suddenly brought to pass in a very short time. But especially it directs us as to the right way to do the things which we who have come together in this Congress have to do. It is no new thing for good men in a score of nations to interest themselves seriously in the relations of different races within and without their own borders, and no new thing for special organizations to be created, and special conferences held, to deal with special wrongs. Such flagrant wrongs have compelled sympathy and indignation and protest and united action of some sort in every year of the lives of every man in this Congress, and in every nation from which most of us come.

The Congo Reform Association is an illustration. The terrible atrocities in the Congo were told about by missionaries and others here and there for years. By and by the volume of reports became so great and so authentic that there was public discussion and public protest. Mr. Morell and others here in England were so stirred that they threw their lives into the work of exposing and reforming the horrible situation. You organized a Congo Reform Association. We in America, prompted by your action, organized another; France and Switzerland and I know not what other countries organized theirs; and all did noble, vigorous, expensive and measurably successful work. The attention of the world was arrested, the conscience of the world was touched, and there is undoubtedly a better state of things in the Congo State today. At any rate, all men there know they are under watch and are on their good behavior. Groups of humane and civilized men have risen and organized similarly when there was wickedness in Armenia, in Macedonia, in Crete, in Russia and in India. Societies exist or have existed in England and America and other countries concerning inter-racial tyranny and wrong in these late years in all these places and a dozen more; but the efforts have usually been so delayed, so improvised, so poorly supported and so unrelated that they have never half done their work. They are like the special arbitration commissions, arraigned by Mr. Hale, created under pressure all through the last century to meet some menacing crisis. Such commissions did not meet the world's needs, and these fitful and sporadic societies to deal with sudden tragedies and threats do not meet the world's needs. The world had to organize a Permanent International Tribunal; and we have to create a permanent international organization to watch the world over the inter-racial injustices and wrongs which have commanded our assemblage here. I do not forget that there exist agencies for coping with the tyranny of so-called superior peoples over weak peoples of much more permanent character and much broader scope than such organizations as the Congo Reform Association. The Aborigines Protection Society here in Great Britain is such an agency. As concerns British obligation and effort in one great field of our problem, it is in its definition of purpose and range of activity almost precisely the thing to be desired in every country. This noble Society, which was founded as far back as 1837, three quarters of a century ago, was the outcome of the work of a committee of the House of Commons "to consider what measures ought to be adopted with regard to the native inhabitants of countries where British settlements are made, and to neighboring tribes in order to secure to them justice and the protection of their rights." When one looks at the map of the world and notes the places where British settlements have been made, one realizes that there are few tribes which are not neighboring to British settlements on one side or another, and that the definition of purpose by the old parliamentary committee was therefore well-nigh universal. So I think the Aborigines Protection Society has construed its function. It was itself certainly, as we in the United States came to know well, one of the real Congo Reform Associations; and it has been pretty well every special kind of a reform association in carrying out its stated purpose "to assist in protecting the defenseless and promoting the advancement of uncivilized tribes." It was fitting that the British Anti-Slavery Society, founded at almost exactly the same time, should amalgamate with it two years ago; for the work of the two societies has constantly run in parallel courses. Looking through the last number (January, 1911) of the quarterly journal of these united societies, I find that there is no other country whose race problems receive so much attention in its pages as those of my own. There is a long account of the gathering at the Whitehall rooms last October in honor of Booker Washington. This is followed by a letter concerning the visit to Europe this year of Professor Du Bois; there is a tribute to Julia Ward Howe and her service in the American anti-slavery conflict; and there is a long review of Sir Harry H. Johnston's book upon "The Negro in the New World," accompanied by a portrait of John Brown. Besides these things there is an article relating to certain work for the benefit of the Mick Mac Indians of Prince Edward Island. When your British Aborigines Protection Society is able to consider to this extent in a single issue of its journal the rights and wrongs of the weaker races in America, it seems to me that you already have here in Great Britain what can easily be made the adequate British agency in such a group of societies as I desire to see established in the civilized nations, all co-operating in an International union for Inter-racial Justice. Some of us in the United States who were active in the Congo Reform Association were brought by that experience to feel the need of some such society of broader scope, like

the Aborigines Protection Society. Our study of the wrongs in the Congo brought us sharply up against similar wrongs in Africa, in lands under other than Belgian jurisdiction, and we began to hear of almost precisely the same evils in South America. We saw that we were dealing with only one aspect of a world-wide and persistent problem; and I think that no one felt this more deeply than Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the president of our Congo Reform Association. He had long been a careful and sympathetic student of the conditions of the less developed races and of the tyrannies and cruelties afflicted upon them by "civilized" brutality and greed. Professor William James has deeply felt the shame and written burningly upon it at the time of our American iniquities in the Philippines. In meetings of our Congo Reform Association President Hall and others spoke of the need and possibility of some association of broader scope, but up to the present time we have not created such an association in the United States. What I urge here is the creation of such organizations in the United States and in every civilized country, to be leagued together in an international union.

In the United States we have of course had special societies to deal with our two great racial problems, those concerning the Negro and the Indians. Professor Du Bois, who visits Europe this summer, represents the National Association for the Welfare of Colored People, which is the most recently organized of various societies which have defined their purposes in similar terms, and some of which still exist. Professor Du Bois is the most active worker in this new Society, of which Mr. Moorfield Storey is the president, and whose officers and members are chiefly white men. The Constitution League of the United States, in which Mr. John E. Milholland, almost as much at home here in London as in New York, has been the most active force, is another American agency which has been earnestly devoted to fighting the political oppressions and discriminations to which the Negroes in the South are still subjected. Our Anti-Imperialist League, organized to oppose the policy of our government in the Philippines, and of which Mr. Moorfield Storey is also the president, has become in very high degree, by the exigencies of its problem, a kind of Aborigines Protection Society; as it has also been led to consider the problems of imperialism, which is always accompanied by injustice and tyranny toward weaker races, exercised by other governments than our own. There are various organizations among our Negroes themselves concerned with the sufferings and struggles of their race in America. We have had for many years an Indian Rights Association; and for twenty years there has been held at Lake Mohonk an annual Conference upon our duty to the Indians, attended by many of our best and ablest men, and resulting in immense improvement. This Conference has in recent years been so expanded in its scope as to take in the problems arising from our relations to our so-called "dependencies"—the Philippines here playing of course the most important part. There is no place in the United States better fitted, by the great traditions created by Conferences on International Arbitration, to become a center for conferences on inter-racial justice than Lake Mohonk. Its present autumn Conferences upon the rights of our Indians and the people of our dependencies might profitably be expanded into conferences of this broader scope, with no prejudice, but only gain, to the special purposes which called them into being.

It is possible, however, that the center for this broader work in the United States will be elsewhere. There has been started at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, during the last two years, the most intelligent and well considered movement known to me in all the world bearing upon the particular problems of this Congress. The object of the Congress had been stated to be the discussion of the relation of the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored peoples. I have been speaking chiefly of the relations of white and colored races, viewing the colored races as those coming within the purview of such students and reformers as those constituting the Aborigines Protection Society. To the discussion of such relations the Clark University Conferences will in considerable measure be devoted; but they will also be devoted to what may be called more specifically the relations between the peoples of the West and those of the East—and to those relations the two Conferences already held have been devoted. The president of Clark University, as is well known to most scholars present here, is Dr. G. Stanley Hall, whom I have already mentioned as the president of our Congo Reform Association; and I think that his experience in the work of that Association has had much to do with his interest in the founding of the Clark University Conferences, in whose organization his able and devoted associate has been Professor George H. Blakeslee of the University. The first of these Conferences was held in the autumn of 1909, and concerned itself with the relations of America to the Far East, chiefly China and Japan. The second Conference was held in the autumn of 1910, and concerned itself with the Near East. Better thought out and better carried out programs than those of these two Conferences have seldom been seen; and they mark the beginning of a new era for us in the United States touching the scientific study of Eastern peoples and just dealings with them. Perhaps the best outcome of these Conferences, which are to be made regular, has been the establishment of a quarterly journal, "The Journal of Race Development," in which many of the papers read at the Conference have been printed, which is by far the best publication in this field which we have ever seen in America, and certainly one of the best organs in the world of the great movement which has brought us together here. With the Mohonk autumn Conferences developing as they are developing, and with the institution of these Clark University Conferences, I feel the outlook for thorough and worthy attention in the United States to inter-racial problems to be most promising; and the establishment with us of an efficient American society, corresponding in some sort to the British Aborigines Protection Society, is only a question of tomorrow or the next day.

In showing the historic preparation and present readiness for broader organization of our forces for dealing with the inter-racial problems, I have surveyed practically only Great Briain and the United States, because I am most at home here, and they serve me best for illustration. In some ways, too, the movement is further advanced in these two countries, as there are some reasons why they have been under exceptional obligation to efforts in this field. But I do not forget the noble, humanitarian efforts and the

most scientific and valuable studies in France, Germany, and other countries. The problem urges itself upon the minds and consciences of serious men the world over. It is not simply a problem of dealing with Aborigines, nor of the relations of white men with black or yellow men; it is a problem of the mutual relations of peoples of all races and all grades of civilization. Cruelty indeed is commonest where the interval between the races is greatest; but it is questionable whether it is not in fields where the interval is slighter that the greatest mischief is done by ignorance, selfishness and pride. It is when we read books like Miss Colenso's "History of the Zulu War and its Origin" (1880), or the chapter in the Life of General Gordon detailing his experience in Basutoland (1882), or when we recall proceedings in the Philippine Islands for which the American people were responsible, where the shooting of the natives came to seem to American boys, as they phrased it, "like shooting rabbits," that we realize the brutality of which the English race is so easily capable; but it is when we read a poem like Kipling's "Truce of the Bear," in which genius prostitutes itself to the work of strengthening and inflaming national and racial prejudice, that we realize the higher capacities of our race to thwart the world's progress and defeat dawning civilizations. If I remember rightly, this particular poem which I mention by way of illustration, appeared at the very time Great Britain was engaged in the Boer War and the United States in the Philippine iniquity. While at the same moment the four men who in all the world were doing most to promote the world's peace and brotherhood were every one of them Russians; the Czar, who was then summoning the First Peace Conference at The Hague; Verestchagin, who by his powerful pictures was bringing the horrors of war home to the hearts of men as they had never been brought before; Jean de Bloch, whose book upon "The Future of War" was doing more than any other book since Grotius's "Rights of War and Peace," to convince the thoughtful world of the folly and fatuity of the war system; and Tolstoy, whose mighty tractates were arousing the human mind and conscience of every nation to the mischief and wickedness of the common vulgar patriotism and its inconsistency with the clear dictates of morality and religion. The English poet was seeking to inspire his people with suspicion and hate of the Russian as a bear trying to act like a man; but the question forced home to the English and American conscience in that hour of English and American recreancy was whether a bear striving to act like a man is not a nobler and more impressive creature than men indisputably acting like bears. A primary function of a movement like the present one is to cultivate good understanding and good will between all peoples near and far. We have a noisy and pestiferous little group in America whose regular business seems to be to stir up suspicion and hatred of the people of Japan. You have a larger group in England whose similar vocation is to sow seeds of enmity against the German people. I say England, not Great Britain, because I was brought to book by some good Scotch scholars attending with me the fifth centennial of Leipzig University, in 1909, when in speech with them I lamented the common British feeling of distrust toward Germany. "Do not say British feeling," said the Scotchmen, "say English feeling. There is not a bit of it north of the Tweed; it is only a fit of the English sillies!" I had not thought before of the geography of the pitiful sentiment, and do not here pause to verify it; I must leave that to you Englishmen and Scotchmen. I did remember that when I was a Leipzig student, thirty years before, there were many Scotch students there, and almost no English students. I suspect that was true of other German universities; and if it be generally true that more Scotch than English scholars have domesticated themselves for a time in Germany, that is surely one reason for the different atmospheres which the Scotchmen reported north and south of the Tweed. Be this as it may,—and Anglo-German relations lie a little outside the strict province of this Congress,—the source of most of the troubles with which we are coping here is ignorance. Dr. John H. De Forest, in his impressive pamphlet on "American Ignorance of Oriental Languages," has startingly shown the serious practical dangers menacing us in the United States from our ignorance of the speech and some of the simplest usages of our Japanese brothers. I found in Germany a little while ago groups of noble and aspiring young people working for international progress, and, fearing that the name of peace society might not be most propitious for their effort, they called their groups Societies for Good Understanding Between Peoples. (Voelkerverstaendigung). It comes to the same thing, and the name hits the central danger and the central need. We all need to have more to do with each other and know each other better.

There was recently an important conference in the United States of representatives of the Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Congregationalists, to confer about Christian union; and a Presbyterian leader commented afterwards upon the mischief which had resulted from lack of personal acquaintance. "We cannot force union," he said, "but we can know each other. We have lived in our respective worlds, knowing well the men in our own body, but knowing not at all the men in other bodies. It has been an uplift to know these leaders of other names. After all, they are much like us. When all get to know all, union will be here." If such a confession of mutual ignorance on the part of groups of American Christians, and the mischief of it, is possible, how appalling appears the mutual ignorance of widely differing races, and the mischief of it!

I speak of the international organization which I propose as one in behalf of inter-racial justice; but I mean more than that—I mean that it shall also deal with the problem of how backward races may best be assisted in their upward progress and development, and how men of all races may have better personal acquaintance with each other.

Mr. Milholland in New York, Mr. Moscheles here in London, have talked much of Cosmopolitan or International Clubs. They would have International Clubs in London, in Paris, in Berlin, in New York, in Tokyo, in Shanghai, where men concerned with international problems should meet socially; and the members of one club should be members of all, wherever they journeyed. It is from good conversation they say, and rightly say, that more good frequently results than from congresses. Let us promote the formation of such International Clubs; for every one of them would be a potent center for our cause.

We talk of this as now a little world, since "Mauretanias" and wireless telegraphy and the other machinery for shrinkage have multiplied; but it is only in

certain definite respects that it is a little world, and in the many indefinite respects it is a big world still, mostly barbarian, with its peoples far apart and very ignorant of each other. The solution of the great international problems involved is not possible to national societies working separately. International work must be internationally done; and in this field of racial problems, evolution has advanced so far that we are ready for the international step and for definite organization in every nation.

When one is asked to suggest the method and form of organization, the answer is simple. It has happened more than once in movements like ours that definite international organization has preceded adequate national organization. It was so of the peace congresses. The first Universal Peace Congress was, like this first Universal Races Congress, held in London. That was in 1843. That first Peace Congress here in London, we Americans like to remember, was brought about by the American Peace Society in Boston; as I was interested to read in your circular that this London Races Congress owed its original impulse to Felix Adler of New York. Four great International Peace Congresses followed that London Congress of 1843. Then there was an interregnum of nearly forty years; and the first of the present series of International Peace Congresses was held at Paris in 1889. But it was not until 1902, almost sixty years after the London International Congress of 1843, that there was a National Peace Congress, that being in France. England followed with National Peace Congresses, then the United States, then Germany—the International Congresses meantime going steadily on, under the general control of the International Peace Bureau at Berne, made up of representatives of the various nations.

If we are looking for precedent in organization, here therefore is all the precedent we need. Let us consider this Universal Races Congress no isolated or final gathering, but simply the first of a series of Universal Races Congresses, biennial or triennial, which shall go regularly on until the day of inter-racial justice and fraternity dawns. Let us too have our International Bureau of Inter-Racial Justice at London or at Berne; and let us who are here go home to Germany, to Italy, to India, to China, to America, each group pledged to organize in its own country a national society of Inter-Racial Justice, with its annual National Congress. The material for organization is abundant. I see here in your circular twenty pages of names of men upon the General Committee of this Congress. There are nearly two hundred names from the United States alone. Here is already, if these will so resolve, an American Society of Inter-Racial Justice. Let them so resolve; and so let the delegates from France and Belgium and Germany and India resolve. The second Universal Races Congress here in London or in Paris or wherever it may be, would then be largely a representative Congress made up in great measure of regular delegates from national societies. Each national society should have its bureau and its publications, and of such national publications there should be the completest interchange; while the central international bureau should correlate the various national activities and keep each particular effort in influential touch with all the rest. I would suggest that the various national Inter-Racial Justice Congresses be held each year in the same week with the sessions of the National Peace Congresses in the same countries, perhaps on the day preceding the opening of such Congresses. The causes appeal to substantially the same constituencies, and the fixing of such a time for the meetings would certainly increase the attendance. Where the subjects to be considered by the Races Congress are so numerous and important as to demand a conference of several days—and that describes the condition in the United States at this time—it may be desirable that this combination should not be too close; but I am suggesting for consideration a general principle of procedure. I do it for the sake of urging further the close relations of these causes. The wars of today have very different provocations from those of two or three centuries ago. They spring almost entirely from commercial rivalries or the collisions of races, growing usually in the latter case out of the exploitation of weaker by stronger peoples. Whatever can counteract this is a distinct accomplishment for the peace and order of the world; and that makes this Universal Races Congress perhaps the most important Peace Congress of the present year. The promotion of the progress of the movement here inaugurated cannot fail to appeal to bodies of men like the Trustees of the new Carnegie Peace Foundation as distinctly within their province; although there should be no dependence by this organization upon other or-every nation to secure for it independence and ade-ganizations, but a vigorous effort by its friends in quate support.

In referring to Dr. Hale's prophetic Mohonk address demanding a Permanent International Tribunal. I spoke of the rapidity with which in our day great movements are consummated. There is every reason why the international effort inaugurated here in London today should achieve quick and decisive success. It certainly will do it if we here so highly resolve. Let us resolve that every nation here represented shall organize a national society this year, and hold a national congress next year; and let us plan for a second international congress three years from now. I wish that that 1914 Congress might be held in the United States. That is to be with us a noteworthy international year. We are then to celebrate the centennial of peace between the United States and Great Britain. We shall invite the International Peace Congress to hold its session with us that year; and the Inter-parliamentary Union will be similarly invited. It will be a good year for the thoughtful men of the world to confer on American soil upon this problem of the right relation of races, which is the cardinal phrase of the general problem of international fraternity and peace. We can tell you in America of noteworthy advance in the solution of our great races problems. There has been almost a revolution in the last generation in our dealing with our Indian population; and there is at this time a movement hardly less than revolutionary going on in the minds of the best Southern white men touching the Negroes. In the whole history of civilization there has been no more remarkable advance than that of the Negroes in our Southern states since emancipation. The story in industry, in property and in education is the same. In 1905, six years ago, it was my office to arrange in Boston a course of lectures upon our six most permanent institutions for Negro education,—Howard University, Hampton, Fisk, Atlanta, Tuskegee and

Berea,—by the presidents of some leading representative of the institution; and these addresses were published together in a volume entitled "From Servitude to Service." It was a remarkable survey of remarkable achievement. It was published only six years ago, in 1905, when I venture to say that there had been up to that time altogether not so many words of strong and cordial congratulation in high Southern places upon that educational advance as have been uttered in the subsequent six years. That volume could be matched by one equally impressive made up of addresses by presidents of Southern universities and other leading Southern men recognizing and urging that the Negro race must have as its preachers, teachers, lawyers and doctors men of the highest education, and that no solution of the race question is possible which is not based upon the desire to develop every race to its highest capacity. This is promising and prophetic; and it is indicative of the new insight and new conscience which are coming into the consideration of the race question everywhere. The wrongs to our Southern Negroes, political and social, are still flagrant and intolerable; but I am emphasizing here the elements of hope and genuine advance. I believe that in the next decade the new humanity which is becoming so pervasive will achieve no greater triumphs than in the field of inter-racial justice; and it will do this the more rapidly and effectively as we all make the world our parish and work together internationally.

The most impressive volume which has come to my table this last year is that great volume of 1,500 pages, "La Vie Internationale," issued by the International Bureau at Brussels, and giving lists and accounts of the world's various international organizations up to date, in the fields of politics, science, literature, art and social affairs, with details of their organization and their approaching congresses. It is a potent picture of the broad international web which has already been woven and of the thousand shuttles which, with ever accelerating speed, are pushing on the process. There is no other lack in those eloquent pages so conspicuous as the lack of record of adequate international organizations of the imperative many-sided cause which is represented here. I hail this Congress as a pledge that that deficiency will now be met, and that this commanding international duty will be internationally fulfilled.

THE PLOUGHING OF THE LORD

The ploughing of the Lord is deep,
On ocean or on land;
His furrows cross the mountain-steep,
They cross the sea-washed sand.

Wise men and prophets know not how,
But work their Master's will;
The kings and nations drag the plough,
His purpose to fulfill.

They work his will because they must,
On hillside or on plain,
Til clods are broken into dust,
And ready for the grain.

Where prophets lone the deserts trod,
Where monarchs dragged the plough,
Behold the seed-time of his Word,—
The Sower comes to sow!

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

CORRESPONDENCE

A New Bathing Beach

Dear UNITY:

You will be glad to know and give credit to corporations and private interests that have gladly left the matter of riparian rights to one part of Lake Michigan, to the courts, and have united in making possible a clean, policed, safe-guarded beach at Thirty-ninth street. The Illinois Central Railroad met the city more than half way in their desire to give the children the use of the beach.

The city in its Mayor, Small Parks Commission, Corporation Counsels and Chief of Police has devoted time and money to finding a way to meet the Illinois Central Railroad and give the children a safe, wholesome place to swim.

The nearest neighbor, the pumping station, under the Sanitary Commission, has furnished light, in fact, corporations and individuals have vied with each other in giving the children a safe, clean place to swim when once they saw the way to do so without prejudicing the rights of either claimant to the lake shore, in the suit that will probably drag along for one or two generations.

It was the business of the Oakwood branch of the Juvenile Protective League to help find the way, put up the tents and furnish a matron. All these things have been done and the beach once established under city protection will become better and better equipped and answer an ever-increasing demand and, best of all, perhaps lead to other postponements of claims and enable the people to use the lake shore.

Chicago, Ill. O. C. S.

THE STUDY TABLE

Summer Books

From Funk & Wagnalls I am in receipt of "The Return of Caroline," by Florence Morse Kingsley. Also from the same house comes the next volume of the Schaff-Herzog Cyclopedia. I cannot do anything more than announce these volumes because the publishers have heedlessly sent them to Clinton. Thomas Whittaker has also sent me "The Passing of the American," by Monroe Royce. This volume unfortunately must also wait until I go North. I can, however, commend it as well as announce it. The author deals with every phase of American life and character. He undertakes to show that the native American is being outstripped by the alien; and that in both the industrial and commercial affairs of the people the foreigner is coming out ahead. He thinks the native will be eliminated if he does not find his danger and adjust himself to a remedy. The book has chapters on "The American Woman," "The Poor Whites of the South," "The Degenerate New Englander," 'The Professional Politician," and it discusses matters pertaining to the school and to the church. It is one of those books that you will need to consider, making up your own mind about affairs.

E. P. POWELL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

TOWER HILL NOTES

The class in religion has lost nothing of freshness by repetition of subject in this fourth cycle of studies. The Domestication of Animals was spoken of as another "High Bridge," to borrow a phrase from John Fiske, in the long road over which man has passed from savagery to civilization. The development of the dog from the enemy of man to his friend and ally is one of the great achievements of the race. Without the help of the dog, the cow, the sheep, the horse, the chicken, the pig and the goat, our primitive ancestors would have made much slower progress, and even the man of today would be badly handicapped.

The latter part of the course grows more psychological and internal and consequently more difficult, but not less interesting. The old, old question, how sin began and its origin and purpose in the world, is perhaps as old as sin itself and harks back to the time when man first dared defy the gods. Among the labyrinth of myths, three are typical: the Hebrew story of the Garden where woman stole the fruit that she might be wise, the Prometheus story of the man who stole fire from Heaven, and the Hindu myth of the man who filched from the gods the "soma," the beer or wine, for inspiration and intoxication were not always easily distinguished by primitive man. Now as ever, the origin of sin may be attributed to three fundamental causes. 1. Ignorance. In Dickens' "Bleak House" Poor Joe "never knowed nothink," he "never went for to do it," but the lady had the smallpox just the same. 2. The spirit of adventure; the longing for something better, something divine. 3. Weakness of will. These all remain, but what progress has been made! Once it was glory to take life; the more scalps, the "bigger brave." Now the man who has taken one life is haunted by conscience, though no one touch him, though his crime be hidden ever so deep. Surely the moral sense is growing.

The treatment of sin is a schoolmaster's problem, a fireside question. It needs training, not punishment in the ordinary sense of the word. Man is not falling but rising, not "damned" but "doomed" to be saved. The text from Emerson which was chosen for this lesson is illuminating: "We grant that human life is mean, but how do we know that it is mean?" We are pretty near to the kingdom when we have found that we are outside of it.

The kindred topics of the Thought of Death, the Origin and Continuance of Soul, and the Thought of Heaven and Hell, were dealt with in one lesson. According to the myths, death is the result of a blunder or a crime, but according to the later and truer thought of science, death is no interference with the original plan, no defeat of the Almighty's purpose. It is an inevitable process, as natural and normal as birth.

We can scarcely go back far enough in primitive life as not to find the thought of immortality. Science makes no dogmatic statement, but teaches the persistence of force. If you come to the abutment of a great bridge across the Mississippi and find no bridge there, you must think that either an imbecile company has laid the foundations, or the company has failed, or there is going to be a bridge there sometime. The substructure is not proof of a superstructure, but it is presumptive evidence of a high quality. Let us deserve immortality and get ready for it. Let us not demand proofs but be satisfied with the apparent intimations that surround us.

In the old mythology, which, alas, is not yet outgrown, the fate of every soul is fixed at death for all time to come, thus making the division final. This is the primal atrocity. If the Almighty behaved like that he would be worse than any human father. We like the story of Radsbod, the old Scandinavian, who, as he was about to accept the rites of baptism, stopped with one foot in the water and asked, "What about my ancestors?" On being told "Your ancestors will go to hell," he said, "Then I refuse your baptism. I will go with my forefathers." Like George Eliot, we will accept no heaven "haunted by shrieks of far-off misery." Better forget all about the heaven and hell of the future and go to work to help build heaven here and now.

Perhaps the high-water mark of interest was reached in the lesson on The Thought of God. God-making is universal, a dangerous business, but inevitable. It ranges all the way from fetichism to theism,—the last and highest effort at God-making, which believes not in a God who worked six thousand years ago and has ceased to work, who changed his mind and repented of his work, but in a God who *is* the unchanging order of the universe. Perhaps you do not believe in God. Very well, but you do believe in power, that holds the universe in its grasp; in progress, which makes it better for the eagle than it was for the pterodactyl; in love, which began away back in the crystal; in justice, the eternal right; in duty, the sense of *ought* within the soul. Where do they come from? These are not five entities but five manifestations of the same verity, which we need a word to represent. We may call it Brahm, or Allah, or Jehovah, or we many spell good with one "o" instead of two and call it God. It matters not.

Friday evening we listened to Pastor Helming of the University Congregational Church of Chicago on the subject of The Soul. Both subject and treatment chimed in well with the lessons of the week in religion, but the somewhat different standpoint gave zest and interest. Whatever "soul" may be, or whatever its origin, all agree of necessity that it is "character" that determines its value, to itself or to the universe, and that the supreme good lies in the quality of soul and not in any outward gifts of whatsoever cost.

Sunday was a day of quiet, uninterrupted even by religious services except at the vesper hour, when a simple service of song, reading and prayer ended a day of Hill-top serenity. E. H. W.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, Aug. 7, 1911.

ISSUED FROM HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF FARM WOMEN

Rev. Warren H. Wilson, who has gained fame because of his work in building up country churches, is to attend the International Congress of Farm Women in this city, October 17 to 19. He will bring an exhibit illustrating what the churches are attempting to do in creating interest in religious life among the rural people.

Dr. Wilson gave up a big New York church to undertake this work in the country. The Women's Congress is the first gathering of the kind ever held, and is an outgrowth of the Roosevelt farm commission report. It is an offshoot of the International Dry-Farming Congress. Three members of the Roosevelt commission have announced their intention of attending. One session of the program will be given up to the discussion of school and church influence on the farm.

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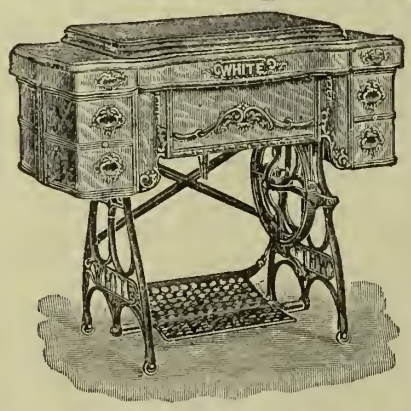

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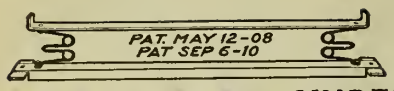

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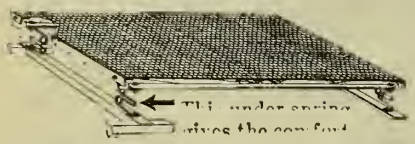

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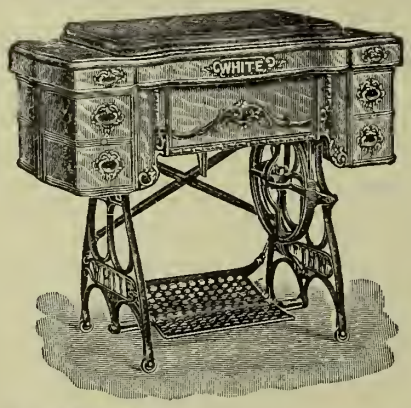

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Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1911. NUMBER 26.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a Perfect Day
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a Perfect Day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a Perfect Day,
And the end of a journey, too,
And it leaves a thought that is big and strong
And a wish that is kind and true,
For memory has painted this Perfect Day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of the friend we've made.

—*Carrie Jacobs Bond.*

Eugene F. Ware, most beloved as "Ironquill," whose fame rests securely on the "Washerwoman's Song" and who could make as good a coach harness as anybody, is reported in *Collier's* as having had a harness shop in Fort Scott in the sixties. He had a competitor who wrote advertisements in verse, and he had to do the same thing in order to meet competition. By this means he discovered that he "could make rhymes and people would read them," so he kept it up. Does this mean that competition is the life of art as well as of trade?

J. Q. Emery, the valiant, efficient and incorruptible State Dairy and Food Commissioner of Wisconsin, says of Dr. H. W. Wiley, as reported in the *Wisconsin State Journal*:

> I regard him as the ablest authority on food matters in the country, if not inthe world. I believe him a man of sterling honesty, superb courage, one who cannot be bribed, cajoled or hypnotized by the adulterating and counterfeiting food manufacturers and purveyors."

Let such a man be conserved as a most valuable asset in an administration that seeks to hold the confidences of the people.

It hardly seems possible that the United States Senate should again prove itself so dead to the spirit of the age, so blind to the progress of civilization, as to first obstruct and then defeat the International Arbitration Treaty now before it. Great Britain has at last radically crippled if not practically demolished the power of its House of Lords; henceforth they are to be but expensive decorations, troublesome trumpery maintained for appearance's sake. Perhaps the United States must needs get rid of its "House of Lords" before it will be able to keep pace with the growing thought and the noblest impulses of the age.

The building and painting of a church between dawn and sunset and its dedication after candle-lighting of the same day, is a feat worth more than a passing mention. Those who doubt this story will do well to look at the pictures in the *Literary Digest* of August 5. The camera tells no lies. The feat was accomplished in Peoria, Illinois, on last Decoration Day, and it is a comely-looking building that will seat several hundred people. One hundred and twenty-five men were "on the job," and the Carpenters' Union, instead of interfering, sent sixty-six members to join the gang. Much of the material as well as all of the labor was contributed, reducing the cost of the building to $525. We leave our readers to preach the sermon on this text. We suspect it will be something about "unity" and "co-operation," a high "togetherness," etc., etc.

"Changing a Cannibal Tribe into a Model Community" is the title of an illustrated article in the *Congregationalist*, by our whilom neighbor, Sidney Strong, D. D., now of Seattle, Washington. The tribe in question represents a group of Alaska Indians, and the instrumentality that brought about the change is Father William Duncan, now in the seventy-ninth year of his age and the fifty-fifth year of his missionary work in Alaska. This model village has gilt-edge credit with the merchants at Seattle. He and his Indians are all prosperous. He is a Captain of Industry as well as of the salvation of souls. There are other localities not so far away with cannibalistic tendencies that might be modified and transformed by a single worker with the faith and persistency of Father Duncan. A young minister who would accomplish visible and permanent results in any community should set himself to at least a fifty-year task.

It is interesting for us of the United States to look through the eyes of so clear an observer as Professor L. T. Hobhouse, of the London University, who has recently been giving to the editors of the Contemporary Review the impressions received from a recent

visit to the United States. He finds here no evidence of a Democratic failure on a large scale. He finds us "in full revolt against the domination of capital," which once we were supposed to worship. While he finds poverty here, there is none of that "massive and conspicuous kind that forms part of the surroundings of daily life in England." He discovered a "new spiritual activity at work for the purification of politics." This is encouraging. We congratulate Prof. Hobhouse on his insight and thank him for his frankness. The word of encouragement from such a source is very welcome. Let us take fresh courage, spit on our hands and take a new hold of the ropes and pull together right heartily.

The *Congregationalist* for August 5 notices editorially "Three Great Utterances on Unity," looking toward a federation of the Protestant churches. One of these comes from the Episcopalian Bishop of Los Angeles, Cal., another from a leading Baptist statesman of Great Britain, the third from a distinguished Congregational scholar of London. These "notable addresses" indicate to the Editor that an "Era of Publication" has begun. The "Disciples of Christ" have begun to issue a quarterly series of pamphlets to be entitled "Christian Union Library," the Episcopal Commission charged with instituting a world-conference is planning to issue a similar series, while the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches is promoting a similar agitation. Let the good work go on. In the effort to realize co-operation these organizations will slowly but surely beat themselves into the clear as to the true basis of such co-operation, which in the last analysis must be ethical rather than theological. Vital union is to be found in service rather than in creed. Where there is liberty of thought, there is the union of hands and the communion of hearts.

The *Literary Digest* of August 5 has an article on the "Sale of Chinese Hair," evidently designed to allay the anxieties and humiliations of those who must invest in foreign products of this kind. But still, after the best is made of it, these facts remain: In 1907 the export of human hair from Hongkong to the United States was valued at $41,880, while the shipment in 1910 was worth $695,137 in gold, and weighed 576,119 pounds. But the entire Chinese output for that year amounted to 1,300,000 pounds and was valued at over a million dollars. Much of this hair is shipped to Paris, whence it comes to the United States as "finished hair." The demand for "raw hair" seems to be on the decrease. The market has been glutted. Now the demand is for "finished hair." An American "hair expert" has a Hongkong "factory" which employs six hundred men, women and children in making "finished hair"—the switches, the puffs, and the "what-nots" that represent the plus to nature in the beauty of the modern woman necessary in the ladies' toilet all the way from the shop girl to the million-airess. Is it nice to publish these facts? Why should UNITY make itself disagreeable by extending this information?

One wonders whether Kaiser Wilhelm is joking or crazy. Does he expect that this Twentieth Century, tutored by Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, Gladstone and Lincoln will accept him as a ruler from God and, to quote his own phrase, "Instrument of the Master regardless of passing views and opinions?" This is certainly joking or else insanity. Conjuring the shade of Queen Louise of Prussia, he made the "lofty figure" to "teach us that we men should cultivate all the military virtues and always be willing to use them in defense of the country. Above all it teaches us to maintain the enlargement of our army in view of the enormous strides made by our neighbor, for only on being prepared for war does our peace depend." This is a platitude which others less excusable than the Kaiser indulge in. Cannot the King conjure up a still loftier figure, whose shadow falls beyond the lines of the German empire and whose benignity touches the life of the over-burdened peasant who must needs carry these "valiant" soldiers on his back? For these "military virtues" are costly embellishments. Who pays for the buttons and the gold lace? Who feeds these "valiant defenders" of the Lord's King? The hard working peasants in the field, the over-taxed women at the loom. This same Queen Louise, according to this representative of divinity, "teaches the German women that their duties do not lie in participating in public meetings or in securing supposed rights which may enable them to do the same things as men, but in *quiet work at home and in the family.*" Perhaps his Highness will some morning receive a decree from Almighty God, the only Master he recognizes, to reduce the number of his retinue, to discharge some of the women in his court that they may better devote themselves to the "quiet work at home and in the family." Of course the sensible, cultivated, academically trained Germans know that this is foolishness. How long will they permit this conceited military fop to indulge in such bathos before they tell him he is a fool?

Breaking New Ground

Our readers have been informed from time to time of this summer's doings at Tower Hill, but particularly of the Tower Hill School for the Study and Practice of Religion. In another column they will

read this week of the closing sessions. For the sixth time the Summer School program has culminated in a two-day and three-night conference of Wisconsin men and women selected with reference to their interest in the high issues of life.

It is not for us to invade the reporter's function, but so imperative are the conservative forces in life, so exacting are the conventions, so inviting and oft-times so compelling are the well-worn ruts in our social life, that when a venture is made out of a beaten path it becomes the would-be champions of progress to make the most of it.

John Fiske declared that the conditions most favorable to progress in organic life are those that retain the greatest amount of fluidity consistent with cohesion. Tower Hill is so small, so far away from large interests and so free from the restraint of large bodies that it has been possible for it to try new experiments, to dare without precedent and to do without endorsements.

Tower Hill itself is a social experiment, an attempt to found a summer community in the "woods" that would be a school of preparation without the exhaustion of a school, study classes without the exactions of study, one that, above all, would give systematic work at a place and time when lawlessness is supposed to be the prime condition of a successful "resort." For the twenty-first time this Summer School has been wrought out on these lines. It has taken its regular work, planned not only for the season but for a cycle of lessons seven years long, and we have just finished the first year's work on the fourth way around with a larger constituency and a more sustained interest than ever before, an ethical intensity that has not realized the excitement of exhaustion.

What has heretofore been known as the Tower Hill Woman's Congress was another venture and it has closed its sixth successful session. From the start it has been work "cut out of whole cloth." It was a congress without a constituency, a *de novo* work, with unique methods. There are certain characteristics that have obtained throughout the six years that are worthy of note and that can be enumerated. From the beginning it has been largely a one-woman power product. Miss Lutie E. Stearns, of the Wisconsin Library Commission, is a woman whose work calls her to all parts of the State, puts her in touch with the best elements in each community, and has, perhaps, given her an acquaintance with more men and women of serious mind and high purposes in the State than is given to any other man or woman within the limits of the State. It is probably not saying too much to say that Miss Stearns knows more good, earnest men and women in Wisconsin than any other woman within its boundaries. This "Bishop of Books," "Presiding Elder" of libraries, "Walking Delegate" of reformers, and Deaconess of Culture, has shaped each program with a view of bringing out or bringing forward the work and workers most deserving of sympathy and support in the State. In this spirit from time to time the workers with and for the blind, the deaf, the wayward, the erring, the dependent, the sick and the infirm, have had their hearing. Presidents of women's clubs, professors of the universities, rural and metropolitan preachers, school ma'ams, school masters, and editors have been caught in Miss Stearns' net and brought into the Tower Hill *menu* at one time or another.

This year Miss Stearns tried to round up some farm workers and to face some farm problems. A farmer's wife was heard, and the Skillet Creek Farmers' Club had a spokesman. The interest, always intense, perhaps reached its highest point of interest over the problem of how to socialize the farmer; not on the industrial but on the human side.

The present greed for playgrounds on the part of cities, the present emphasis on directed play, represent logical causes for similar discussions that will end in similar provision for those of the country side.

Perhaps, after all, the difficulty of socializing the intellectual, spiritual and civic interests in rural territory lies in the farmer's effort to imitate the artificialities of the city, which turns night into day. The farmer rises at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. He cannot utilize the hours from 8 to 11 in the evening as the city men and women do, who begin their day's work three or four hours later.

The suggestion was made that perhaps the hours from 11 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon represent the average leisure from the routine work on the farm, particularly in dairy districts, and perhaps the picnic with a purpose, the monthly dinner with a program worth while might be established for eight or nine months in the year in rural communities. Anyhow there were those at Tower Hill last week who have gone home to try it.

Miss Stearns found the Women's Clubs the first material to her hand. They have still been her unfailing resource, but she found her work and workers confined to no such "pent up Utica," and so henceforth sex is eliminated from the name as it has from the start been eliminated from the consciousness. Perhaps here is the beginning of the Man and Woman's Club movement that some of us have been looking for and working for a long time.

We commend to our readers the further information concerning the Tower Hill Congress and the Tower Hill Summer School that will appear from time to time in our columns.

THE PULPIT

Julia Ward Howe's Peace Crusade

By Edwin D. Mead

No one rejoiced more over the great recent advances of the peace movement than Julia Ward Howe. One chapter of the twenty in her "Reminiscences" is entitled "A Woman's Peace Crusade." It deals with an episode in her life too generally forgotten, but is the story of one of the most impressive efforts in a life so crowded with great and noble efforts. It was hardly five years after the close of the Civil War that the terrible Franco-Prussian War broke out; and while it was still in progress, Mrs. Howe tells us that she was visited by a sudden feeling of the cruel and unnecessary character of the contest. "It seemed to me," she wrote, "a return to barbarism, the issue being one that might easily have been settled without bloodshed. The question forced itself upon me,—Why do not the mothers of mankind interfere in these matters, to prevent the waste of that human life of which they alone bear and know the cost? I had never thought of this before. The august dignity of motherhood and its terrible responsibility now appeared to me in a new aspect, and I could think of no better way of expressing my sense of these than that of sending forth an appeal to womanhood throughout the world." She immediately drew up such an appeal, imploring women the world over to awake to their sacred rights and duties to protect human life from the frightful ravages of war. She called upon those women in whose hearts her appeal found response to assist her in calling and holding a congress of women in London, to organize a holy crusade of women against the war system. She had the appeal translated into French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Swedish, and distributed copies of it far and wide, devoting two years almost entirely to correspondence upon the subject with the leading women in various countries.

She held two meetings in New York, at which the cause of peace and the ability of women to promote it were earnestly presented. To the first of these meetings, in the late autumn of 1870, Mr. Bryant came and spoke; and at the second, David Dudley Field, the great advocate of international arbitration, made a powerful address. In the spring of the year 1872, Mrs. Howe went to England to work personally for the holding of a woman's peace congress in London. In Liverpool she was welcomed by Mrs. Josephine Butler, who told her that she had come at a fortunate moment, as the public mind was at the time greatly stirred by the cruel immoralities of army life, and who gave her the names of the Winkworths and other friends of peace in London who would welcome and help her. William Henry Channing was at the time in London, and she had much aid and counsel from him in her "Woman's Apostolate of Peace," as she afterwards named it. Through Channing's good offices she was invited to present her cause at the public banquet of the Unitarian Association in London, at which Sir John Bowring and Athanase Coquerel were also present. She had already attended the anniversary meeting of the English Peace Society, and had asked for permission to speak there, which had been denied her on the ground that women had never spoken at these meetings. Finding but little encouragement from existing societies in London, she decided to hire a hall on her own account for Sunday afternoon meetings. She found one that suited her at the Freemasons' Tavern, and there she spoke on five or six Sundays, with a good attendance throughout. Meantime she came into touch personally in England with Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Clough, Mary Carpenter, and other noble women. She went to see the Duchess of Argyll, who received her pleasantly, but did not interest herself much in the plan for a woman's peace congress, and reminded her that St. Paul had said, "I suffer not a woman to teach." She replied, "Yes: but remember in another place he says that a woman may prophesy wearing a veil." She received many invitations to address meetings in various parts of England, and spoke in Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, and Carlisle. She went to Cambridge and visited Professor J. R. Seeley, the famous author of "Ecce Homo," who lent a kind ear to her plea for a combination of women in behalf of peace. Before the beginning of her Sunday services in London she went to Paris, by invitation of Aaron Powell of New York, to attend a peace congress as a delegate. She presented her credentials and asked leave to speak. With some embarrassment she was told that she might speak to the officers of the society when the public meeting was adjourned, and in a side room she simply told the story of her endeavors to enlist the sympathies and efforts of women in the cause. She felt the whole tone of the congress to be timid, and her stay in Paris was brief.

Her final meeting in London, to which all her other efforts were intended to lead up, was held in St. George's Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright sat with her on the platform, and Sir John Bowring, then an old man, spoke at some length. The attendance was good, but the meeting was by no means what Mrs. Howe had hoped it might be. "The ladies who spoke in public in those days," she says, "mostly confined their labors to the advocacy of woman suffrage and were not much interested in my scheme of a world-wide protest of women against the cruelties of war." Two sisters of John Bright aided her in various ways, and through their instrumentality the money which she had expended in the hire of halls was returned to her. But altogether her peace crusade had but a small measure of the co-operation and success she had hoped for, and she returned disappointed to Boston. Here, however, she did not remit her efforts. She had desired to institute a festival which should be observed as Mothers' Day and be devoted to the advocacy of peace. She chose for this the second day of June, because it was in the season of flowers and a good time for outdoor meetings, and had some success in carrying out the plan. In Boston she held the Mothers' Day meetings for quite a number of years; and the day was also observed in other places, once or twice as far away as Constantinople, and often in places nearer home,—in Philadelphia, certainly, by one association down to ten years ago, if not even to the present time. It seems a sort of prophecy of our present May 18th celebrations.

Some time after her crusade in England, Mrs. Howe joined the American Peace Society; later she

became a member of its board of directors; and at the time of her death she had been for many years one of its vice-presidents. None who were present will forget her two brief addresses at the International Peace Congress in Boston in 1904. One was devoted to emphasizing the thought that the peace movement stood for justice. To her, as to Dr. Hale, justice was the holy word to emphasize; and she rejoiced that the newly established Hague Tribunal would bring this home to the public mind. The other address was a brief rehearsal of the story of her peace crusade in England told at length in her "Reminiscences"; and the story was told again, yet more impressively, in the letter which she sent to the National Peace Congress in New York in 1907, and which was read there, at the great women's meeting, by her daughter, Mrs. Hall. In this letter she speaks with intense feeling of the force of the conviction which impelled her to her peace crusade in 1872. She says: "I cried aloud, 'If the women of the world would unite their efforts to prevent resort to arms, no more blood would be shed upon the battlefield!' I felt this so strongly that it seemed as though I had only to express my conviction to rally around me the mothers of mankind."

Impressively in her letter of 1907 does she emphasize the fact that it was her consuming desire to unite the women of the world in opposition to the war system, which had been the mainspring of her devotion to the higher education of women and the spread of women's clubs. Rejoicing over the great achievements of the generation she exclaimed, "The noble army of women which I saw as in a dream, and to which I made my appeal, has now come into being"; and to this noble army she made her new appeal for decisive service in the last great campaign in the war against war. "If we have rocked the cradle, have soothed the slumber of mankind, let us be on hand at this great awakening, to make steadfast the peace of the world."

It is well for us in this hour, when she has left us, in the time of which, as she truly says, is now ripe for the great peace crusade of women for which the world of 1872 was not ready, to remember again, more gratefully and more seriously, her solemn "Appeal to Womanhood throughout the World." With growing confidence as the years went on she repeated her prophetic appeal; and it is now for the women of America, whom she believed at last equal to the task, to obey the call and fulfill the prophecy. I should be glad to see a portrait of Mrs. Howe hung in Faneuil Hall, as I should be glad to see a statue of Dr. Hale—not as a lame old man, but in the inspiring fullness of his powers—in the right public place in Boston. But the most fitting memorial of such inspiring leaders is always some great activity which perpetuates their inspiration. I should like to see the American Federation of Women's Clubs, I should like to see the National Council of Women, lead in the creation of a Julia Ward Howe Peace Fund of a hundred thousand dollars,—I wish that it might be ten times that, and I wish that the England to which she went on her holy crusade might share in the work,—to be used, under the direction of the noble leaders of the organized women of America who have caught her vision, in carrying out the high purpose which was nearest to her heart.

When Mrs. Howe died, her old-time friend and co-worker in the cause of freedom and the cause of peace, John T. Trowbridge, wrote these lines:

She sang the Battle Hymn that rings
Down the long corridors of time;
Her lifelong human service sings
Of Peace, an anthem more sublime.

Beneath her portrait in the report of the great New York Peace Congress are printed the following lines by Frederick Lawrence Knowles, with motive almost the same:

Lady who lovest and who livest Peace,
And yet did'st write Earth's noblest battle song
At Freedom's bidding,—may thy fame increase
Till dawns the warless age for which we long.

Her fame is secure. It is for the women of America, to whose advancement she devoted her life, to perpetuate and extend her influence in the directions which to her were most important and most imperative.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Child Protection in Hungary

PART I.

In the last few years much has been written about the care of children in Hungary on the part of the Government, in fact so much has been said and written about the system and organization that it would almost seem that every one that is interested in the welfare of children knows about the same. However, the author endeavors in a cursory and as compact a manner as possible to describe, first, the Hungarian system for the care of children in connection with poor laws in Hungary, the carrying out of same, and, finally, the results or success of the system.

The right to obtain public aid or charity in Hungary is defined by Article XXII of the laws of the state passed in 1886. According to Provision 145 under the law, the local community, as far as local conditions allow, is bound to care for its poor,—those that are unable to care for themselves.

Where the community is overburdened, it can call for help from the province in which it is situated, and finally can call upon the state for help. Several communities are allowed to unite to help carry the burden in a united effort.

A ministerial order of the year 1889 regulates the temporary welfare duties of the community in whose midst the needy one finds himself when thus stricken, or unable to help himself, whether he belongs to this district or not.

A very important addition and innovation was created by the Article XXI in the year 1898, by means of which the ground-work and foundation was laid for the governmental care of children. By means of the new law there was established a fund for the care of the sick throughout the country. This fund was secured by a five per cent. addition to taxes and the amount is determined yearly by the parliament. Out of this money, thus obtained, the care of women that have been confined in hospitals, also their children, is paid for. Children that have been found or have been declared forsaken by the proper authorities, are cared for up to their seventh year from these moneys.

After this time, children declared forsaken are turned over to the communities having jurisdiction, to be looked after until their fifteenth year.

Several changes and additions and interpretations to laws, as described above, have been made, so that

in 1907 we have the laws that regulate the care of neglected and mistreated children.

According to provision, first foundlings, children declared forsaken, have a right to be admitted in any state institution for children. As forsaken children are considered all children under fifteen years without means, who have no one that is capable and in duty bound to care for them and educate them, and for whose care and education relatives, charitably inclined, charitable institutions or societies do not properly look after. The final determination of Forsaken depends on the proper authorities.

The community in which the child lives must see that the proper authorities act. Where it is not possible to determine where the child belongs, the community in which the child is found acts through its institutions. Through the action of the proper authorities, the child is then admitted into the State Children s Asylum. But a shorter procedure is allowed under the law. In case of necessity, or in very urgent cases, a provisional admission is ordered by the Judge of the Court, the Mayor of the City, or by order of the Medical Director of the Asylum.

The importance of this provision is proved by the fact that the majority of admissions to the Asylum are through the Medical Director.

Provisional admissions, however, are all passed on by the proper authorities in due time, that is by the Juvenile or Orphans' Court, and to this Court is also the power relegated to determine the status of the child, whether forsaken or not.

The manner of procedure to place a child in an Asylum is for the parents, guardian, or the community, or any person, to make application to the Asylum Director. Older children frequently apply in person for admission. On the admission of the child a careful and thorough protocol or history sheet is made out. This is of use further when the court passes on the case. By certain stipulation of the law the community has to take complete and full care of the child until admitted to the Asylum.

The law makes distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children, and this I wish particularly to make clear.

Provision 10.—Whether the conditions of being forsaken and the necessity of reporting same are applicable is determined by the proper community authorities as soon as they are notified of the birth of an illegitimate child by the proper officer. Minors of this class, whose father and mother are dead, are to be looked after as soon as notices of death are received. The whole circumstances are investigated and a thorough report written out and made. If these orders were always carried out in the proper way the illegitimate child would receive the proper care and attention and have a much better chance to live. At any rate it would be under the State's supervision from the first day of its existence.

It is just as easy to release a child from an Asylum as it is to take it up. It is left in large measure to the Asylum Director, his work being passed on by the proper Court authorities.

What happens to the children that are taken under the protection of the state? The rule is that every child, if it be but for a few hours, enters an Asylum. Exceptions to this rule are all governed by law. Such are, great distances to an Asylum, bad weather conditions or sickness on the part of child. The Asylum Director has authority to act in such matters.

After being received into an Asylum the child remains there as long as circumstances require. For nurslings, the rules are precise and determined. The nursling is to be raised at the breast, except where the mother cannot nurse her child and where health considerations forbid a wet nurse. Every mother whose child has been taken into the Asylum is compelled to nurse her child as long as its health requires it. If the child is given to a wet nurse for reasons, the mother is required to wet nurse some other child for a period of two months. During this time she is paid by the Physician-in-Chief a certain fixed sum minus the outlay for feeding her child. The children not admitted into an Asylum or any of the State institutions are placed in the care of foster mothers in the State colonies.

This measure follows from the idea of giving the child what it lacks, the family care. The Asylums should be the center or central point of welfare districts and also institutions for the care of children that require institutional care. On the whole, however, the State prefers to place the children under its protection in single families in the country under the supervision of physicians, and, more recently, under the supervision of district nurses.

A fundamental principle of the Governmental protection of children in Hungary is the provision that the child is not to remain with its mother. An exception to this rule is one to protect the nursling.

The ministerial order in Provision 28 speaks of providing quarters for the nursling by the mothers and in Provision 29 providing quarters with the mother. Under provision 28 arrangements have been made by the Asylum Director with the mother to care for child during and for a short time after nursing period. The mother receives remuneration from the authorities, which, however, is not to exceed three-fourths of the regular fee of a foster mother. This form of protection for nurslings is nothing less than nursing premium or fee and has been introduced into other communities and countries.

In Hungary, from the very start of this form of protection, it was always associated with the stipulation that the children should be constantly under the supervision of a physician.

At the end of the nursing period, the mother can take the child to herself, free from governmental control, where otherwise the child would have to remain in an Asylum or be given to stranger's care. What is perhaps of greater importance is the placing of the child with the nursing mother in a strange family. This is done where the mother is without home or shelter and where the child does not require Asylum protection or care. Through this action the mother is enabled to nurse and care for her own child.

This procuring quarters for mothers and children is confined to proper colonies and particular care and attention is paid in selecting the families to receive the same. The mother can be required to do light work not of an exhausting nature.

Only in the two conditions just explained and only as long as the nursing period lasts, does the child remain with its mother. In all other cases the child is taken from the mother and placed in the care of a strange family.

The law also provides for the selecting of the proper districts or colonies and particularly the nursing foster mother in a manner suited to its purpose that is typical and is applicable in all conditions.

The Chief Medical Director of the Asylum has to pick out the proper foster parents for each child. The foster mother must bring a certificate, signed by the head of the community in which she resides and also by the colony physician, which must prove the following: That she is healthy; that she has a home of her own consisting of rooms and kitchen; that these rooms are not overcrowded and are not unhealthy for the child. Furthermore must be proven how many children she has had, how many children are living, whether her financial condition is such that she is dependent on what she receives from the authorities for the care of the child for existence, and, finally, whether she has ever taken care of strange children, and with what success. She must also bring a certificate of upright character and a blameless life.

No one is allowed to act as foster parent that has ever given one of his or her children to the care of State institutions. If a foster mother wishes to take a child to nurse, a further certificate from the colony physician is necessary, declaring that she is capable of nursing and that she is not pregnant, that her own child is six months old and can be weaned, or that the child is dead. Her own child must be weaned before she can take a child to nurse, or before one is given her. The same rules apply to nursing foster mothers that are in vogue for foster mothers, with the exception that an unmarried mother can be given a child to nurse.

We have now to consider another form for the welfare of children and that is the Family Colonies. These colonies are for children from seven to fifteen years. From ten to twenty boys or girls are sent to one family colony. For the head of a colony teachers are first considered. The children besides their schooling are to be busied with house duties. These family colonies are as yet but few and far between.

All the ordinances and directions are clear, positive and practical. The troubles increase on the question what becomes of the children after leaving the protection of the State? The law says that children, taken up under the protection of the State, arriving at the age of fifteen years, are released from the society of Governmental children protection. This is the letter of the law, but not the spirit of the law.

In Provision 54, it states that the Chief Medical Director of the Asylum is in duty bound to use his utmost endeavors and all means and ways at his command to look out for the future of the child that has reached his fifteenth year, and to place him in some good family, on a farm, in some industry, in a commercial house, in some charitable institution or in care of some society.

The Governmental children protection association has the moral obligation right from the start to look out that the child, when it reaches its fifteenth year, is not thrown out on the world unable to protect him or herself, perfectly helpless or unprepared for the future. This protection must be honest and upright. The Asylum would not be doing its duty to the child if it at the end of fifteen years it returned the child to its mother, who had left the Government the care and expense of raising the child. For the same reason the child must not be given to its guardian. Nor would it properly carry out its high functions by turning the child over to the local home authorities. The child must not even be sent out to do servants' duties or be allowed to work in factories.

The wish of the country inspectors, in fact, the wishes of parties participating, is that the child, after reaching its fifteenth year, should remain in the family of its foster parents and if possible should learn farming or some trade. This is essentially the practical part of the system. To me it seems an excellent practical work, elaborated in all its minute detail.

With the conception "Forsaken," as determined by the Law of 1901 and through further elaboration in the Law of 1903, there was tacitedly understood an abandoned child. These children are placed in three classes; first, children under fifteen years that have not committed any crime, but are abandoned,—second, children that have committed a crime or misdemeanor, but have not reached the age of twelve years,—third, children between twelve and fifteen years against whom the properly constituted authorities have commenced proceedings for crimes or misdemeanors.

In all three categories the executive board has to inquire first, whether any of the children are forsaken. In such a case, when under Category 1 and 2, the child is sent to an Asylum Governmental. This occurs also when it is determined that the child is not forsaken, but in consequence of its environment is bound to become morally ruined, or is ruined. Those coming under Category 3 are placed under the control of the Governmental protection for children. All these children, for the purpose of strict control and training, education, etc., are placed in foster families or given foster parents by the heads of the Governmental Asylums. If this does not accomplish the end, they are placed in suitable Governmental institutions.

By transferring these children (forlorn and forsaken) to the Asylums, a great burden was placed on these institutions and in a following chapter we will see how their institutions have been prepared to carry on this work and the success attained.

ERNEST LACKNER, M. D.

Tower Hill Notes

The closing days of the Summer School brought the message and the climax for which the earlier days were a preparation. The Nature work and the studies in Music will receive attention in a later issue at the hands of those more adequate to interpret them.

The Class in Religion spent the last week in a study of laws, their beginning, the Commandments of Moses amplified and brought down to date, and the more ancient Code of Hammurabi. The Ten Commandments were classed under two heads, our relations to God and our relations to man, making up the two tablets of the Mosaic law. But these two tablets, while abundantly adequate to the simple primitive age which brought them forth, are insufficient for the complex life of today, which is slowly learning its new lesson of co-operation, and whose largest word is "Brotherhood." For this a civic code is needed, a third tablet to voice the new social consciousness which is being evolved among men of today. This new consciousness is inquiring into such fundamentals as the ownership of the earth, the sources of wealth, the

causes and cures of poverty, ignorance and crime, and the relations to one another of bodies of men and of nations, as well as of individuals.

There was no break between these studies and the deliberations of the Woman's Congress, which for the sixth time closed and crowned the sessions of the Summer School on Tower Hill.

Most of the delegates arrived Friday night in time for the opening session, which was marked by Miss Stearns' address on "What is Happening in the American Home," an address which grappled in sincere, earnest fashion with the hot problems of the home, which are the pressing problems of the nation. This address gave the keynote to the Congress, whose fitting motto might have been, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

It is hoped that some of the Congress papers may be available for the pages of UNITY in the near future, and we can give them but a word in passing. The list of topics was thought-provoking. Among others notable for a clear grasp of the situation were the address of Wilbur C. Phillips, Secretary of the Milwaukee Child Welfare Commission, Mr. C. J. Galpin's "Survey of a Rural Community," the Rev. J. H. Bullock's "What One Community is Doing for Civic Betterment,"—the community was Richland Center, a town which has lived four years without a saloon, and its men of affairs bear witness that business is better now than ever before.

The Sunday morning sermons were preached by the Rev. F. A. Gilmore, of Madison, and Dr. A. S. Crapsey, of Rochester. The former revealed an insight into boy life and character which suggested short range study in a home. The latter was the fitting and perfect climax to our studies in religion during the past four weeks. Using Paul's text, "Lay Hold on Eternal Life," the speaker began with the human embryo and unfolded the philosophy of evolution, simple and yet most satisfying. His postulate that the entire life process from cell to Shakespeare is but a process of selection, together with the twin axiom that neither cell nor Shakespeare could select an atom physical or spiritual which was not there to be selected, seemed to at least one listener to contain the kernel of the whole question of heredity and environment, while its relentless logic and graphic illustration—dare I say it?—placed the address in a class with Emerson's Essay on "Fate."

The weather failed to do its part and the rain and downpour of Saturday night and still more the threatening clouds of Sunday morning reduced the audience to its minimum, but the afternoon relented and the Emerson Pavilion was well filled for the noble service in memory of a noble woman, Julia Ward Howe. The address was given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, but it is not for UNITY to award it its fitting meed of praise.

The principal evening address was by Mr. Bert Hall, Superintendent of the Big Brother Movement in Milwaukee, whom the Chairman fitly characterized as the "Ben Lindsey of Milwaukee." No report could reproduce or even suggest the manly charm of this address, and no one who listened could fail to be moved by its sympathy and insight into the life of the boys of the under world. In a similar line Rev. Lyman Ward told us of his work among the depressed families in Alabama, and the Congress closed with heartfelt words of congratulation and farewell.

It was in everybody's heart that this was the best Congress yet, not necessarily so much in the character of the individual addresses,—for we cannot forget the high mark of last year's session,—but in the *ensemble,* the spirit, the high resolves, the "togetherness." Surely, no one can have gone away without a quickened heart, a strengthened purpose, a higher consecration.

It would be a pleasure to do justice to the chairmanship of Miss Stearns, who presided with rare grace and insight and ready wit; but then, she was just Miss Stearns, only, if possible, more herself than ever. Miss Stearns, at least in Wisconsin, is coming to be a marked woman, one of those who are slowly but surely making it unnecessary for women to demand the rights and privileges which will be accorded by common consent when such as she shall have become the majority and not the exception.

From Brook Farm up and down, there have been many attempts, more or less successful, at community living and serving, but here under the trees, where the paid labor was inadequate to the increased strain of providing for the temporarily increased population, there was no one unwilling to do the humblest work and there was no line between dish-washing and preaching, no distinction in honor between the work of the little "Pages" who guided the strangers to their cottage homes, or the "Suitcase Committee" that followed with the luggage,—one member of which was an honored minister resident,—and that of the artist who arranged the flowers in the Pavilion with such skill, or that of the musician with violin, piano and voice. The word "Service" consecrated alike the lips of the speakers and the hearts of the listeners.

And here I want to speak of the high service rendered by Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown, the pianist; Miss Edith Brown, the master of the violin, and Miss Maude Essex, the accomplished vocalist, throughout Congress and Summer School. Their selections were drawn from a wide range of compositions and were chosen with a sense of fitness which in every case rendered the music a high addition and an integral part of the program.

Perhaps one of the best things this "Woman's Congress" did was to change its name. With a man for the "Advisory Chairman," eight masculine names out of seventeen on its program, and with everybody on its staff opposed to the separation of woman's work from man's and the creating of lines where there are no distinctions, it at last seemed best to drop the "Woman" out of the name. Henceforth it will be plain "Tower Hill Congress," unqualifiedly and unreservedly devoted to whatever causes appeal to the common interest of men *and* women. Another departure too was decided upon, that of holding the Congress at various places throughout the State other than at Tower Hill on alternate years, thus broadening its influence and reaching out for another and a wider constituency. And the Congress of 1911 closed, not to rest from its labors but to lay hold on the work of the future. EVELYN H. WALKER.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, August 14, 1911.

Each spirit weaves the robe it wears
From out life's busy loom;
And common tasks and daily cares
Make up the threads of doom.

—*Anon.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notices

This new book[1] of African folk-stories has an introduction by Andrew Lang, which does little for it, as the book stands well on its own merits. His notes and comments on the forty stories are of a shallow sort, while the collection itself is unusually good. Mr. Dayrell presents the stories in a simple and natural way, in plain English with no attempt at dialect. Taken as a whole, the tales give an instructive picture of the mental operations of the dark tellers and supply incidentally a lot of information relative to daily life, social organization and religious practice of the southern Nigerian folk. Parallels to stories of peoples in other parts of the world are of course easily made—Mr. Lang points out various—but the chief attractiveness of such stories after all is in their local form and flavor, or the independent and characteristic elements they contain. "Why the sun and moon live in the sky," "Why the flies bother the cow," "Why the bush-cow and elephant are bad friends" are examples of the explanatory stories found in every part of the world, but they have distinctly African form and character. "The king's magic drum" is analogous to a long list of wealth-producing utensils of European and Asiatic stories and like them, subject to fatal limitations, but the king is a genuine African chief and the drum fits with the juju ideas of the place. "The tortoise with a pretty daughter" and "Of the pretty stranger who killed the king" reflect social facts and attitude of mind. Most readers, of course, will read the book merely for amusement; but it will repay a thoughtful reading and well shows the quick wit and shrewdness of a people lately brought into more active contact with white men than ever before and destined to soon abandon much of their old life and thought.

String figures[2] as made by different peoples have attracted the attention of ethnologists for a score of years, but a distinct impulse has been given to their study by Dr. Haddon's Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits. Thirty different figures were found there among Melanesian tribes. Drawings and descriptions of these were made and the investigation became so interesting that Dr. Haddon and Dr. Rivers worked out an ingenious series of terms whereby description could be so precise as to enable the reader to reproduce and figure with string for himself. In this little book Dr. Haddon's daughter briefly presents some results of study up to date. True, cat's cradle as we know it, involves two players and a series of figures are made in a regular sequence, the players in turn making new figures in the process of removing the old one from his companion's fingers. This form appears to be of fairly recent introduction into Europe from the far East. More commonly string figures are made independently, by single players. Miss Haddon illustrates and describes figures from American Indians, from Melanesians, and from African negroes. Explicit directions are given for their making. A bibliography is given, apparently intended to be complete, although one paper is omitted in which more African forms are given than in the four papers which she mentions for that continent taken together. The book is neatly gotten out and will turn popular attention to these pretty, curious and interesting string designs, the wide distribution of which, ethnically and geographically raised significant questions.

The Ashes of a God[3] is said to be "translated from the original manuscript" and the title page appears to reproduce the Indian title in an ancient script. Whatever its source may be, Mr. Bain tells the story wonderfully well. Though it is a story for reading, it actually breathes the philosophy of India. It is the tale of the effort to become master of one's self, to cut loose from the bondage of objects of delusion and sense. But, "love's ashes are no common ashes; they have in them something of the phoenix; they are always ready to revive." To become master of one's self memory must die—and that is hard. Here is the story of Trishodabhi, who heaped up a mountain of virtue at which the gods trembled; who almost reached *jitatma;* who resisted the temptations of flesh and pleasure; who glimpsed the eternal—but he remembered, was lost,—and the dreary round began again. No presentation of Hindu thought and philosophy could be more strongly, more charmingly put.

Ever since the public learned that the *Letters of a Chinese Official* were not written by a Chinese, it is easy criticism to doubt the paternity of similar works purporting to emanate from Orientals. Nevertheless, your reviewer doubts whether *A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions*[4] was written by a Chinaman. If it was, it is the best piece of English writing by an Oriental that we have seen. In thought, in expression, in argument, it is distinctly Occidental, distinctly English. That a Chinese may have instigated the writing and supplied viewpoint is likely enough; that any Chinese, however much he might like to frame up a clever argument, would go through the peculiar course of reading in Church History, in Theology and in Mission literature, which the writing of this book demands, is well-nigh inconceivable. Whoever wrote the book, it deserves a thoughtful reading. Its fundamental idea, that the Christianity taught in foreign mission fields is a Christianity long since outgrown in the west and which could receive no respectful consideration from intelligent people at home is undoubtedly sound. The author devotes five or six chapters to the general discussion, the balance of the book to special details. He demonstrates the crude and harmful methods, the harmful and baleful effects of such things as emotionalism, revivals and the teachings of diabolism and demonology. He shows how missionaries inculcate unreasonable and harmful superstitions in their prayers, ethics, Sabbath, charms, incantations, church-buildings and bells. With a fair degree of success he aims to present what the actual result of Christian teaching is and must be. The style of the book is vigorous, the argument more than plausible. But the author at times shows unexpected weakness;

---

1 *Folk-tales from Southern Nigeria, West Africa.* Elphinstone Dayrell. New York, Bombay and Calcutta: 1910. Longman's, Green and Co. 16°. pp. 159.

2 *Cat's Cradle from Many Lands.* Kathleen Haddon. New York, Bombay and Calcutta: 1911. Longman's, Green, and Co. 16°. pp. xvi. 95.

3 *The Ashes of a God.* F. W. Bain. New York and London: 1911. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16°. pp. xxii. 152.

4 *A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions.* Lin Shao Yang. New York: 1911. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16°. pp. iv. 321.

thus, at the end, instead of uncompromising hostility to the United Universities' Scheme, he expresses friendliness, contenting himself with pointing out certain difficulty and advising certain procedures. The book is fresh and wholesome and should be widely read; every student preparing for work in the foreign mission field owes it a candid and thoughtful consideration.

It is curious that a missionary book, Bishop Tucker's *Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa*,[5] should be the next to fall into my hands after this Chinese Plea. It is interesting how actually it illustrates and gives point to much that the plea condemns. Though the work here described is that of the respectable, sedate, unemotional, established church—we find in it the emotional and unwholesome revivals, the application to converts of unpronounceable Christian names, the replacement of an old magic by a new one, the constant interference in politics. (The work of the C. M. S. (Church Missionary Society) in Uganda has been a work of making and unmaking "kings," of raising up new claimants to thrones, of extending the British Empire, of helping to bring new areas into the position of "protectorates.") Bishop Tucker has a difficult task in condensing the story of so many years into so small space. The work has been successful and the growth of the Uganda church has been phenomenal. As a story of a remarkable mission, it is interesting. It contains astonishingly little information regarding the native life and thought. It reveals a most interesting personal psychology; the Bishop works for the total, the end, the construction; interested only in that, he cares nothing for personal discomfort—nay, glories in it; he is strangely cold and impersonal—neither his English helpers nor his native converts are aught to him as individuals; the one group are necessary tools, the other are stones built into the structure. The book is thus interesting as a presentation of methods, a sketch of work and results, an expression of a devoted life.

FREDERICK STARR.

5 *Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa.* Alfred R. Tucker. New York: 1911. Longman's, Green and Co. 16°. pp. xvi. 362.

Notes

"The Heart of the Master," by William Burnet Wright, is a presentation of the events of Passion Week vividly told with force of expression and originality of thought. One seeking a fresh, vital interpretation of the events usually ascribed to the last week of Jesus' earthly ministry will find here a book to his liking; a stimulating book to read, especially during Passion Week. There is not a dull page in the 250 that compose the volume. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass., $1.25 net).

"The Evolution of Religion," by William A. Hinckle, M. D., discusses in 150 pages "The Foundation of Faith," "The Evolution of the Bible," "Revealed Religion," "The Evolution of the Trinity," "The Gods That are No More," and "Evolved Religion." The book possesses a certain freshness and unconventionality due doubtless to the fact that the author was trained for another task than that of theology; especially noticeable is the fearlessness with which what the author conceives to be outgrown notions are set aside. Dr. Hinckle manifests a scientific habit of mind and a remarkable familiarity with the best critical works on the history and exposition of Christian doctrines. The style is popular and the book has come to the second edition during the first year since its appearance. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, Mass., $.80 net.

"The Little Old Outlaws," by Anne Archbold Miller, published by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, is designated by an advertisement as a compilation of "pretty little verse narratives," presenting some of the lessons of Christian Science. Like the definition of a crab formulated in Huxley's class, the designation of the advertisement is very good except in three particulars, *viz.*, it isn't pretty—except the borders—it isn't verse, and the accounts are not narratives. They are accounts of the naughtiness of two unimaginative children who are posed in the lines as they are in photographs. The dualism which Christian Science curiously protests against and protests against with such persistence as to keep it ever in mind, is clearly in evidence in this book for infant Scientists. It makes the simplest rules of conduct, indeed, appear artificial and of purely arbitrary origin and importance.

I wanted something that would keep me cool and restful. I could think of nothing better than to go back to Jane Austin, Sarah Orne Jewett and Kate Douglas Wiggin. I have read these stories over with delight. There is nothing better for a hammock in the shade than these old New England tales. I think as I have thought before that "Standish of Standish" is not appreciated as yet. We must learn to write history after this model; for history it really is, only told in such a bewitching way that one forgets that history is ever the driest of stuff. I understand that Mr. Markham is going to do some work on the same line, and I am sure that he will do it well. I have not seen his book or books yet. But what a rare power Jane Austin had. Can we breed this sort of historian; one who can see history in the acting, rather than tell it as if it were never acted. Those who give us the story of kings and battles, and those who go to the newspapers and tell us the story of the people are equally at fault. What we want is history vivified; history enacted before our eyes.

E. P. POWELL.

Nothing yet given him or done for him by his fellow ever did any man so much good as the recognition of the brotherhood by the common signs of friendship and sympathy. The best good of given money depends on the degree to which it is the sign of that friendship and sympathy.—*George MacDonald.*

"Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with the choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy music, as I came,
I tune the instrument here at the door:
And what I must do then, think here before."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

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RELIGIOUS LIBERALISM IN HOLLAND.

A writer in the *Christliche Freiheit*, the organ of the liberal Christians of the Rhine provinces, gives a pleasant picture of a recent meeting of the Dutch Religious Liberals at Arnheim which he attended.

For a fortnight one might have seen it placarded all over Holland, this invitation to an open-air meeting in the Park of the castle of Doorwerth. Flags and sign-boards indicated where the way to the park branched from the main road. The session was not to begin until half-past two, but at 12 o'clock a great concourse of wagons, autos, cycles and foot-passengers were assembled before the park gates, where a committee preserved order and a squad of boy-scouts acted as guides.

An entrance fee of some eight cents was promptly paid, which included the program of the day's proceedings. Soon the audience was assembled at the meeting-place, a beautiful spot amidst oak trees, one side forming a gentle rise.

Two tribunes for the speakers were erected at a sufficient distance from each other; between them a stage for a quartette of trombone players to lead the singing. Two large sylvan restaurants furnished rest and refreshments, without which last no European can conceive of or enjoy a public gathering of any kind. A special train brought large delegations from Amsterdam and Utrecht.

From a colportage tent young men and women distributed tracts and pamphlets and copies of liberal newspapers, and offered liberal books for sale. Among the titles of these publications were "Why We Are no Longer Orthodox?" "Can You Believe This—?" "Are You Acquainted With the Association in Holland Known as 'The Friends of Freedom?'"

Everywhere among the large and cheerful company the bright uniforms and ready helpfulness of the boy scouts were noticeable. But few clerical costumes were to be seen.

Seven thousand cards of admission had been sold in advance of the meeting. Three thousand more were disposed of at the entrance. The use of the park was kindly granted by its owner.

The great audience now streamed upwards and sat tier on tier in picturesque disorder on the hill-side, a truly impressive spectacle. Peasants, merchants, scholars, workingmen, young and old, men and women; it was a truly democratic and Christian assemblage. And all listened as if the gospel of a new life were being proclaimed to their souls. Above them the great trees cast their shadows, the blue sky arched and sunshine streamed, while the birds twittered and sang. Solemnly the strains of the "Shepherd's Sunday Song" were intoned by the deep-throated trombones. A profound peace rested upon the assembly. Pastor Dr. Haverkamp, of Nymegen, had ascended the first tribune. "Why have we come together under these sunlit skies?" he asked. "Because so many, alas! refused to come into the church. Those for whom the churches and their teachings and ways are too often dark and unwholesome meet here in God's first temple, the forest, to acknowledge and adore him in spirit and in truth." With a mighty unison of voices, led by the trumpet choir, the 68th Psalm, 10th verse, was uplifted. Hereupon ever-new addresses were delivered from the two pulpits by theologians and laymen of the leading Dutch churches, the Reformed Church of Holland, Mennonites, Remonstrants (the Dutch Unitarians), and others. But no sectarian utterances were allowed, no written papers, but all spoke freely and warmly what was in their hearts, on the deeper topics of religion and life. Among other topics may be noted "Is God Dead?" "Is Religion Only the Love of One's Neighbor?" "Good Morals and Religion," "Conscience and Subscription." Familiar hymns were sung from time to time.

The sinking sun glinted through the trees. But the audience seemed never to tire of listening, and when, at the close, the question was put to them: "Shall we meet in this way next summer, and in every year, to promote the ideals of a free and liberal Christian faith?" a mighty chorus of "Yeas," sounded through the forest.

At the same time a similar open-air festival was being held at Heiloo in North Holland. The success of these great summer meetings has given new heart and courage to our Dutch liberal friends and allies. Perhaps they may contain a hint for their fellow-believers in the United States.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

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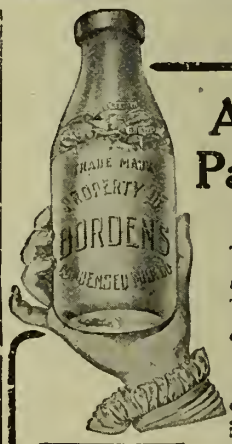

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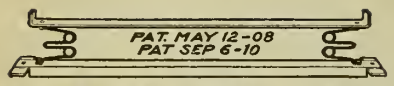

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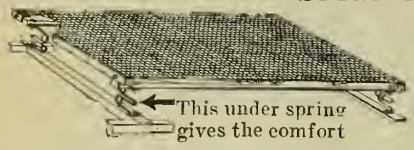

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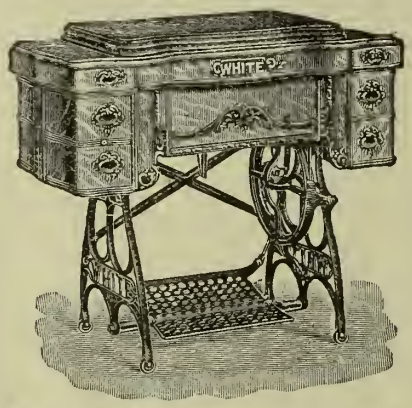

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" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1911. NUMBER 27.

GIRDED ANEW

Again we gird us for the quest,
Set forth anew to seek our God;
The Infinite shall give us rest,
The Spirit is our staff and rod.

Yet O, not far away he dwells
Who is our promise and our stay;
Within us, in our nature's wells,
He showeth clear the truth, the way.

Not outer bond, but inner light,
Shall keep us quick at duty's call,
Shall hold us to the eternal Right,
Shall lead us to the All-in-all.

O soul, acquaint thee with thy needs;
Today re-consecrate thy power;
Thy ritual be the words and deeds
That bless our brothers more and more!

—*John C. Learned, in the new Unity Hymns and Chorals.*

William E. Curtis says in the Chicago *Record-Herald*: "A drunken Mohammedan is as rare as a white black-bird, though occasionally the pious fall from grace; at such times they trust that *Allah* will be merciful to them." There is a vast field for Mohammedan missionaries in Christian countries for work in this direction.

"A Saloonless Nation by the Fourth of July, 1920, the Three-hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth!" This is the slogan of the Christian Endeavor Movement, recently adopted. This movement it is claimed represents five million young people. This cry is no sign of insanity. More advance will be made in this direction in the coming nine years than the most hopeful of us dare dream.

The days of the "Agricultural Fair" are upon us. Counties and States are beginning to exhibit their big pumpkins and promising calves. We make our annual appeal in behalf of the social and educational opportunities of these great festival days of the farmer. The women of Wisconsin particularly are availing themselves of the opportunity to have a "Womans' Day." The suffragists and the anti- suffragists are to be heard. So also should the friends of education, temperance and social well-being, avail themselves of these annual opportunities to reach the people.

Those who have read the Tower Hill Notes in these columns will remember that Doctor Crapsey delighted the recent Tower Hill Congress with his searching sermon on Paul's words, "Lay hold on eternal life." He came too late to take part in the announced program of the Tower Hill Summer School, but he staid a week and delighted those remaining with the versatility of his talents. Five afternoon "Stories" interested the company in those far off and otherwise obscure popes, leading to and through the "Babylonish Captivity,"—the Avignon episode; and on Sunday evening at vesper time, August 20, there was a special display of power in the rendering of an original four-act drama, a problem play, involving an eloquent discussion of the hot political and social questions of the day. Doctor Crapsey will make his headquarters at Abraham Lincoln Centre during his three weeks' stay in Chicago, and we are sure that if his powers were adequately known he would be kept busy talking, lecturing, and repeating this drama on "The Fall of Empire." Let the Sunday Lectureship be considered. May it not be the next best thing to be done in many communities in the interest of the better life of such communities?

Reginald J. Campbell, the famous preacher and lecturer of London, England, is to visit this country the coming season. He is expected to arrive in New York about the first of November and will remain in this country until the beginning of the new year. Mr. Campbell is open for engagements to preach and lecture during that period. The shortness of his stay will limit the number of these engagements to about forty. He will spend the month of November in the eastern cities, having New York and Boston as the centers. The month of December will be given to the western cities, with Chicago as the center, where for sermons and lectures where no entrance fee is charged, Doctor Campbell will speak for $100 and his expenses. Those desiring to hear him should address at once his agent in this country, Mr. Paul D. Crapsey, Sec'y Brotherhood Lecture Bureau, 637 Mercantile Building, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Campbell is interested in the social problems that are now agitating England, quite as much, if not more, than in theological problems. He is really more of a sociologist than a theologian, and he will lecture upon the present social condition of England, as well as upon those matters concerning which he has made himself famous under the general title of the "New Theology." Mr.

Campbell is a man of genius in his line, his style of speaking is compelling and his personality attractive. He should and doubtless will receive a great hearing in this country.

A program for the Sixth Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State League of Postmasters, recently held at Green Bay, Wisconsin, is before us. This League is made up of the Third and Fourth class officers in the State, and we understand similar organizations are being perfected in all the states. Among the questions discussed by these postmasters were "rural delivery, city delivery in smaller offices, the relation of the postmaster to the public, what is new in the postal service, should the department own building and fixtures and make allowance for light and fuel, and the value of the league and the advantages that are to accrue from such a league." These questions, discussed from the inside by those who are in first-hand touch with the service, ought to be of great value to the Department at Washington. From such a League should go forth a protest against the malicious interference with this important branch of the public service by politicians and for political purposes. A rural postmaster is a public servant, highly specialized and conspicuously honored. It is a disgrace to the nation that such offices are still considered as party perquisites, so many favors to be doled out to the workers on party lines. Let the commissions in the army be considered as party assets if it must be, rather than that these high and delicate confidences of civil life be so prostituted. A trustworthy postmaster has no more to do with partisan interests and party schemes than has the grocer, the butcher, or other purveyors to the daily needs and neighborhood comforts of those they serve.

When President Taft argued in his veto against the recall of judges, he unwittingly stated most forcibly the argument that would justify the recall when the provocation is so great that the majority of the great commonwealth distributed over a vast area, geographically and socially, demands such a recall. Such a recall would represent the "sober second thought." which the president commends. It is the first election, subject to all the abuses to which the president calls attention, that is in danger of missing the deliberation and the discussion for which he pleads. The first election is dependent upon a nomination, where the "boss," the "shyster," the "demagogue," and the hidden manipulator of capital can put in their work successfully, as history so clearly proves. Money, party prejudices and partisan demagoguery can sway a convention, buy a legislature, or even corrupt large bodies of voters in the degenerate sections of the commonwealth, but such methods cannot corrupt or buy up one-half the citizens of a great commonwealth. The Lincoln epigram applies here: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, you can fool all the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." President Taft's veto argument unwittingly strikes at the very root of democracy. A government by the majority is not perfect, oftentimes it is very defective, but it is the best that humanity has yet attained; and, what is more to the point, it is continually growing better. Whoever is afraid of the rule of the majority is a weak-kneed Democrat, a belated aristocrat. It is not the safety of a people's liberty, but the safeguards of property and the capitalists who represent the "Interests" that are menaced by hasty legislation. The instincts of the lower class are naturally and increasingly conservative. The majority of voters are not given to recklessness. Through a long process, lawyers have built up a theory of property and safeguards for the same that is in danger of being made superior in importance to the rights of the people, the liberty of the laborer, the well-being of the common people, of whom Lincoln said, "The Lord must have been partial to them, else he would not have made so many of them." In the long run the President of the United States must reflect the wishes of the people who are to dwell within the boundaries of Arizona if he is to be a worthy president "of a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Mr. William Kent, now a congressional representative from California, but whom Chicago people still claim, in an interview, which has been given wide publicity, states some important truths in his vigorous manner. "Taxing the land into use" is a phrase that suggests a program which is bringing itself to the foreground of legislation all the world over, The skeleton argument which the reporter caught from the lips of Mr. William Kent was recently stated with more deliberation and at greater length by Henry George, Jr., before the House of Representatives, of which Mr. Kent is a member. These words from the Kent interview may well be read in connection with the extract from the address of Henry George, Jr., delivered last June before the House, which we print in another column. Mr. George's address was entitled "The Road to Freedom" and was delivered while the wool schedule was being considered. Copies of this address in full can probably be obtained from the government publication office by request, or from any member of the House. Mr. Kent is reported as saying:

> I prefer a farm in the open country. If not that, then I want the bricks, the lights, and the pavements of a large city. * * * * *
>
> The waste in the world is the first of all problems. Getting back to the land, in this country, at least, comes next. The

army of eaters is increasing faster than the army of food producers. Yet when a carpenter or a clerk leaves the city to buy lands he finds it in the hands of speculators. That is another of the live problems of the day. I have no remedy, because I am more of a critic than a constructor, but I construct occasionally. My suggestion is that all land be taxed into use.

Millions of acres and hundreds of thousands of towns and city lots are being held for an advance in price. That is speculation. Unproductive land is taxed down on the theory that the owner should be favored, inasmuch as he is getting no income. That doctrine is a swindle on industry and enterprise. Men sit tight on what they have and let the community grow up all around them.

While other men create values and pay taxes, the speculators wait and block progress. By and by they sell out and pocket their unearned profits. I would tax wild land, uncultivated land, and stagnant land into business. I would make the gambling owners feel that they either had to sell or put their land to use. Prices then would fall and the back-to-the-farm movement would become practicable.

But waste is our greatest iniquity. Take a dinky allotment in a city, six miles out, past vacant lands. Gas and water pipes are laid in front of corn fields. That is waste and the people pay for it. We have ore, coal, and limestone. They are assembled at furnaces by means of the best transportation system on earth. Then we sell the pig iron more cheaply abroad than at home. That is waste. We specialize in transportation, but our methods of distribution are obsolete and unscientific. That is waste.

Behold the Astor estate in New York, with its high rents based on its monopoly of buildings—a dead weight on business. That is an example of waste in an American city. In Mexico we see the Terezzas' estate of 11,000,000 acres. The owners supply the live stock and seed and take half the crops. Thousands of peons are prevented from becoming self-respecting and independent land owners. That is shameful waste. There is much of the same kind in this country.

The professions are choked with men who should be farmers or something else. We have too many retailers, many of whom break up annually. The stock exchanges in New York and other large places are crowded with non-producers. Waste,—all waste,—of time and money. Then consider the idle land owners, the leisure classes of cities, the manufacturers of and dealers in liquors and tobacco, and the tramps and criminals, all living upon the men and women who work—eaters and not producers—bidding up the prices of bread and meat.

The mal-employed are a burden on civilization.

There is in the city of Rochester a work the like of which is not to be found elsewhere. It is a department of the work of an institution in that city known as "The Brotherhood." This organization was created for the purpose of supporting Algernon S. Crapsey in a work for the city after he had been deprived of his office as a minister in the Episcopal Church. His co-laborer in the church as well as in his new field of labor, was and is Adelaide Trowbridge Crapsey, his wife. This department, under the supervision of Adelaide T. Crapsey, was engaged in providing suitable clothing for those who were in need. It was in a measure the old-fashioned Sewing Guild. In the course of its labors this Guild made the discovery that large numbers of women who are married, after years spent in factory, shop and store, are wholly ignorant of the duties and requirements of maternity. They do not marry with the thought of children in mind, and, alas! a vast number of children are not, like Samuel of old, prayerfully desired; they are mere accidents, and the mother is perplexed at their coming and does not know what to do for them. She does not know how to sew, nor does she know what garments the baby requires, and so the baby comes without provision made for its arrival, and calls are made for clothing at a moment's notice. The Brotherhood Sewing Guild had so many of these calls that it finally specialized on these outfits; it is now making a complete infant's layette or wardrobe, supplying the mother with all that is required for the child and with that sending a little pamphlet on the proper care of babies; "How to Clothe and How to Feed Them." These outfits were first made simply as a free-will offering, given to poor mothers who were not able to pay for them. Then a small charge was made, covering the cost of the raw material. As the reputation of this Maternity Outfit was carried from one to another, there came a demand from those who were quite able to pay the full cost of the outfit, and the Brotherhood Sewing Guild is now making these outfits for any who may call for them, still looking upon it not as a commercial enterprise, but as a work designed primarily for the betterment of child life, for the instruction of the mother and the comfort of the baby. These outfits have been used for purposes of instruction in the school centers of Rochester; the Italian women and the Polish and the Russian mothers have received through these outfits, knowledge concerning the proper dressing and caring for the baby. The demand now comes from different parts of the country, both for sample outfits and outfits for educational purposes. The actual cost of the outfit varies from $9 to $15. From the very first it has been the principle of the society to use only the best materials, to have only perfect work, and to make the outfit dainty and useful. It was objected to this that it was not suitable for the poor mothers and the poor babies; it was contended that ugly colored garments should take the place of the simple white, but the Guild has refused to so lower its standards to suit the notions of those who think that anything is good enough for the poor, and anyone who could see the delight of the mother over these garments,—how she lays them against her cheek,—would know that they were not simply material garments but were spiritual forces creating in the mother a desire for the beautiful and the clean.

Sunday Lectureships

The coming of Reginald J. Campbell, the great "New Theology" preacher of England to this country for a lecture tour, as announced elsewhere, suggests the discussion of a possible new tool for the higher evangelization of the community. The old Lyceum platform that was such a power for good in the days of Emerson, Phillips, Beecher, Collyer, and their associates, has become hopelessly commercialized and consequently demoralized. The University Exten-

cence, the promise and the helplessness of child life, and the whole conception suggests that the thought of the babe in the manger at Bethlehem did much to soften the austerity and harshness of Calvinism. The medallions are not only symbols of the social service of the institution whose building is thus ornamented, but as expressions of art they awaken thoughts of the good and the true.

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Child Protection in Hungary

PART II.

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The Budapest Asylum is larger than the others and contains among other arrangements a Surgical Department, and also a Department for Diseases of the Eye. In these two departments the children from all the other Asylums are received and accorded the proper treatment—that is in severe cases. For these two departments, the Asylum at Budapest is the central Asylum for all Hungary. In all other cases it is left to the individual Asylum to act, to treat in the Asylum or send to the nearest Hospitals receiving such cases and where better care and treatment can be given. The children's Asylums that contain altogether 612 beds for nurslings and 360 for children, are distributed over the country in such manner that seven Asylums are in the large valleys or lowlands and nine in the foothills or at the foot of mountains or in much higher elevations. The Asylums are all built after the same general plan, some of them in external architecture modified to the style of the neighborhood.

The Asylums in the provinces consist of one main building and two adjoining buildings. In one of the latter the Superintendent lives. In the other, sick children are to be housed and taken care of. This second building is used for various purposes, however. In certain provinces particularly, vicious and mistreated children are here housed. In other provinces nurslings are here taken care of, and again, in other provinces, this building is set apart for an Isolation Hospital.

These varied and conflicting uses of this building are accounted for by not having clearly defined the scope of the Asylums as care-takers when the duties of a hospital are to be included with the other functions of the Asylum.

The locations of the Asylums in the different provinces are always well chosen,—sometimes at the outskirts of the village, and, at other times, more in the central parts of the village or city in which they are located. Several are situated in old and beautiful parks, as, for instance, the one at Veszprein. This Asylum is predestined through its location to be an Asylum for weak and sickly children.

The geographical location of the Asylum is, so far as one can judge, very expedient and suitable for the purpose. The forsaken children of the people living in the mountains are sent to the valley Asylums. The forsaken children of the thickly populated cities and districts are sent to the institutions among the hills and mountains away from the city Asylums.

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Every one of these Boards have well defined duties, and the purpose of them all is to perfect the system of child protection on a broad basis. Not only this, they are the connecting links between State children control and the welfare societies of private charitable organizations.

Then on all these Boards we find representatives from the various organizations, State control and public and private welfare societies, children's protective leagues and members of city and local communities.

What is of predominating importance in the whole system of child protection in Hungary, is the fact that in unison with the governmental child protection, we have the Land league for child protection, which represents the private welfare organizations of the country. These two great organizations work together for this one common purpose.

Very soon after the founding of the state child protection, the necessity of forming a body whose particular function it was to complement the state organization was determined. This body, in spite of limited powers, still had enough freedom of action to increase and add to the scope of the state institutions.

On the 26th of February, 1906, the Land League for child protection was formed, and at the head was placed the Count Edelsheim Gynlai, who had done so much for this cause and to whom it owed so much.

Ruffy best describes this civil organization, its sphere of work as compared with the state institutions. According to Ruffy, the mission of the civil league is to second the state league and to perform such duties as are not comprehended or defined in the instructions to state organizations,—among other things, to ward off any dangers that might threaten the governmental institutions.

The leading spirits of the state protective society are fully aware of the danger of making it too easy for parents to rid themselves of the responsibility and care of their children. The governmental institutions step in when the natural guardian or caretaker fails, and to prevent this state of affairs as much as possible, or rather to lend a helping hand, is the duty of the civil organizations.

A very important task for social societies for child protection is to keep an eye on all children in the care of the state. The material welfare is undertaken by the state, but the moral welfare cannot be neglected, and this is assumed by the civil societies.

To these important duties is also reckoned the taking care of the children of foreigners in Ungarn and the care of Hungarian children in other and strange lands. The field of labor of the national league is much more extended than that of the state society, and its activity is noted everywhere outside of the sphere of the state society, for instance, in the care of older neglected and forsaken children.

The question what to do with children over fifteen years of age who have been released from the state protection, requires solution. The endeavor has been tions, embodied in the child protection league, steps in the care of the foster parents that had the care before. In pursuance of this idea, after the child has reached the age of twelve years, the foster parents are asked if they are willing to keep the child in their charge after the fifteen years expires. If they do not wish to do so, some other arrangement must be made. and if a change is made the plan is to place the child in a family or home where it can learn a trade.

These homes are founded by the Child protective leagues and other child protective associations, and are under their care and supervision as are also the educational institutions for incorrigible and forsaken children. We see, then, how the social welfare associations, embodied in the child protection league, steps in where the state child protection has not commenced its work and after the state has ceased its workings, before the birth of the child, by caring for the pregnant mother and after the protection ceases on the part of the state by looking after the older children, and finally looking after all children that deviate from the normal.

The number of children under the protection of the state is as follows:

End of year 1903..... 16,697
End of year 1904..... 20,969
End of year 1905..... 25,900
End of year 1906..... 30,154
End of year 1907..... 35,159
End of year 1908..... 44,499

The number of children under protection will keep on increasing until the year 1918.

The law was first called into existence in 1903, and as all children are retained fifteen years, and as most of the children admitted are nurslings, the balance between admissions and discharges will not eventuate

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What is of predominating importance in the whole system of child protection in Hungary, is the fact that in unison with the governmental child protection, we have the Land league for child protection, which represents the private welfare organizations of the country. These two great organizations work together for this one common purpose.

Very soon after the founding of the state child protection, the necessity of forming a body whose particular function it was to complement the state organization was determined. This body, in spite of limited powers, still had enough freedom of action to increase and add to the scope of the state institutions.

On the 26th of February, 1906, the Land League for child protection was formed, and at the head was placed the Count Edelsheim Gynlai, who had done so much for this cause and to whom it owed so much.

Ruffy best describes this civil organization, its sphere of work as compared with the state institutions. According to Ruffy, the mission of the civil league is to second the state league and to perform such duties as are not comprehended or defined in the instructions to state organizations,—among other things, to ward off any dangers that might threaten the governmental institutions.

The leading spirits of the state protective society are fully aware of the danger of making it too easy for parents to rid themselves of the responsibility and care of their children. The governmental institutions step in when the natural guardian or caretaker fails, and to prevent this state of affairs as much as possible, or rather to lend a helping hand, is the duty of the civil organizations.

A very important task for social societies for child protection is to keep an eye on all children in the care of the state. The material welfare is undertaken by the state, but the moral welfare cannot be neglected, and this is assumed by the civil societies.

To these important duties is also reckoned the taking care of the children of foreigners in Ungarn and the care of Hungarian children in other and strange lands. The field of labor of the national league is much more extended than that of the state society, and its activity is noted everywhere outside of the sphere of the state society, for instance, in the care of older neglected and forsaken children.

The question what to do with children over fifteen years of age who have been released from the state protection, requires solution. The endeavor has been tions, embodied in the child protection league, steps in the care of the foster parents that had the care before. In pursuance of this idea, after the child has reached the age of twelve years, the foster parents are asked if they are willing to keep the child in their charge after the fifteen years expires. If they do not wish to do so, some other arrangement must be made. and if a change is made the plan is to place the child in a family or home where it can learn a trade.

These homes are founded by the Child protective leagues and other child protective associations, and are under their care and supervision as are also the educational institutions for incorrigible and forsaken children. We see, then, how the social welfare associations, embodied in the child protection league, steps in where the state child protection has not commenced its work and after the state has ceased its workings, before the birth of the child, by caring for the pregnant mother and after the protection ceases on the part of the state by looking after the older children, and finally looking after all children that deviate from the normal.

The number of children under the protection of the state is as follows:

End of year 1903	16,697
End of year 1904	20,969
End of year 1905	25,900
End of year 1906	30,154
End of year 1907	35,159
End of year 1908	44,499

The number of children under protection will keep on increasing until the year 1918.

The law was first called into existence in 1903, and as all children are retained fifteen years, and as most of the children admitted are nurslings, the balance between admissions and discharges will not eventuate

before 1918. It is an interesting fact noted that legitimate children are on the increase in the admission. In the year 1903 the number was 39.82 per cent, and in 1908 it was 52.69 per cent.

The total cost for the state children's protection for the year 1908 was 6,409.483 Kronen, or 160.60 Kronen per child per year. ERNEST LACKNER, M. D.

Lloyd-George, the Most Wonderful Politician in the World

From a speech by Hon. Henry George, Jr., New York, in the House of Representatives, June 10, 1911.

(See Editorial Note, Page 389.)

"The Right Hon. Lloyd-George is, I believe, the most wonderful politician in the world. He rose from the ranks. He came from the Welsh Hills, ate of the bitter bread of poverty, practiced humbly as a lawyer, and then reached Parliament. He came face to face with all the great social and political problems of his day. None were more difficult than the taxation problem. The Conservative, or landlord, party was proposing to revive protectionism in the United Kingdom and so make privilege more secure. George struck at this with a land tax. He brought in a budget in most respects just like other budgets of many years running in its main feature. His budget contained a slight difference. It was a little bit of an item—a tax to fall on land values. The tax was divided into two parts: A part was to fall upon the value of land at the time of its sale; the other part was to be an annual charge.

When presenting this budget to Parliament, Lloyd-George explained that, preceding the laying of the tax, there would have to be a revaluation of the land of the United Kingdom; that some had not been valued since the time the Stuarts were kings; and that some stood valued as it was in the days when the Norman William crossed the channel and took the crown from the Saxon Harold.

The matter of valuing was not to be done by public officials, as is our common practice. Under the budget it was to be done by the landlords themselves. They were to make out schedules upon which the tax would be imposed.

Imagine any proposition of that sort in this country! Imagine the delight of our great trusts, at whose core is the most valuable land, coming to the tax office and making their own valuation for public taxation! And yet Lloyd-George invited the British landlords to do just this.

And upon a valuation so derived he proposed in the first instance to lay a tax. How much of a tax do you suppose? Why, one-fifth of 1 per cent! Why should there be any hullabaloo about that? One-fifth of 1 per cent! The landowners of New York City paid more than 2 per cent on their land values this year. They paid more than ten times the amount the British landlords were under the Lloyd-George budget asked to pay!

There was the other part of the budget proposition. The Government proposed to take note of the valuation any owner should make for taxation purposes, and again when the land should be sold—six months, a year, five years, or whenever afterwards. Should the value at the sale show any increase over the value made for taxation purposes, the government was to treat it as an "unearned increment"—that is, as unearned by the landlord. Of this "unearned increment" the government was to take 20 per cent.

As for the amount of revenue to be raised under this tax on land values, it was preposterously small. It actually called for only £600,000—$3,000,000 of our money. What would we say to a Federal tax that was going to raise $3,000,000? Why, $3,000,000 would not pay a third or a fourth part of one of the super-Dreadnought killing machines that we think we have to add to our Navy, in these days of profound peace. Why, Mr. Astor, the gentleman who expatriated himself and went over to England to become a British subject, could have paid out of his Manhattan Island rents, which he still exacts, that amount of money and not thought of it. He had just bought an old castle—I do not know what date it goes back to—and was fixing it up and refurnishing it. He will, first and last, spend several times $3,000,000. The Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, or any other of the half dozen great London landlords, could have paid the $3,000,000, or £600,000, and not been hurt one bit; indeed, scarcely notice the amount.

Why then, all the opposition we have read of? Because the lords perceived in this small tax the thin edge of the wedge. A small tax rate this year; but with a valuation made, the tax might be heavy next year and heavier the year after.

Besides, the chancellor of the exchequer had in public speeches invited municipalities to consider whether they would not like to take this imperial land valuation as a basis for a little local revenue raising, knowing, as all the Kingdom knew, that London, Glasgow, Dublin, and a hundred other of the chief cities and local governing centers had petitioned Parliament for just such permission.

What wonder, then, that the lords rose up and howled. They called Lloyd-George a thief. Worse than that—listen, you lawyers in this House—they called him an attorney! If there are any Welshmen here, beware! for when their wrath broke all bounds they called him a "Welshman!"

And at the Liberal Party the lords cried: "They are pulling down the pillars of the State. They are destroying the British constitution. They are dragging to the grave the greatest nation on earth."

Let me tell you, gentlemen, Lloyd-George and his progressive party were pulling down coroneted landlordism. The tax was small, but British privilege knew its import. The tax was small then, but it is going to be increased, not only as an imperial tax, but as a basis for local revenues.

So here we have the way made clear to us. The great people from whom our institutions have come, from whose loins the body of our people originally sprang, have fought down any proposal to return to protectionism; they have reduced income taxation, and in furious political conflict they have laid the foundations for taxing land monopoly. And in all this the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh radicals have stood together as never before in the politics of the United Kingdom.

Great Britain has much freedom of trade. They do not tax imports that compete with things produced in Great Britain. They do tax some of the things not produced there, but purely for revenue purposes. These taxes may go before a great while. The land-values tax is small now, but it is likely to grow fast because of those who oppose it—the landed aristocracy.

Why should we in this country not go to land values for all our revenues? We get part there; why not all? Abolish the tariff and other taxes on production and increase our present taxation on land values. If the older countries find it good, if the newer parts of the world, Australia and Canada, find it good, why should not this country find it good?

Is there in any part of the world a greater, more damaging, more damning kind of land monopoly than in this country? Can you find in any part of the world landlords so great, so mighty? Where will you find, among the peerage of Europe, dukes or earls or counts or viscounts so powerful from their landed possessions as are simple citizens of our country?

A steel trust has vast possessions. Those possessions form the very core of its monopoly. An oil trust has great landed possessions—vast possessions, of which it chooses to use only a small part, shutting all the rest off from use by anybody. You will find the roots of most of the trusts in land monopoly. Why not apply the single tax? All the revenues in this country—federal, state, local—amount in round numbers to $2,000,000,000 a year. The ground-rent roll of the country probably approximates four thousand millions, so that there is an ample source of revenue for all needs.

Take the Anthracite Coal Trust in Pennsylvania. It possesses practically all of the hard-coal land of that State. Nature has put into eastern Pennsylvania a great deposit of hard coal. It has been the business of the anthracite railroad companies, beginning with the Reading Railroad years ago, to get possession of these deposits by purchase, by long lease, and by contract for the carriage of the coal. These railroads acting together have in these ways gotten control of the hard coal of all eastern Pennsylvania. The purpose has not been to mine coal. It has been, rather, *not* to mine coal. Their purpose has been to limit the output and to force up the price of coal—to work only part of their land, a small part, and to let the remainder lie idle, as though it did not exist, and to keep others from the use of it. Why could they do that? There was no tax upon it, no penalty on their doing it. The law does not discourage it; nor does even public opinion. People do not realize that it could and should be stopped; that it could be absolutely destroyed by the simple process of taxation. The law of Pennsylvania requires a tax on the market value of that land. The actual practice is not to assess at the market value, which would be as valuable mineral land. The practice is to assess it as inferior agricultural land. Then, the tax upon that preposterously low valua-

tion is very small, so that these great coal barons go practically without taxation upon their holdings.

But if we were to make an absolute market value and put that upon the tax books, and then increase the tax upon that valuation, you would see whether the Anthracite Trust could hold its lands idle or keep the price of its coal high. Its purpose then would not be to make a scarcity in output in order to put up prices and keep down the wages of labor by limiting opportunities for employment. A heavy tax upon the real market value of these lands would compel their use. Their use would mean more demand for labor. The price of labor would go up in the hard-coal regions. Because of the larger output of coal, the price of coal would go down. Consumers in the United States would get cheaper coal. Laborers in the coal regions would have higher wages, shorter hours, and God knows their little boys would not have to work in the breakers or their little girls go into the silk mills to help get the family subsistence.

Tower Hill Notes

Dear Unity Readers:

Many more than now visit this place of beauty, rest and peace, would come if the spirit of the place were really understood. Not that people could be received here in great numbers,—if they could it would not be Tower Hill,—but there are many who would find here just that rest which is not idleness, that inspiration which uplifts and strengthens but neither drives nor wears, the comfortable living which is simple and wholesome and which the world needs.

The beauty of these hills grows upon one. The country affords inexhaustible pleasure for those who like to tramp over hills, gaining always new views, coming upon endless vistas, each valley proving beautiful enough to stop in.

What the Western American calls a hollow, the Englishman calls a vale, and even our uncultivated vales have a wealth of trees, shrubs, flowers and birds, quite enough to charm a nature-lover. The river winding through the valley gives the needed touch to the scene. Some of us feel that it is good to get away from people sometimes and refreshing to drink deep of nature's draught. Even for these, Tower Hill will serve for a place to live. Some one said, "No one should come to Tower Hill who cannot be happy alone, for no one entertains anybody else here." Nevertheless, all seem well entertained who have in themselves any resource. And when those who are capable of being happy alone come together a rich social life is the result. Rich in the best things is life on Tower Hill, for freedom of thought and conscience, regard for high thinking, interest in the latest, best conceptions of life, attract people who constitute an appreciative audience when an audience is wanted.

In contrast with formal education, with its intellectual appeal, we may study here the profound things of life in an inspiring way. For instance, Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in the comparative study of religions, does not stop with a mere study of facts, but always presses the questions home and makes application here and now for each and all, making what might be dull information living fact, related vividly to our lives. There was more material useful to teachers given here this summer, I venture to say, than in most of the normal schools and summer schools at the universities, because it was made vital, helpful to thinking, not merely an aid in method to do something which some one else has set up as an ideal. And teachers would profit not only by the material, which is at once educationally valuable for school purposes, but by the point of view presented, and by the restful way in which the work is given and may be taken. It is this point of view which is so important, no matter what line of thought may be pursued.

The Hill has been left to nature,—except for a few sand-burrs and a little poison ivy, and nature has been protected in her work of making it beautiful. This sets the pace and the method in other things. A man who can plan and carry through a seven years' course of study in Religions is not in a hurry, and he can take time for seeing the side issues, the constant applications to present day life and work. His work must be truly educational and fruit-bearing, just as the earth is made beautiful by the protecting care which is not too interfering nor too hurrying.

The Editor of Unity will have to bear with a reference to himself in his own paper. His stalwart honesty and steadfastness are reflected in life at Tower Hill. The word carved over the fire-place in Emerson Pavilion gives the keynote to all the work done,—"Evolution,"—the evolution of thought in the world whether it is expressed in religious thought or in art.

The object of Tower Hill is renewal, and that cannot be without progress. One of the interesting events was the Congress, with its sessions of two days devoted to questions of the day. This year it was the welfare of the child in home, school, community. All thoughtful people are aware of tendencies in our youth resulting from changed economic conditions, which affect the home, its character and influence. Even though much may be said of the hopeful outlook, because everybody seems to be developing the uncomfortable social conscience which does not allow us to seek individual happiness or good, it is well to take account of all the currents of thought and their resulting ways of conduct. Miss Stearns, the capable President of the Congress, presented an arraignment of some modern tendencies in home life which we cannot deny, and which must be changed, whether they are widespread or not. All the addresses reflected the great social movement in society. They illustrated the growing realization that "I am my brother's keeper."

The Hill has had a privilege this summer in the presence of Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, New York, who is a striking example of the spirit of the times in his sense of brotherhood, his love of truth, his fearlessness, his appreciation of the present situation and his forward look. Here is a man whose scholarship, command of beautiful language, insight, and good heart, fit him extraordinarily for leadership. Rochester is to be congratulated, not only for having him but for recognizing his power and keeping him. And one of the evidences of the power for good of Tower Hill is that such people come here, give of their treasure, and are appreciatively received.

The natural beauty, the wholesome living, the intellectual opportunities and the spiritual uplift are all to be found here. Add to them the informal, free but always sincere and gentle community life, and is it not a good place to be?

Until one has visited the Hill he hasn't a clear idea of the way matters here are conducted. It is so simple as to be ideal. The spirit of commercialism is utterly absent, the spirit of co-operation prevails. Hence it is necessary for the would-be visitor to co-operate, even before he starts toward this Mecca, by letting his desires be known so that they may fit in with the plans. After all, Tower Hill is like the "little girl with

a curl in the middle of her forehead." If you like it, you like it very much indeed, and though to no one could it be "horrid," perhaps to those who seek dissipation rather than recreation, who wish to get away from self rather than find the self of each and all, it may not offer full satisfaction. To those who believe in a rest which comes from a normal activity of body, mind, and heart, Tower Hill offers rich treasure. Hoping that more real people will discover Tower Hill, more hungry hearts, more who are seeking the peace which passeth the understanding, the helpful companionship of genuine people and the inspiration of great ideas, I write this letter. Only as its friends bear testimony will those who know it not, yet need it, find it. CORA STANTON BROWN.

Tower Hill, Wis., Aug. 20, 1911.

New Testament Criticism

The Christ Myth*

There is difference between the phrases, "Deity of Christ" and "Divinity of Christ." The former refers to the second one of three persons of the Holy Trinity; the latter refers to—what? Let him say, who can, Can you subtract something from Jesus and leave him fully human? Can you add something that was in him to other men and on that account make them more than men? What, in kind? If you take out of Jesus what you call his "divinity"—not "deity"—he is no longer man; if you add to another man what you call his "divinity," you have supplied nothing that is alien to humanity. Hence the word "divinity" has no clear and distinct meaning aside from the content lodged in the word "humanity." "Deity of Christ"—that is a clear thought. Let the orthodox cling to it in its original and proper meaning, and not allow themselves to be tripped up as they are doing by "Divinity of Christ." *Facilis descensus Averni.* For Divinity of Christ soon lands them in humanity of Christ alone. Then the influence of Christ ceases to be super-historical and ubiquitous. It becomes historical,—mediated to us by tradition from a remote antiquity. But exceptional personalities from the remote past come to us wrapped about in the motley and manifold garments of myth and legend. If scholars strip off what has been supplied to such personalities by the constructive imagination of the folk-consiousness, the surviving historical kernel becomes small and unfruitful; if other scholars accord primacy and originality to the folk-consciousness, that outstanding personality becomes an unhistorical construction, as is the case with the Christ myth of Arthur Drews and others. Here extremes meet: the second person of the trinity and the Christ myth with its roots in the old Gilgamesh story, the former a construct of thought, the latter of fantasy; neither historical and real. Alas for all who base religious certitude upon historical certainty; who understand faith to be directed to the past rather than to the future, to the certain, therefore, rather than to the uncertain, —an uncertain to be made certain through faith itself! Most probably Jesus lived, but historical science does not know much about him, not enough to hang the whole weight of eternity upon. The value of this final doubt as to the historicity of Jesus is that it drives us to the true object of faith, to the true function of faith, and to life out of the fountains of living immediacy. The crisis of the dehistoricizing of religion is upon us in its most serious stage, full of peril, full of promise.

History of New Testament Criticism**

This is one of the volumes in the history of science series. The book comprises 192 pages, including portraits of Erasmus, Wescott, Loisy, Luther, Herder, Baur, Strauss, Renan and Burgon. It gives a brief account of ancient exegesis, of the Harmonists, who narrowed the idea of inspiration, and excluded the use of allegory, but often engaged in forced harmonizing.

Then the critical achievements of English deists are vividly and appreciatively set forth. Textual criticism is next described. Finally, the historico-critical movement is outlined and modernism explained.

Though the book is unavoidably sketchy, owing to the smallness of its size, and though little is said of manuscripts and versions in which the New Testament has come down to us, the book for all that is very valuable, being at once popular and scientific. The author has singled out for notice courageous writers who, besides being learned, were ready to face obloquy and unpopularity. "Unhappily," he says, "in the domain of biblical criticism it is difficult to please the majority of readers without being apologetic in tone and 'Goody-Goody.' A worker in this field who finds himself praised by such journals as the *Saturday Review*, or the *Church Times*, may instantly suspect himself of being either superstitious or a time-server." How dishonorable the tactics (not science, for there was none) employed by the foes of biblical criticism were, is mercilessly exposed in this important volume.

GEORGE B. FOSTER.

THE UNDERTOW

You hadn't ought to blame a man for things he hasn't done,
For books he hasn't written, er fer fights he hasn't won;
The waters may look placid on the surface all aroun'
And yet there may be undertow a-keepin' of him down.

Since the days of Eve and Adam, when the fight of life began,
It ain't been safe, my brethren, fer to lightly judge a man;
He may be tryin' faithful fer to make his life a go,
An' yet his legs git tangled in the treach'rous undertow.

He may not lack in learnin' an' he may not want for brains;
He may be always workin' with the patientest of pains,
An' yet go unrewarded, an', my friends, how can we know
What heights he might a-climbed up to but for the undertow?

You've heard the Yankee story of the hen's nest with a hole,
An' how the hen kep' layin' eggs with all her might an' soul,
Yet never got a settin', nor a single egg! I trow
That hen was simply kickin' 'gin a hidden undertow.

There's holes in lots of hens' nests, an' you've got to peep below
To see the eggs a-rollin' where they hadn't ought to go.
Don't blame a man fer failin' to achieve a laurel crown
Until you're sure the undertow ain't draggin' of him down.

—*Anon.*

*The Christ Myth. By Arthur Drews, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy in the Tech. Hochschule, Karlsruhe. Translated from the Third Edition (Revised and Enlarged, by C. Delisle Burns, M. A. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Pp. 300, $2.25 net.

**History of New Testament Criticism. By F. C. Conybeare, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1910.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A MEMORIAL WORD

That "auld acquaintance" may not be forgot, nor the "days of auld lang syne," I am moved to write a memorial word for certain dear friends, who, through long years, not only enriched and blessed my personal life but helped me in their various ways to maintain your Foreign Notes department.

On the 5th of February last, there passed from this plane of visible activity Dr. Adolf Bernhard Meyer, long-time Director—one might almost say creator—of the Royal Anthropological, Ethnographical, and Zoological Museum at Dresden, but latterly living in scholarly retirement in Berlin.

It was during the Dresden period of his activity that he was sent as a special envoy by the then king of Saxony to visit American scientific institutions, and thus came into more than transient touch with Chicago and Chicagoans. This American visit, in 1900, bore fruit in those masterly reports on the museums, libraries, art galleries, etc. of the principal cities of New York State and of the city of Chicago, which appeared as publications of the Dresden Museum in the years immediately following his return. Pressure of other work prevented his ever completing this American record with a similar report of his observations in Boston, Cambridge, and Washington, D. C., as he had planned and as many friends on both sides the Atlantic ardently desired. What he had seen in Boston and elsewhere, subsequently inspired a little book on American libraries, which to this day remains unsurpassed by any work of its size in English as an exposition of the American library movement, its ideals and achievements.

Excellent as was his command of English, he occasionally slipped into a direct transference of the German idiom into our vernacular, which was as delightful as it was unpremeditated. Thus in a letter to the writer, he voiced his perennial enthusiasm for Chicago in the artless outburst: "I will not deny that Chicago imposed me greatly."

For more than a quarter of a century his summers were passed in the Tyrol, whose picturesque mountains and valleys were to himself and his gifted wife chosen haven for refreshment and upbuilding. Yet these nominally vacation periods were never seasons of inactivity. On the contrary, both past and present conditions were of more than passing interest to this keen, well-trained observer and the archæological researches carried on here resulted in a publication of no mean proportions on the ancient Roman settlement of Aguntum.

At the time of his decease he had been for some time engaged on a bibliographical study of Philippine dialects, the basis of which was afforded by his own valuable collection of some four hundred pieces, made during the travels of his early manhood.

While thus ceaselessly occupied with intellectual pursuits and far-reaching scientific investigations, Doctor Meyer yet found time to carry on extensive correspondence with people he had met in all parts of the globe, a correspondence which seemed to be, in a sense, the childless man's expression of his love for nature, with its imperious demand for human fellowship and intercourse. So it was that the unlearned and comparatively unknown worker who had once roused his interest often knew more of his activity, his inner life and dominant convictions, than the heads of institutions he was in touch with, and the people who would have drawn him from his retirement if they could. A student and something of a recluse in the city where he dwelt, some word of solicitous concern as to health and welfare was sure to wander across the sea to the correspondent whose responses to his friendly missives were too long delayed or too infrequent. But now the pen has fallen from the supple fingers, and the kindly spirit that guided it, free from the limitations of time and space, is in touch with all whom love drew to it, and all is well.

* * *

Ten days ago a little black-bordered announcement came to me across the sea, the purport of which will touch still more nearly the hearts of those who through months and years followed in UNITY the story of Boer relief work and the establishment of home industries in South Africa as told in the letters of Miss Emily Hobhouse and her devoted coadjutor in Switzerland, Evelyn degli Asinelli. It was when in Geneva voted coadjutor in Switzerland, Evelyn for the liberal religious congress of 1905 that I had the pleasure of meeting personally the slight little white-haired, generally gray-robed woman who, without the aid of stenographer or type writer, sent such thousands of loving, appealing, persuasive letters far and near in her efforts to secure money and sympathy for Miss Hobhouse's cause. You remember how successful she was, how generously and continuously the Swiss gave money, and how from the attics of the mountain hamlets and the villages came well on to a thousand spinning wheels, which played such an important part in the success of the home industries movement. And because all came about, so far as they were concerned, through the imperturbable faith and unwearied devotion, Mme. degli Asinelli will long be lovingly remembered by the Swiss as the "lady of the spinning wheels."

Sometime in that summer of 1905 she said to me: "My body seems very old but I trust it will last long enough for me to accomplish what is needed for the Boers." And so it did; the schools, well established, were taken under government before she experienced any serious breakdown. But the causes into which she next threw herself proved more complicated and less satisfying. In befriending the Armenians, she found there was often another side to their story, while in the case of "Princess Marie" and her necklace of pearls, the fear that the cause of Georgian education might be aided by a corrupt sale of the jewels, wore upon her, and before the necklace was disposed of she became seriously ill. After days of unconsciousness, she came slowly back, to use her own words, "The body a seeming wreck, (it never was a strong thing to look at) but the soul alive—and oh! so grateful that God in his love had given me time to understand, time to be reborn." Then followed a season of deep spiritual experience; hope, struggle, and ultimate illumination, wonderful and deeply touching to those who knew the story of her life, its trials and its overcomings.

It was not given her to regain much bodily strength. Mrs. Olive E. Weston saw her about two years ago and wrote: "She looks as if the first breath of wind would blow her away." Semi-blindness came upon her and for the last year and a half she has lived in the deepest retirement, ministered to by a devoted mother and sister and an only daughter. But now she no longer "sees darkly," for on the 11th of July she slipped out of the worn tenement, ready for the new life.

My last missive from her was a six-page pencilled letter, written with her own hand last December: a special effort of love because I had so pleaded for some definite knowledge as to how she was. Its closing words may pass as her message to all of us: "God bless you in the New Year and may we each of us feel how united we are in the unfailing love of Our Father."

* * *

Again a message of parting! For more years than I can tell,—fifteen at

the least calculation,—a stream of liberal literature has been finding its way across the Atlantic to the study of Pastor Wilhelm Gamper in Dresden. For some time it consisted principally of serial sermons: Savage's, Chadwick's, Brundage's and the like; later of UNITY and the *Christian Register*. Occasionally letters have been interchanged, the vicissitudes of a mutual friend forming the original bond of a common interest, but never have reader and sender of papers or letters met.

At least once since this silent friendship began, has the Dresden pastor been forced to fly to the mountains of his native Switzerland in wintertime to battle for his life. He won out and is still preaching. Yet the hope that some day I should meet him and his interesting family was not to be realized. Two gifted daughters, years since, dropped by the way. Now the beloved wife and mother has followed them, July 21. Not till the Berlin Congress was it possible for this broadminded pastor, who from very early days has interested himself in religious liberalism in America, to go to any of the liberal congresses and come into personal contact with men whose names and writings were so familiar. With joyful eagerness he wrote, giving his Berlin address, believing that at this congress we at last should meet. Those who did meet him at "our great congress" will assuredly give him their loving sympathy today in this parting from his life companion.

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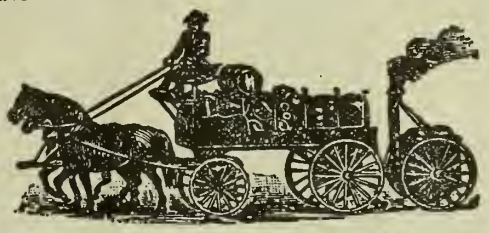

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